# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Wythe Williams—Frederic F. Van de Water—J. P. Marquand—John Russell
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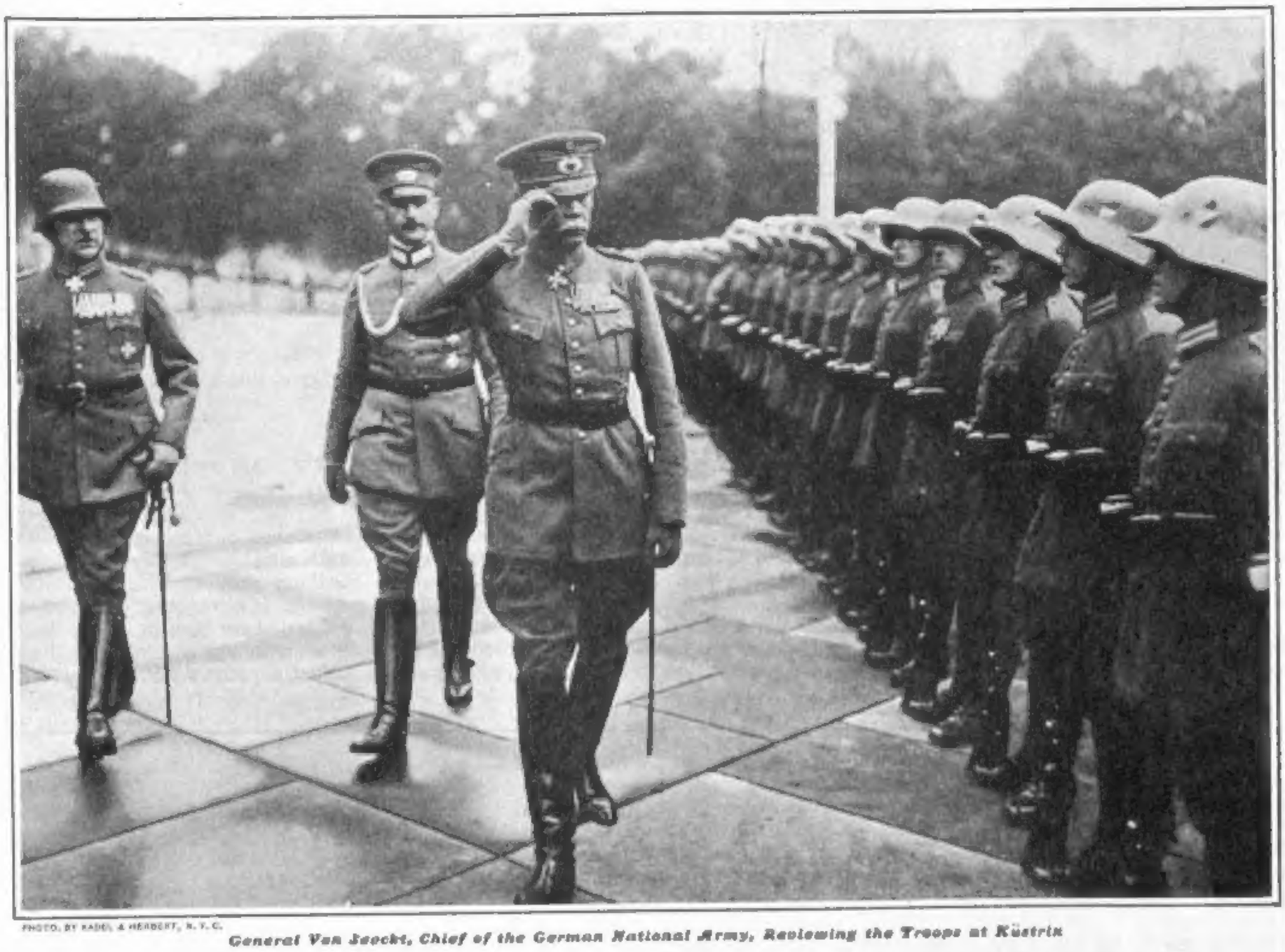
# Germany's New Bid for Power

## By WYTHE WILLIAMS

THE tools of creative industry versus rifles—that is now the debate within Germany. That is the problem of her electorate when it goes to the polls. For the moment the policy is, wait and see. The recent elections were only the first in a series that will determine whether that nation is to remain republic or revert to empire, and whether the policy of that nation shall be atonement or revenge—or neither. But the results of the elections are significant. Even though the balance of power within the Reichstag remains about the same, there is indication that the German people are a trifle less confused in mind. It would have been better for the European state of mind had an emphatic indorsement been given to one political party or group of parties. But there remain several years more—under the Dawes Plan—that will permit Germany to take stock of her intentions, recoup both health and resources, and come to a definite decision concerning her relations with other powers. The Dawes Plan—specifically that part of it known as the budget-moratorium period—provided peace for all Europe at a moment when new wars bulked on the horizon. The dove seems definitely hovering over Germany. There are internal sufferings of short wages and high prices, but Germany maintains her Spartan ability to suffer. She has accepted the Dawes Plan and, for the moment, abides by its terms. Meanwhile the sun shines brightly, for she is at perfect peace with the outer world.



PHOTO, BY KADEL & HERBERT, N. Y. C.

*General Von Seeckt, Chief of the German National Army, Reviewing the Troops at Küstrin*

Before the war Germany dazzled the world with the glitter of empire. She frightened the world by her ideas of Weltpolitik and Übermenschen and by her religion of Germany above all. During the Armistice she naturally went a bit crazy over what had happened to her. Then came years when she wandered through the dark, hopelessly searching for any road. Today, in the tranquillity provided by the Dawes Plan, the shadows recede. One can now see clearly that Germany has not only turned the corner; already she is steadily climbing the straight highway, up and up to a new position of power.

### *The Return of the Prewar Attitude*

MY FIRST visits to Germany were before the war. During the Armistice—throughout the Spartacist riots and later—I was stationed in Berlin as a newspaper correspondent. Since peace was signed I have made trips through both occupied and unoccupied Germany. During the Ruhr occupation and in the inflation period I witnessed the crash of the mark from millions to billions and later to trillions to the dollar. I have recently returned from a long trip through the country, visiting the capital, financial and industrial centers, land frontiers and sea boundaries, from Austria to the Baltic, from the western line to Poland and Upper Silesia—Silesia that "other Ruhr" that undoubtedly will soon again figure in the headlines of the world news. Comparing my impressions on this last visit with those of the panicky and false interim period, I realize a Germany reverting with astounding rapidity to a prewar attitude and power. Germany is no longer in the doldrums. The first impression that she gave me this time was that of her power.

The war exploded the theory of German Übermenschen, or supermen. The legions of the Kaiser, goose-stepping in ponderous precision, more resembled merciless, soulless super-Robots than supermen—and the Reichswehr of the republic gives the same unpleasant sensation today. But it has been proved that we need not lie awake nights fearful of a German-ridden planet. Germany has abandoned Weltpolitik, the military conquest of the world. She still believes that she can become the world's economic leader. She is still determined to acquire by this means the famous place in the sun. Deutschland Über Alles is still the German hymn, but it now means Germany over all not by military prowess but by economic power, built up by the industrial and commercial genius of the German—and with a fairly respectable military background.

### *Opposing Views of the German Mind*

ALLIED statesmen, since the war, have seen Germany in one of two equally distorted transformations. Some of them, notably the French, have seen the recalcitrant Germany, crouched sullenly to spring again. Each week we have had stories in the Allied press of German plans for an immediate war of revenge. The other group of statesmen have seen a crushed and humbled Germany from whom there is nothing to fear. The simple truth would seem to be that Germany, whether republic or empire, remains Germany. She may never again be the arrogant, steel-clanging Germany of before the war; but already she refuses to take everything lying down. Throughout history the Germans have been the world's greatest materialists; the millennium of brotherly love will never evolve from German initiative. Germany remains thoroughly selfish and patriotic Germany.

Germany does not want war, either offensive or defensive. Yet she is not through with war; war appears to her now as an instrument of policy. Germany desires peace as ardently as England, France or the United States, but just exactly to that same degree and no more. Despite her defeat and her humiliations, she is again on her feet, and is strong. While the Allied statesmen have worried over the policies of Cuno, Stresemann or Marx; while the Allied bankers sought to checkmate the activities of the late Stinnes and other great German industrialists, and while the Allied powers have accepted the Dawes Plan as the panacea for all ills, everyone on the Allied side of the fence has overlooked the one German with a real plan, and who has already put that plan into

action. The name of that German is General Von Seeckt. There is nothing original about the Von Seeckt plan. It is simply the old Bismarck ideal of a united Germany, strong enough to repel attack either from the east or from the west. As a result of the Von Seeckt interpretation of this plan, Germany today has one of the finest armies in the world.

Von Seeckt's official title is commander in chief of the Reichswehr, or defense army of one hundred thousand men permitted Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. A little more than a year ago, when Bavaria threatened to restore monarchy and to break away from the Reich, when the Rhineland proclaimed itself a republic, and when the communists in Saxony and Thuringia threatened the final split-up of the nation, President Ebert, overnight, made General Von Seeckt the German dictator. Even then he remained obscure, practically unnoted. But it will be remembered that soon afterward Bavaria disavowed her intentions; the mighty Ludendorff was squelched with ridiculous ease; the Rhineland republic did not materialize, and the communist premiers of Saxony and Thuringia sought other walks of life. Working swiftly and quietly, always effacing himself behind the names of other army leaders, Von Seeckt had struck. Without warning, sixty thousand Reichswehr had appeared on the Bavarian frontier; an order was issued that any Bavarian soldier who did not swear immediate allegiance to the entire German state was to be considered and treated as a traitor.

### Von Seeckt Appears

IN SAXONY only a few hours' notice was given. Then the iron heel of Prussian militarism came down as ruthlessly upon Germans as upon an outside enemy. The recalcitrant states saw the error of their ways. Rupprecht intelligently postponed his ambitions. The German Reich did not, following the Allied prognostications, break asunder, but became more united than ever.

General Von Seeckt

An official communiqué of only a few lines informed the world that the crisis had passed and that Dictator Von Seeckt reverted to his rank of general commanding the Reichswehr. But to all intents and purposes, though premiers come and premiers pass, though the German electorate sways from the extreme Left of communism to the extreme Right of nationalism, and the restoration of empire—Von Seeckt remains the secret master of Germany.

During the war Von Seeckt was practically unknown. He never commanded an army, nor did his name ever appear in connection with any brilliant or sensational achievement. He was merely a typical Prussian officer who did efficient staff work for other generals whose work became known. Had it been otherwise, had the name Von Seeckt been inscribed on the scroll of fame or even appeared on the list of the war guilty, his first appearance among the Allies might have produced a sensation.

It was in July, 1920, during the conference of the Allied Supreme Council at Spa, that Von Seeckt first took stock of the Allies, and gave the world a glimpse of himself. That was the first occasion, following the signature of peace, when Germans were invited to the Allied councils. After hippodroming about Europe from one place to another, finally landing in Brussels, always unable to decide upon any peace program that would work, the Supreme Council had a flash of common sense—to get the German viewpoint. Spa being a delightful health resort, and of easy access, the German statesmen were instructed—there were no invitations in those days—to cross the frontier. A sizable guard was posted so that its populace would keep their emotions in restraint. A suitable villa some miles from other habitations was chosen to lodge the Germans. A château was found, even more isolated, where the conference was to be held.

At last the moment had arrived when the Allies were actually to shake hands with the enemy. It was a real moment in history and the press of the world was on hand. The conference château was in a magnificent park, and beside a sparkling lake. A beautiful summer afternoon. Swans; the hum of bees; the perfume of flowers. Automobiles swept up the drive and discharged elegantly portentous silk-hatted representatives of Britain, France, Italy and Japan. The uniforms and the medals of Foch and other distinguished soldiers added colorful details to the picture. The Germans came last. They were drab and dingy. They were travel-worn and weary. They dragged themselves out of the car and replied awkwardly to the Allied interpreter who greeted them.

All but one. This one was in uniform, the field gray of the Reichswehr, and of the old imperial army. He was a slim man, stiffly erect, but of only medium height. Heavy jowls and blond hair—a typical Prussian officer. He glanced at the battery of cameras, then, from the steps of the château, stared over the heads of the correspondents at the lake. A double row of medals across his breast; in his left eye a monocle, a monocle that detached him completely from the others of his party. A belated automobile scorched up the driveway and the rotund figure of the French premier, Millerand, emerged. The interpreter indicated the Germans, and Millerand went to each member of the delegation, shaking hands and bidding them welcome. The officer was last in the line. He acknowledged the Frenchman with a curt nod and stiff salute, his monocled stare seeming fixed at some far-distant point beyond him. Millerand entered the building, followed by the Germans, the officer still last in line. He turned his back to the circle of spectators with a final insolent unawareness. Then, clicking his heels together as he passed the Belgian sentry at the door, he became part of the conference.

Inside he came face to face with Lloyd George.

"Is it true, what I hear," the British Premier asked testily—"that Germany has not yet disarmed?"

"Your information is correct," the officer replied coldly, and took his place at the table.

Outside, an American correspondent asked the name of the chap with the monocle. A British editor-spectator replied, "Oh, that's Von Seeckt, the new military johnny they've brought along to be questioned by Foch." No one seemed to think he mattered.

In those days Von Seeckt operated under the heavy handicap of the Allied Commission of Military Control, authorized by the Treaty of Versailles, which up to that time had agitated with considerable ability and vigor. In January, 1923, came the occupation of the Ruhr by the French Army, and the control mission suddenly found itself both out of a job and out of Germany. The government of the Reich would have nothing to do with them. Later, under threats from Poincaré, the Reich received them back, but their power was gone. From this moment until a few weeks ago, when the mission submitted its report to the Council of Ambassadors, its work had been a complete failure, admitted by many of the officers comprising it.

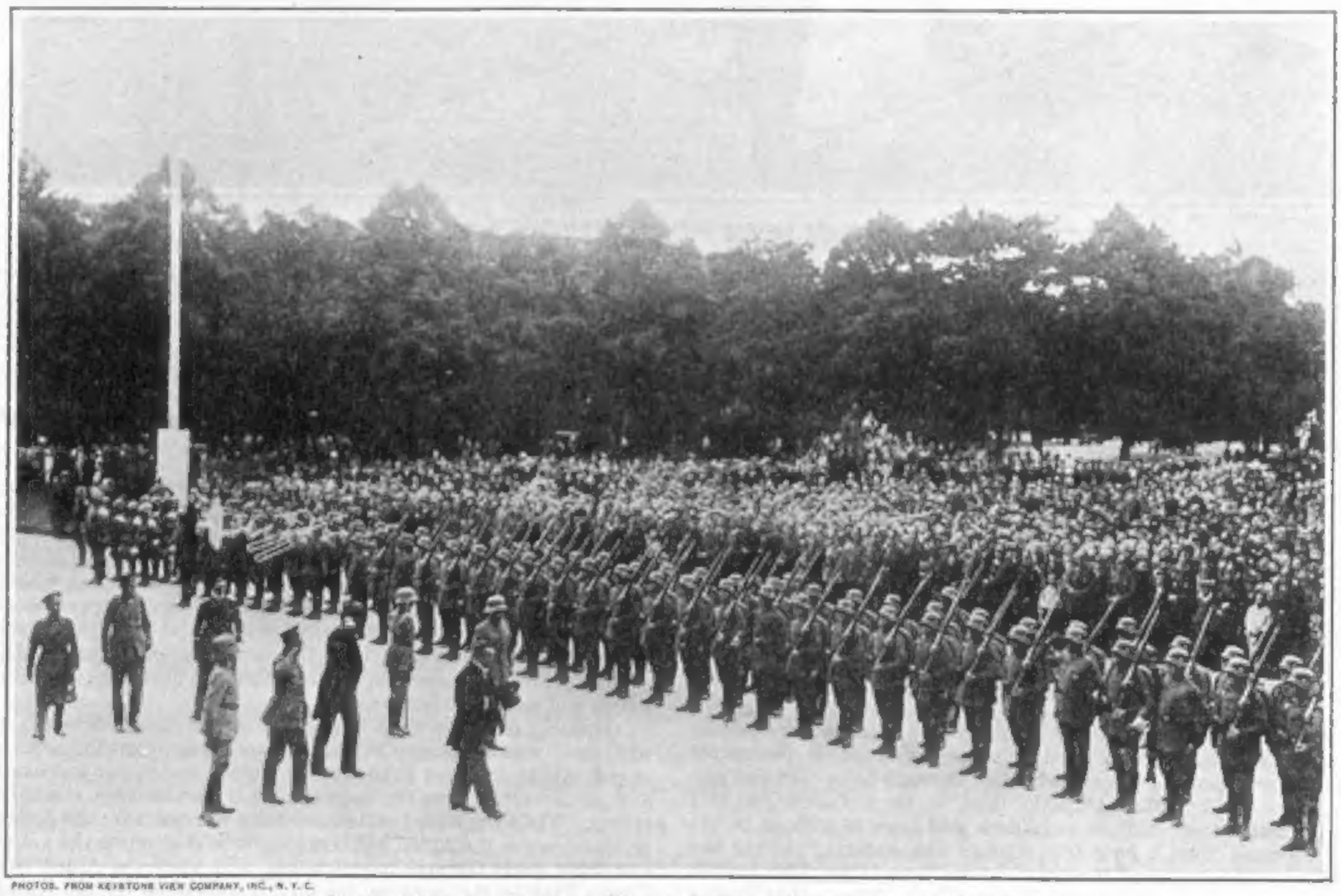
Under the Treaty of Versailles, the one hundred thousand men of the Reichswehr were supposed to be volunteers serving an enlistment of twelve consecutive years. This, the Allies imagined, would prevent the formation of new classes after short intervals, thus gradually building up an army of reservists. To Von Seeckt it presented an ideal method of forming his *cadre*, or frame, or nucleus for the future German Army. The Reichswehr of today, while nominally comprising the usual proportion of privates and officers, is actually made up entirely of men with officers' training and officers' ability. Germany has a Reichswehr of one hundred thousand men all of whom would average at least as lieutenants in almost any other army of the world.

### The Secret Black Army

IN ADDITION, Germany has the state police, or green police, as they are popularly known from the color of their uniform. This organization is made up entirely of ex-soldiers, and according to one eminent Allied military authority, one of them is worth about three soldiers of ordinary armies. This formidable body is about 150,000 strong. It is seasoned, equipped and ready for heavy campaigns, every man in it considering that soldiering is his life career. Still in addition is the black Reichswehr, as it is called, or secret army. The number of men in this organization is its most carefully guarded secret. Thus estimates vary from one to two hundred thousand. The dissolution of this force has been repeatedly demanded by the Allies, but according to the report of the control commission, the German General Staff has never paid the slightest attention.

Under Article 160 of the Treaty of Versailles, the German General Staff was to be dissolved, and "not be reconstituted in any form." The German General Staff has been entirely reconstituted, inside the Reichswehr Ministry. Its officers are recruited and trained exactly as before the war, and in size it is only a few officers short of the number that composed it in 1913.

(Continued on Page 93)



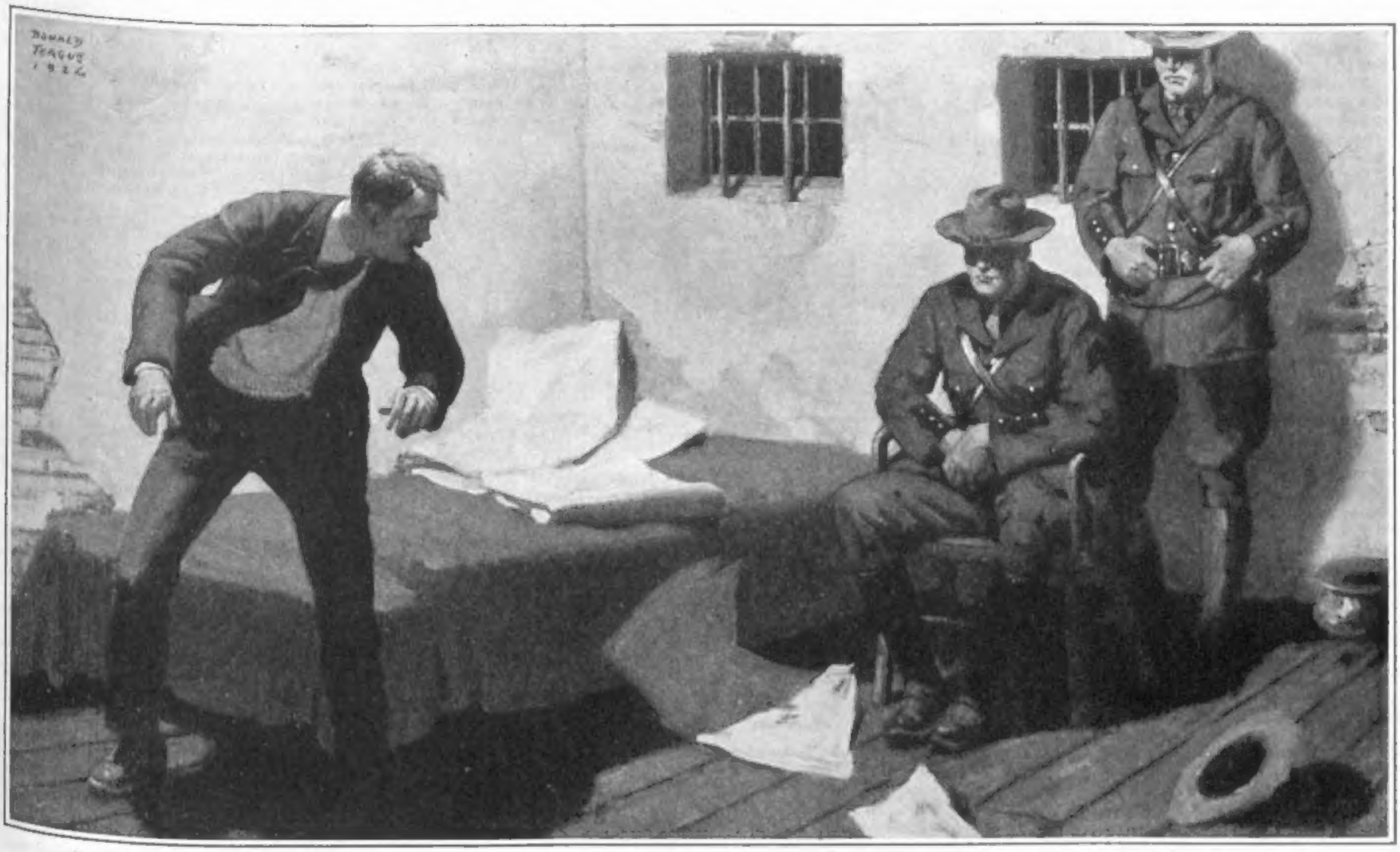
PHOTOS. FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

President Ebert of Germany Reviewing the Reichswehr in Berlin. The Soldiers Seem to be Well Trained and Equipped

# DOPE

## By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE




*"I Won't Tell You Nothin'," the Prisoner Screeched as Though the Words Were Being Squeezed From Him. "I Won't Tell You Nor That Pie-Faced Sheriff Nothin'"*

THE telephone receiver droned and sputtered at Trooper Lansing Meredith's ear. It wailed softly like a far-away siren, clacked and all at once became vocal.

"The Sidon road?" someone asked. "He is alone, you say? Good. We shall keep the appointment. If anything ——"

A click cut off the high voice with its foreign blurring and thickening of consonants. Trooper Meredith swore and the Haskton Central inquired indolently, "What number was you calling?"

In Meredith's reply the long Wyoming cadences were more than usually clear.

"Lady," he drawled, "if you ask me that again I'll scream. If you'd get me Bavaria 100 and leave my goat alone for a while, I'd be real grateful."

"Are you a state trooper?" the operator demanded.

"I used to be," Meredith mourned, "but while you've been plugging me in on all the neighborhood gossip they may have been disbanded."

"I have a call for you," the girl said precisely. "One moment, please."

"Captain Dover speaking," a voice announced.

"Trooper Meredith," the lanky figure in gray responded with a sigh of relief. "I've been trying to get the captain for the last ten minutes."

"Anything to report?" the commander of Troop H, New York State Police, queried.

"One arrest, sir. Sergeant Delaney wants to speak to the captain. One minute; he's here now."

Sergeant Daniel Delaney came down the stairway of the Eagle House, sidewise, lest his spurs hook in the carpet and throw him. Meredith surrendered the telephone, and Delaney punctiliously reported the arrest an hour before of one Mitchell Huggins, charged with having narcotics in his possession. Then he stood silent a long minute.

"The commissioner probably is right, sir," he said at last. "There's no doubt it has been coming through. . . . No, sir. This Department of Justice man hasn't been particularly willing to coöperate. I'll speak to him again."

Again he waited, and Meredith could hear the faraway phonograph scratching of Dover's voice. The trooper stretched, shifted his gun belt and looked appreciatively in through the hall door to the dining room, where the sole waitress somnolently set the table for supper.

"Yes, sir," Delaney said at length, and Meredith saw his face had grown red. "I don't think that will be necessary. I'll see Ellison as soon as possible."

He hung up the receiver and turned the crank. Then he looked at Meredith and grinned wryly.

"If it isn't one thing, it's two," he told his patrol mate. "Captain says if we can't clean up this dope gang he'll send up someone who can. Complaint's been forwarded to him through headquarters from the deputy commissioner in command of New York City's narcotic squad. The commissioner says dope is coming across the border faster and faster, and how about it? So headquarters bawls out the skipper, and the skipper bawls out me, and I ought to bawl out you."

"And I, being a rookie, would have to swallow it," Meredith supplemented, his long saturnine face brightened amazingly by a quick smile. "The old army game. It makes me homesick."

"When will Ellison be back?" Delaney queried, picking up a gray felt hat with a purple cord from the rack and starting through the shabby office toward the street.

"Sometime tonight, his sidekick the sheriff says," Meredith replied, following.

"I'm going to talk turkey to him," Delaney muttered as they descended the hotel steps. "We could help him a lot if he'd only lay off this lone-hand stuff. Trouble with Ellison is he's dreaming of big headlines like: Secret Service Sleuth Breaks Big Drug Ring. He can have the whole paper so long as I don't have to listen to another bawling out from Dover. We'll go see if Huggins has found his tongue yet."

Meredith swung into step beside him and they tramped, two lean competent figures in gray, down the main street of the county seat toward the jail.

"The sheriff of this bailiwick isn't any better than the phone service," Meredith complained. "Ellison might better throw in with us. Before I got Bavaria, just now, I was minded to use language."

Delaney frowned and hesitated before he replied, "I dope it out this way: Ellison has stepped in on something he thinks is going to be big. That's why he went flying out of here this morning. He won't work with us because he's afraid that we'd get in his way, which would be bad; or else help him, and he'd like that no better. He's one of these lone-hand players, and though he keeps in with the sheriff I don't think he tells him anything. Lem Hoster hasn't more than enough sense to do as he's told, if that."

"Well, maybe Mitch has decided to talk," Meredith hazarded, with no conviction.

A fat man, bending over his desk in his shirt sleeves, looked at the pair with a complete absence of cordiality as they tramped into the dingy anteroom of the jail.

"Evening, Eddie," Delaney hailed. "Where's the sheriff?"

The deputy grunted and jerked an ink-stained thumb toward the rear. Delaney opened a door that revealed a cell corridor and a pink-faced man, benevolent in gold-rimmed spectacles, engaged in earnest conversation through the bars at the farther end. He left his post and tiptoed down the corridor to meet the troopers.

"Been tryin' to sound out Mitch," he whispered uneasily. "Can't get nothin' out of him. What did you boys do with the bottle of powder you took offen him?"

"Gave it to the district attorney," Delaney responded. "Why?"

"Mitch is pretty shaky," the sheriff said, polishing the lenses of his spectacles. "I thought mebbe if he had just one little sniff promised him he might come through."

"No," Delaney interrupted and shouldered past him and by two empty cells to the door of a third. Beyond this, in the dim glow of an electric light set in the ceiling, the troopers' captive sat on his cot. He sat, but there was no hint of relaxation in his attitude. A giant invisible press was squeezing Mitch Huggins. His body turned and twisted as though trying to wrench free. His eyes were wide and unsteady with pain. His lips trembled and his Adam's apple jigged convulsively above his shining celluloid collar with every swallow.

"Mitch," Delaney said, not unkindly, "we want to ask you some questions. You've got a right to refuse to talk until you've seen a lawyer. I've told you that before."

"I don't want to talk to no one," the little man returned in a strained voice. "I don't know nothin'."

"Mitch," the sergeant continued, "where did you get the dope?"

"Found it," Huggins returned with a faint effort at defiance. "Found it, like I told you before."

"Where do you usually get it, Mitch?"

"Oh, for Gossake," the prisoner shrilled, jumping up, "leave me be!"

"Mitch," the sergeant continued, unruffled, "this is straight talk. You know the troopers. They don't bluff. You're in a jam. You've got one chance to be let down easy, Mitch. Now come clean."

Huggins shook his head and twisted his tormented body.

"I dassent," he croaked desperately. "Besides," he added in haste, "I don't know nothin'."

"Why don't you dare?" Meredith drawled. "Who's going to hurt you if you do tell?"

"Who?" Huggins echoed; then, with a glitter of cunning in his eye: "Gimme that bottle you took offen me."

"Tell us what you know," Delaney demurred.

Huggins walked up and down the narrow cell, wavering a little in his stride.

"Gimme," he begged hoarsely.

"If you'll tell me where you got it," the sergeant promised, "I'll do better than that. I'll have a doctor come in and see you and put you to sleep. Where did you get the dope, Mitch?"

"I—I," Huggins stammered, irresolute. "I found it," he squealed, rubbing sweat from his forehead with a threadbare sleeve.

"Where did you get it, Mitch?" Delaney persisted.

The invisible vise was pressing harder upon the harried little man. At Delaney's shoulder Meredith muttered sympathetically under his breath.

"Where's Ellison?" Huggins quavered.

"What's Ellison got to do with it?" Delaney countered quickly. "Where did you get that dope?"

"I won't tell you nothin'," the prisoner screeched as though the words were being squeezed from him. "I won't tell you nor that pie-faced sheriff nothin'. Wait till Ellison comes. He'll ——"

"Oh," the sergeant caught him up. "You're Ellison's stool pigeon, are you? Well, you're our prisoner, Mitch. Don't forget that."

"Ellison'll give you what-for when he finds you've been devilin' me," Huggins sobbed. "I ain't goin' to tell you nothin'. Get outa here and leave me be. If I tell everybody, who's gonna keep 'em offa me? That damn yellow ——" He choked, coughed and threw himself, face down, upon the cot. "Get outa here!" he wailed. "Get outa here!"

Delaney looked at his patrol mate and shrugged his shoulders. They tiptoed away. In the office the sheriff stood up eagerly.

"Anythin'?" he queried.

"Nothing," Delaney replied. "I wouldn't bother him any more, sheriff. He's pretty well to pieces. If he gets worse, better have a doctor come in."

"Why, sure," the sheriff promised, and winked at his deputy as the troopers left. "Have a doctor come in," he mimicked heavily. "Huh! We'll just let 'im stew in his own juice, Eddie. Bimeby he'll talk. I'd make him tell me in five minutes now if it wouldn't make Ellison sore."

"Well, anyway," Delaney ruminated aloud as they tramped through the sparsely lighted gloom of Haskton's chief thoroughfare, "we've got an example to show Ellison of the evils of not coöperating. Maybe he'll drop this lone-hand stuff, now we've pinched his stool pigeon without knowing it."

"That fat sheriff," Meredith said, "doesn't appeal to me much. That jasper is tryin' to play both ends against the middle. He'd give one ear and those gold-rimmed specs to find out —— Excuse me, ma'am."

A girl and a man issuing suddenly from a shop had barely escaped being run down by the pondering trooper. The man was small, sleek and dark, with a thin ink line of mustache. In the reflected light from a show window the girl's face was fair and lovely. She held the arm of her escort, who nodded brusquely as Meredith stepped aside. Her wide blue eyes met the trooper's and passed without a flicker of expression.

"That's not right a-tall," Meredith complained, looking over his shoulder at the pair, who were entering a car at the curb. "She looked right through me, just as if I was that much perspective. It must be these uniforms, sergeant. None of the girls ever looked at me without seeing me when I was a bold free cavalryman."

"You start being a he vamp while on duty, kid," Delaney warned with entire truth as they climbed the hotel steps, "and you'll have no uniform to mar your looks. You'll be broke quicker than they can do it in any bold free cavalry outfit. Hello! It's snowing."

White flakes were swarming about the street lights.

"Just a flurry, I guess," Delaney went on. "Evening, Mrs. Sweeney. How about some supper?"

"Been ready a half hour," the proprietress of the Eagle House said briskly. "Central's got a call for you boys."

"Hope it's not a murder," Delaney replied over his shoulder. "I hate murders before supper."

It was not a murder, the operator reassured him. It was a burglary or something. Doctor Gaard, of Whetstone Point, had telephoned. Just a minute and she'd get the sergeant's party.

*"That's Not Right A-tall," Meredith Complained. "She Looked Right Through Me, Just as if I Was That Much Perspective. It Must be These Uniforms, Sergeant. None of the Girls Ever Looked at Me Without Seeing Me When I Was a Bold Free Cavalryman"*

"Who's Doctor Gaard?" Delaney asked of the hovering proprietress, his hand over the transmitter.

"He bought out Doctor Henderson's old sanitarium up on the river, this summer," Mrs. Sweeney replied. "A real nice gentleman, too, if there ever was one. Kind of Swedish, I should think. Doctor Barrett says he's a quack, but land o' goodness, I'm sure I never talked to a pleasanter ——"

"This is Doctor Gaard," a resonant voice announced in Delaney's ear as though acknowledging the landlady's interrupted introduction. "State police? Good. Someone broke into my sanitarium two hours ago. Came in through a window of my office. . . . No, nothing of great value, beyond a small vial of cocaine I had on my medicine shelf. Probably an addict."

"I'll be out first thing in the morning," Delaney replied. "I can come tonight if you think you need me."

"Oh, no, my dear chap," the voice boomed heartily. "Not the least hurry. Only reporting to keep the record straight and because my nurse is nervous. In the morning then. Thank you, sergeant."

"Burglary," Delaney informed the expectant Meredith as they went in to supper. "We'll go out in the morning. It'll take our minds off our other troubles."

"Big haul?" the trooper queried hopefully.

"One bottle of cocaine, as far as I can learn," the sergeant answered; "out of a sanitarium."

Meredith's thin face grew longer and more dismal. "Knew there was a catch in it somewhere. There ought to be more variety to crime."

"Too many cokes," Delaney remarked with a grin.

His patrol mate only glared at him with justifiable scorn and turned his attention to a myriad small dishes containing the Eagle House's interpretation of an evening meal.

"Well, anyway," the sergeant resumed after a long pause, pushing back his chair, "we'll have a fifty-five mile ride out there in the flivver. That'll be better than snooping around here for clews."

But Meredith refused to be comforted.

"New York State Mounted Police," he drawled with a disgusted emphasis on the fourth word. He looked dismally at the leathery blancmange the waitress had set before him, tested it with a spoon, and left the room with another snort. An hour later Delaney found him in the bedroom they shared.

"Been looking for Ellison," the sergeant explained, unbuckling his gun belt. "He isn't back yet. It's a black night. Stopped snowing, but it's cold. We'll need our sheepskins tomorrow."

The early sunlight filtering coldly through the late November haze brought little cheer to the back yard of the Eagle House, where Meredith and Delaney labored and cursed over a numb and stubborn flivver. Meredith let go the crank and stood erect, panting.

"I joined the cavalry," he mourned, "because I wanted to do my fighting on a horse. So they took away our horses and turned us into machine gunners. Then I join the troopers because that's supposed to be a riding job. They show me which horse is mine and then send me out chasin' dope peddlers in a flivver. There ain't no justice in the world, whatever."

"Spin her," Delaney said impassively.

Meredith obeyed. The engine hiccuped, coughed and then began to pound violently. The landlady came to the back door and shouted something. Delaney throttled down and the engine died again. Meredith stood and looked at him sadly while the landlady delivered her tidings.

"Automobile wreck," she proclaimed with relish, "out on the Sidon highway about seven miles. Eli Crawford just telephoned. Wants you boys right away, he said. I told him that you was goin' ——"

"That's on the way to Whetstone Point anyway, isn't it?" Delaney interrupted. "Maybe it's a dope smuggler, kid. Crank her again. Hold on a second. Crawford still on the line, Mrs. Sweeney?"

"He hung up on me," the woman said indignantly. "He said someone was hurt, I think. It's no wonder if someone is, I told him, what with the wild driving that goes ——"

"We better split," the sergeant muttered to Meredith while Mrs. Sweeney continued her oration. "I promised this Doctor Gaard we'd have someone up to see him first thing this morning. I'll tend to the wreck and come back and see Ellison. You better hop the local to Spruce Plains, kid. It's only three miles from there to Whetstone Point. Beat it. You've got just about time."

It was an underestimate. Meredith had to sprint madly, and then barely managed to swing himself aboard the rear platform as the local pulled out. The car was full. Panting and indignant, he lurched along the aisle and dropped into the first seat he could find. After a moment of breathcatching he turned and glanced at his seat mate, and straightway forgot his wrath at a contrary world.

It was the girl he had almost run down the night before. She was younger than he had thought—not more than eighteen. Her small gloved hands were folded in her lap and her eyes were fixed upon them with a wide abstracted stare. Successive furtive glances by the trooper dwelt approvingly upon the sleek blond hair, the small dark hat, the black traveling costume, the muskrat coat dangling from a hook, and the large patent-leather suitcase in the rack above. There was something, he had decided, provokingly familiar in her expression, something that he could not quite identify when she spoke.

"Excuse me, madam," she said in a soft voice, not lifting her eyes from her gloved hands, "but wouldn't you prefer to sit by the window?"

"What?" Meredith asked dazedly.

At his voice she flushed, turned and looked past him with a flurried smile.

"I'm sorry," she faltered. "I thought you were a lady."

"What?" the trooper gulped again.

"It wasn't such a silly mistake," she defended simply. "You see, I'm blind."

That, then, was what had baffled him in her face; the placid wistful patience of the sightless. In embarrassment he blurted, "Well, you aren't missing so much at present, ma'am."

Her smile was like a candle held up to her face.

"You don't really miss what you've never had," she told him. "I thought you were a woman, because I didn't smell tobacco and I did smell fur. You don't smoke, do you? Are you a minister?"

"No, ma'am," the trooper answered; "I'm a state policeman. The fur is just the sheepskin jacket we wear in cold weather."

"And you almost ran into us last night," she said, delighted. "My uncle, Professor Sweet, told me it was two state policemen, and I remembered your voice."

"You don't really need eyes with a memory like yours," he muttered clumsily.

"That's nice of you," the girl replied with a smile. "I'm Martha Mead."

He told her his name. Delaney's preachment concerning misogyny while in uniform swam into his mind and was drowned resolutely.

At that minute Delaney applied the brake and drew up abreast of three men and a half dozen youngsters who huddled together by the road near a culvert and peered down through the leafless trees below. One of the group stepped forward as the car stopped.

"Where's the wreck?" the sergeant asked.

The farmer canted his head toward the steep slope leading down to the brook the culvert spanned, and Delaney saw a swath of torn saplings and brush, and a car lying, four wheels in the air, pinned against a tree.

"Skidded, I guess," said Eli Crawford. "We been waitin' for you. Look; here's the marks of his wheels."

Already the early sun had melted the thin layer of snow from the middle of the roadway. The asphalt shone, black and wet, but the roadside and the woodland below still were dusted over with white.

"That's not a skid," Delaney pronounced, inspecting the marks. "If he skidded, it was earlier. He drove straight off the bank here."

He straightened up and bent down again. "What's this?" he queried, picking several particles from the snow-covered dead leaves. They were green beads of opaque glass, little larger than buckshot.

"Any of you kids drop these?" the sergeant asked, and was answered by unanimous shy head shakings.

"They were dropped here after ten last night," Delaney pondered aloud, "for they were lying on the top of the snow. There's another."

He added this to his collection and dropped them into his pocket. "Where's the driver of this car?" he asked.

Crawford nodded again to the hollow through which the brook ran. "Down there," he said without emotion.

"Doing what?" the sergeant demanded.

"Dead," replied the farmer stolidly. "Leastways," he added conscientiously, "he's layin' head in an' feet out of the brook. I ain't been near him. I know enough to leave a body be until the police arrive," he concluded with a touch of pride.

Delaney already was floundering down the steep incline through brush and second-growth timber. He passed the overturned car and marked the broad black smear on the slope where gasoline had poured from the smashed tank. Beyond this a cliff went down almost vertically to where the brown water of the brook gurgled about snow-powdered bowlders. Below it a body lay sprawling, with face and shoulders beneath the surface of the pool. Delaney gripped a sapling, swung out and dropped to the water's edge. Behind him Crawford and the others came trampling and slipping down through the brush.

"See him?" the farmer called, but Delaney, bending over the body, did not answer for an instant.

"Yes," he said slowly at length. "I see him. He was murdered. There's a bullet hole under his left shoulder blade."

He waded into the icy pool and slipped both hands beneath the body's armpits.

The wheezy locomotive of the local uttered a triumphant howl.

"That," the blind girl told Meredith, "is the signal for the crossing just before we reach Spruce Plains. Would you help me with my jacket and then get my coat and bag?"

"That's a pretty dress you're wearing," the trooper said as he guided her arms into the jacket sleeves.

"The beads are an awful nuisance though," she confided. "Every once in a while a thread breaks and a lot of them go popping and rolling all over the floor. Cheng Hsi spoils me. He's an old dear."

*Cheng Hsi*

"Green," he told her as he lifted down her bag and then picked up the muskrat coat, "has always been my favorite color."

"It must be lovely," she said wistfully. "There; we're whistling for the station. Doctor Gaard will be surprised to see us getting off together. Remember now, you've promised to come and see me."

But if Doctor Gaard was surprised he did not show it. He came toward them, along the station platform, big as a bear in his raccoon coat, but stepping lightly. He loomed before them, a solid rectangle of a man, and Meredith looked up to meet the small ice-gray eyes in the square pink face.

"So!" said Doctor Gaard, looking from the girl to the trooper and then glancing at the patent-leather suitcase he carried. His hands remained deep in his greatcoat pockets.

"Trooper Meredith, sir," the state policeman explained. "Detailed on your burglary complaint. I met your patient on the train."

"So!" the physician repeated with more cordiality, and drew a big ungloved hand from his pocket. He gripped the trooper's palm and Meredith revised his estimate of Gaard's bulk. There was no softness about this white paw. It was hard as a mallet head.

"Glad you've come, Meredith," Gaard exclaimed. "What's the news from civilization?"

The trooper shrugged his shoulders. "We had a snowstorm last night," he answered with a grin.

"We also," the doctor indorsed, "and a burglar. City life has not all the excitement. Martha, my dear, you're looking fit. Any new symptoms?"

"A little headache yesterday," the girl confessed.

"A good sign. The mutinous optic nerve is waking, I think. The more headaches you have, the better. My car is waiting."

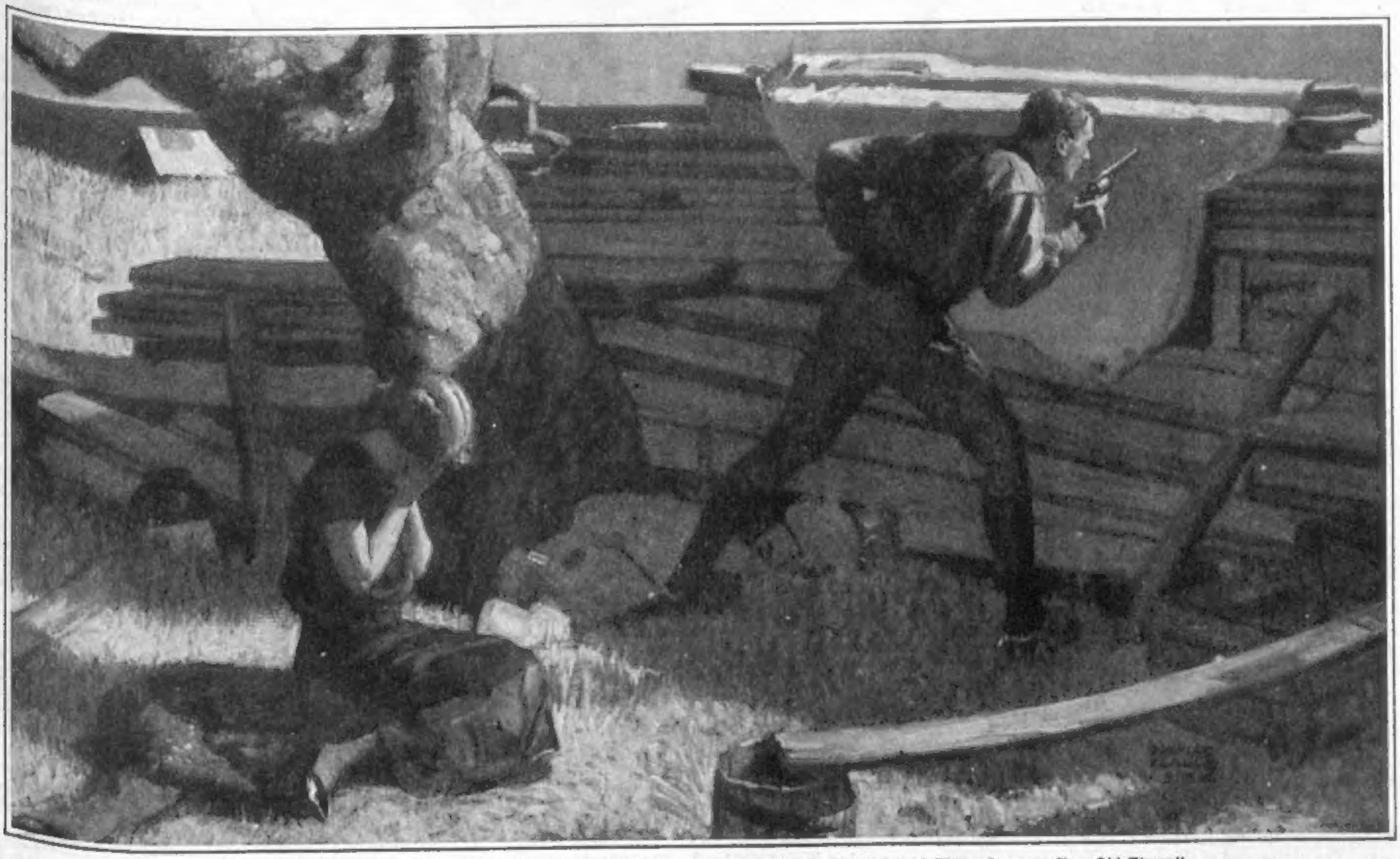
He took the suitcase from Meredith, grasped his patient's elbow with the other hand and guided her across the platform to his limousine.

"Prepare for bumps," he warned the trooper. "It is not the best of roads."

The gray eyes seemed to have softened and held a glitter of secret amusement. Meredith found himself liking this jovial physician.

The car gave a final lurch, crawled up a snowy incline and emerged from the woodland into a clearing. Behind a tall flagpole a gaunt white house stood, sharply angled

*(Continued on Page 147)*



*"Go Ahead," He Jerked. "Have a Celebration. If I Only Could Get You Out in the Open and Throw Down on You, Old-Timer"*

# BONDS TRIUMPHANT

ILLUSTRATION BY GRANT REYNARD

*Some Years Ago a Salesman Determined That He Would Sell Bonds to a Very Rich Individual. For Two Years He Tried in Vain*

## Seeing the Investor as Others See Him—By Albert W. Atwood

"THE secret of my success?" repeated the star salesman of one of the half dozen most successful bond-distributing houses in the world. "It is knowing my security in such a way that I am able to apply it to the investor so that he feels that he, too, understands.

"Of course you cannot learn to sell bonds all at once. If a man doesn't want to buy I don't try to sell him. I have called on a prospect forty-five times before I made a sale. Most of those times he wouldn't even see me. But I knew that sooner or later he would want to see me.

"When I go into an office I sense the atmosphere at once, how long to stay and what to say. One can tell by the wave lengths; we all have receiving apparatus of a sort for that purpose. Perhaps on the forty-sixth call the man will grudgingly remark, 'Oh, I'll take a chance.' But I never take orders when a prospect talks like that. I don't want to accept his money unless he knows what he's about. I purposely go into every detail with a client, with the uneducated and the half educated.

"If a man takes a bite he wants a mouthful. Then the first time he talks to a friend he tries to impress the friend with what he knows about the subject. What he says may be only a reaction from the salesman, but if he can impress his friend with his knowledge he then feels that he's a bigger man."

### *The Psychology of Bond Buyers*

TO SEE the investor as others see him, especially as he appears in the eyes of the salesman and other active participants in the bond business, is the aim of this article. Perhaps it may prove of some use to the investor to know what the people whose occupation could not exist without him really think of him. At least it may be a refreshing change from the usual conventional generalizations about investors and investments.

"You want to know what the psychology of the bond buyer is," said another salesman who is likewise known for his ability to sell. "I shall have to answer that in my own way. The biggest end of this business is to classify people, to get their trend of thought. What I want to know about a customer is what he likes best.

"The hardest thing about this job is coördinating what the customer wants and what you have to sell, to read what he is thinking about and fairly to pick the words out of his mouth when you see your way clear to making the connection. I was going over my list just before you came in, and your question suggests a sale I know I can make. Here is John S, who once told me he thought oils were going up, and here is a big new issue of United Oil just coming out in a few days. If I can only get my story good I can sell him."

"A bond salesman shouldn't lie," said an older man who had been on the road for many years but now is a partner in a small firm, "but he must paint a picture. He can't just say, 'Here's a nice pink bond I wish you would buy!'

"He has to be inconsistent at times, because he must talk up the market, as it were, to one customer, and talk it down to the next. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that he must be versatile. In any case, those of us here in the office often say to each other, 'My, but I should hate to be behind the doors listening when the boys are out selling.' The moment a salesman gets into an argument with a prospect, the chances are 80 per cent that he will sell him.

"Most salesmen lack imagination; they are one-order men, too cut and dried. There's a chap whose methods I don't altogether approve of, but who certainly has imagination. One day he was trying to persuade a reluctant customer. Every argument failed. Suddenly he saw a copy of Dun's or Bradstreet's on a table, and said, 'Let's see how these people are rated.' He found it was one million dollars plus, or some such figure. Then he said, 'Let's look at Rockefeller,' and found the rating the same.

"I can't vouch for the accuracy of the figures or details in this story, and it was an unsound, tricky argument, of course, but it sold the bond. The salesman who invited a long list of retail butchers to communicate with him if they were interested in a forthcoming bond issue of one of the big packing houses, and obtained twenty new customers in three days, had just as much imagination, without any of the dishonesty."

"The essence of all salesmanship is plausibility," said the chief executive of another house. "There is no possibility of selling bonds to anyone unless you first get him to nod his head. The average person is very difficult to open up, and it is hard to get anyone to admit his ignorance. If he lets you do all the talking you might as well give up."

### *The Air of Reality*

"I FORMERLY sold for this house, which, as you know, markets bonds based upon real-estate mortgages. At that time we had been in business for more than twenty years, and no investor had suffered a loss through our bonds. That, of course, was our big talking point. But when I repeated it to investors I would always see doubt written on their faces. Yet they didn't peep, and the chances of a sale went glimmering.

"'But that's nothing,' I hastily went on to say. 'There's nothing wonderful about that. There shouldn't be any loss in our particular business; there's no reason for a loss.' Still nothing but icy silence from the prospect. 'Is there any dealer in mortgages here in town?' I asked.

"'Yes,' said the prospect; 'Si Young.'

"'Has he lost any money?' I inquired.

"'No,' came the emphatic answer; and then I had a chance to make a sale. Selling must always have about it an air of reality, of plausibility. I cannot help thinking of Mr. Lansing's book in this connection. He makes many statements that you feel might be viewed somewhat differently by other actors in the great wartime drama. Mr. Wilson or some senator might have looked at the same circumstances in quite another way. But Mr. Lansing speaks constantly of his diary. That at once disarms criticism and gives an air of reality to the narrative as a whole."

(Continued on Page 73)

# ROADSIDE OPPORTUNITIES

## Adventures in Antiques—By Elizabeth Frazer

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

MRS PRESCOTT—that, for obvious reasons, is not her real name—had bought an interesting old Colonial house in Connecticut, and in consequence had become a bit mad on the subject. Not tiresomely, turbulently mad; not mad enough to be incarcerated or to cause her friends to throw up their hands and flee from her presence, but delightfully, constructively mad. When she raved you listened and went away and repeated her remarks as your own.

She had bought the old house for a number of reasons. First, because it was near enough for her husband to commute in to business. He was an architect, member of a firm which was doing splendid and magical things to the sky line of New York with skyscrapers, modern in spirit as the radio or the aëroplane, extraordinarily American in feeling, and at the same time daring, original, and at night breath-takingly beautiful. Second, she bought it because she had been bored to exasperation by some of her friends who had acquired quaint old farmhouses and then remodeled them into pretentious Italian villas or French châteaux, surrounding them with formal sunken gardens, marble statues and colonnades, and stuffing them full of foreign furniture, Flemish tapestries and costly rugs. And so she had determined to demonstrate that one could stick to the American tradition and achieve a thing of beauty at the same time. But the third reason was the deepest of all. She had sons, and she wanted to root them in the soil of their own country, in the traditions, history and atmosphere of their forbears.

"And there's no use talking," she said, "you can't do that with a city apartment."

### A Happy Accident

DESCENDED from an old New England family of substantial merchant stock, she had inherited a fair collection of early American furniture.

"But they just don't go with the things in my town apartment," she explained. "It isn't that they're not as good; in some ways they're better. And I like them; they're part of me, part of my family, my past; I get a wallop out of them, as my slangy sons say, that I don't get out of foreign furniture. They speak to me a language that I understand. But they're lonesome in town. Say what you will, our modern apartments are artificial; they have no roots; and you can't get vitality without roots. What those old pieces need is their own background, a house steeped in the history and tradition of our country, where the spirit reaches backward as well as forward—and that's impossible in a New York apartment."

Having decided upon the general locality, and with a fairly clean-cut picture in her mind's eye, she scoured the pleasant Connecticut back country for months. Now Connecticut is as full of the charming, quaint old houses of our forefathers as a pudding is full of plums, but in the past ten years most of them have been snapped up. Nevertheless, she persevered. She knew that somewhere there was a house waiting for her.

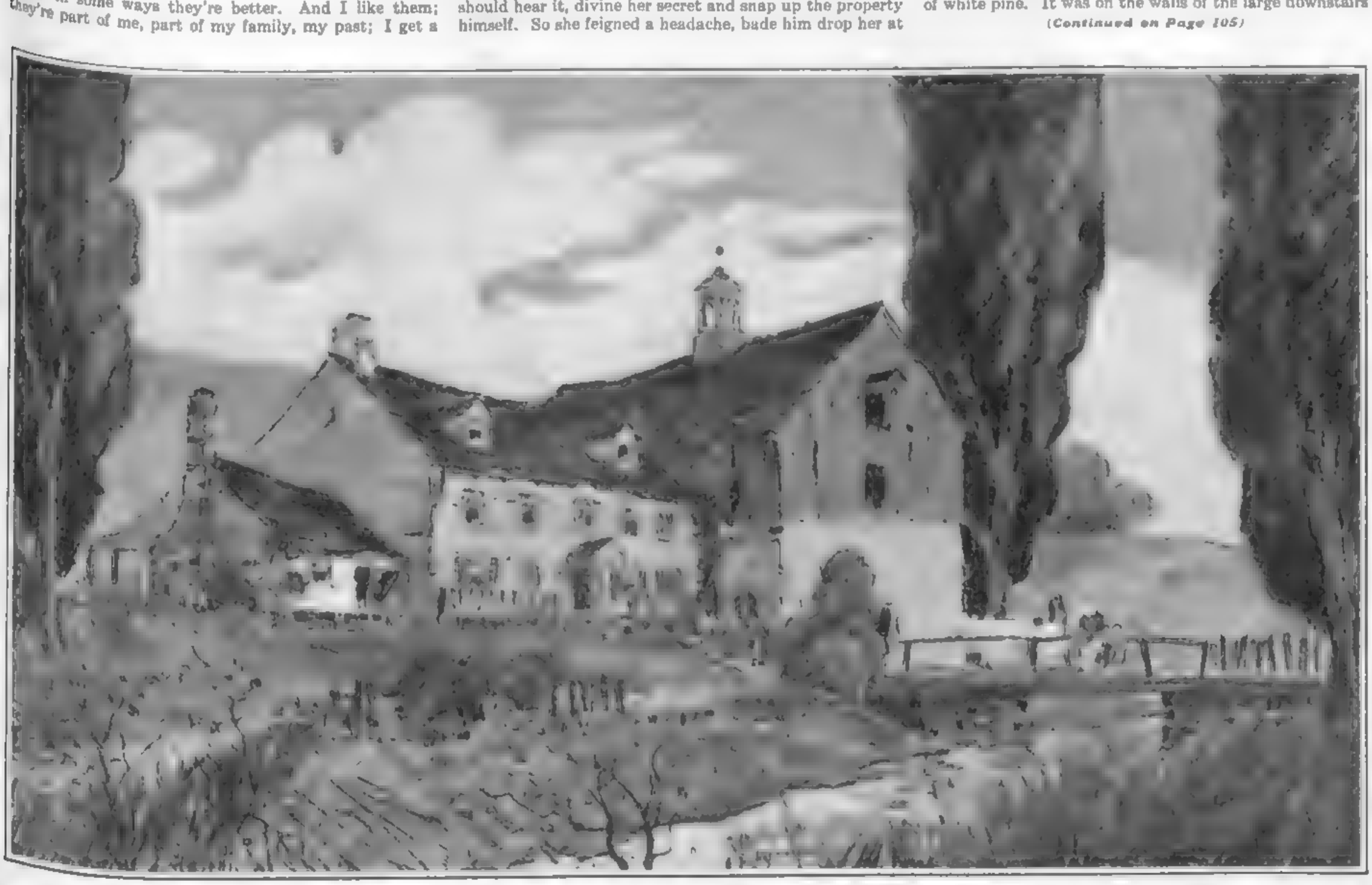
"I knew," she said, "that I should recognize my house on sight and say 'That's it!'" And she did. It happened one morning. Quite by accident, of course. She was flashing by in a car with an enthusiastic real-estate man who declared he had exactly the sort of place she wanted, when, suddenly rounding a sharp turn, they came full upon her house. To the ordinary eye it looked like an old mill—a desolate, tumble-down old wreck backed up on a little stream and gone to seed for years. But to Mrs. Prescott's sharpened vision there were certain indubitable signs that it was an ancient house, converted into a mill, with modern additions built on, the whole sunken, through disuse, into moldering decay.

Mrs. Prescott developed a sudden thirst. She stopped the car, descended and scouted cautiously around. Not for worlds would she have told the agent that she had already discovered her prize. Her Yankee sense of a bargain sealed her lips. But she said later that during the remainder of that drive her heart thumped so loudly with excitement that she grew panicky lest the real-estate man should hear it, divine her secret and snap up the property himself. So she feigned a headache, bade him drop her at the station, and as soon as the dust of his motor disappeared she hired a taxi and tore back to her treasure-trove to see how much of her house was house and how much mill. To her relief she discovered that so staunch and sturdy had been the original structure that the mill owner, taking it over, had not found it worth while to demolish the stout oak frame or the interiors, but had simply incased certain portions with heavy timbers, shoring off that for which he had no use. So what it amounted to was a fine old house incased and concealed in a modern shell.

### Honorable Signs of Age

"FOR it was fine and it was old," she said, describing her find. "Just how old I couldn't exactly determine that first day. One century? Two centuries? Maybe more! I was too excited to say. But I could tell, roughly, by certain details: The wide pine floors, pegged in; the hand-turned moldings and window trims; but most of all, by a severe beauty of proportion, a certain fine spaciousness and austerity of design which characterized some of the larger colonial houses of the early days. It was old, old, old! And not ugly-old, but lovely-old. Built by one of those master carpenters who combined the present professions of architect, contractor, builder and decorator, and, with faith in their own genius, built houses as they built their early ships, so staunch and beautiful and true that they stood the test of time. Nor was it a simple farmhouse. Too many chambers for that. More like a small manor house of the seventeenth century. Do you remember the description of the house of one of our early New England governors, which had 'a blew chamber' and 'a greene chamber' and 'the other chamber' which were hung with 'vallints of painted calicoes and chints'? It was the same century in which Samuel Pepys wrote in his diary: 'Bought my wife a chint, that is a painted Indian calico, for to line her new study.' He wrote that in 1663. But I placed my house somewhat later than that. Perhaps a whole century. In the first place, it had paneling. Plain beveled paneling of white pine. It was on the walls of the large downstairs

(Continued on Page 105)



To the Ordinary Eye it Looked Like an Old Mill—a Desolate, Tumble-Down Old Wreck Backed Up on a Little Stream and Gone to Seed for Years

# THE EDUCATED MONEY

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IT WAS just the weather for running horses, clear autumn days with the air not sharp, but cool and soft as the air can only be at Baltimore. William Blakey breathed it contentedly through his thin nostrils, and felt the blood course faster through his spiderlike arms and legs. He pulled a match from his pocket and bit upon it with a deliberate motion of his thin lantern jaws. It must have been the air that made him happy. His thoughts floated on it, light as down. His very body seemed to move upon it, up and down as though he bestrode a running horse, and actually William might have been blown away in a sudden gust, for he weighed only ninety-eight when he was dressed and ready to go. There was scant reason, practically no reason to guess the capabilities of his slender frame, or to tell that William's arms and legs were bands of steel, or that his hand, when he touched a bridle, was as soft and accurate as a powder puff upon a schoolgirl's nose. The stern glitter of William's eye was all that betrayed his spirit.

It must have been the air and the enlivening memory of hoof beats and driving shoulders that made William speak to a total stranger. It must have been some outside stimulation, for, though William was only eighteen then, he had learned to be careful.

"Yet believe me, buddy," William used to say, "I was always wise. When I ran into that bird I knew he was educated—you see? Though personally, if you get me, I've never had the benefits of a college education."

There you have William. Although he was primarily a jockey he was also frank and anxious to be clear.

"Yet, nevertheless, I do the cross-word puzzle every night, and I know an educated guy when I see him."

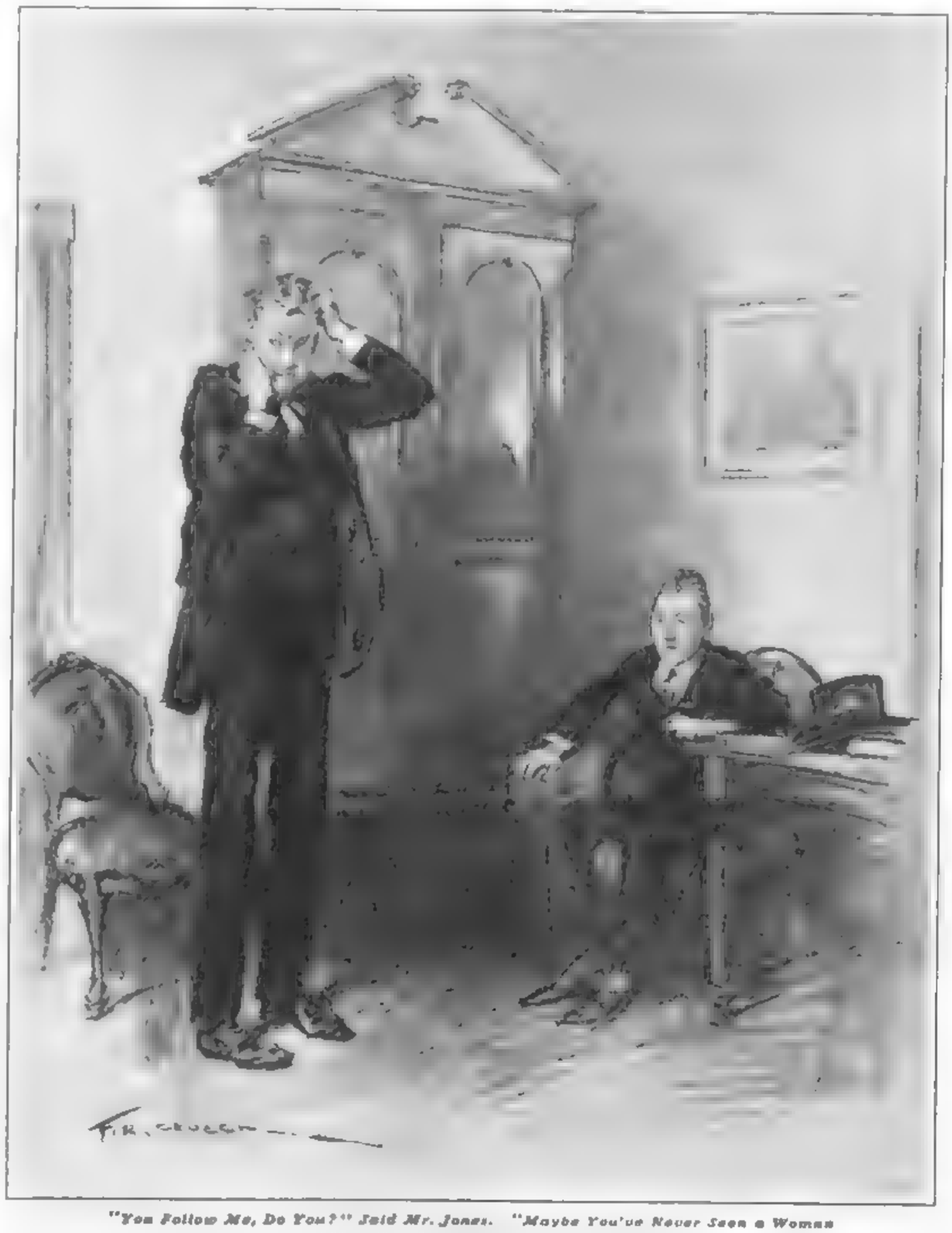
Straight of back, and calmly self-reliant, William walked along with never a thought that he was walking on the road of destiny. Outside the gates at Bowie, among the crowd which was boarding electric cars and tearing up tickets and tramping on newspapers, William walked in lonely abstraction. The noise, the gloom and the gayety were lost upon him, for he had known it all too often. Well-dressed men in stripes and checks, thin men, corpulent men, men out at heels and elbows, young girls, and old girls went past him in crowding, monotonous haste. The eye of the uninitiated might have brightened at the diversity of humanity, at the strained faces, the happy faces, the enigmatic faces. William's glance, however, was cynically aloof. All the odd excitement and the acceleration of life, which come from choice and chance and the quick exchange of currency, were beyond his observation, for it was all the life he knew. He wandered through it airily with his hat at a jaunty angle, and only when someone in back of him gave him a gentle push, did he betray interest. The sharp, slightly emaciated lines of William's face became sharper, and hastily he placed a protecting hand above his watch chain.

"Hey!" he said, without bothering to look around. "Try that on one of the country boys."

He said it with pained rebuke, for anyone on the inside of things should have seen that William knew the ropes. A horse does something to a man who lives in a world of horses. In the crease of William's trousers, in the flowing curves of his newly brushed coat, was an undeniable hint of hoofs and leather.

"Just a minute, my boy," someone behind him said.

And that was how it happened. William faced about with his hand still protectingly above his watch, and then his hand dropped guiltily away.



*"You Follow Me, Do You?" Said Mr. Jones. "Maybe You've Never Seen a Woman When She Knows She's Been Deceived"*

"Excuse me, mister," he said hastily. "I—I thought ——"

He knew he had not thought correctly. In front of him was standing a thin man past middle age, clad in quiet bagging tweeds, looking at William kindly through a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. His hair was decorously gray and his shoulders slightly stooping. Yet despite his modest exterior he had an air of certitude.

"Don't be embarrassed, boy," the stranger said. "That's quite right. Always hold your valuables when the crowd begins to leave." He paused with his eyes still thoughtfully on William. The curve of his glasses magnified them, and made them seem unduly large. "That's quite all right, my boy," the stranger said again. "I should have met you some other way, but I suddenly thought, on the spur of the moment, that perhaps you wouldn't mind. Are you going to be up tomorrow?"

"Say," William asked, and a faint youthful flush came to his cheeks, "how do you know I ride?"

"Boy," said the stranger, smiling slightly, "when you get as old as I am you can tell a jockey when you see one. It's your clothes."

"My clothes?" William's eyes grew wider. "What's the matter with my clothes?"

"Nothing, nothing," the stranger said. "It's only the way you wear 'em, just the way a boy always wears his clothes, and if you had on a bathing suit I'd know by your face and hands. You've always been with horses."

William could not help smiling a pleased, professional smile. "You can step up and cash your tickets on that," he said, "but it isn't everyone who guesses."

"Well," the stranger answered, "maybe you're quieter than most of the boys, but I can tell. I can tell. Yes, I can even go better than that. You still get five pounds allowed. You're an apprentice boy."

Again the old man was right. It was the first year that William wore colors, but young as he was, he had the greatest of all assets, a poetic belief in self

"Mister," said William, "I may be young, but I can ride anything with four legs. You don't believe me, eh? You wait and see if I can't ride. Ask the boys if I'm afraid. Say, listen ——"

William's voice was shrill with vindication, and his languid calmness had vanished. For a flitting, uncertain space a flame glowed within him which was curiously spiritual, a light which has shone on faces since the world was young. His was the face of every man whose leg has crossed a racing saddle. He seemed to feel rhythm of swift muscles and the wind upon his cheek.

"Say, listen," he repeated, "I don't know who you are, mister, but I know you understand. I know horses and horses know me. I can hear 'em talk, and I know what they say. I know when to pull 'em and when to let 'em go, and they know I know it. Mister, you wait till I have colors on, and then I won't look so green!"

The old man breathed deeply. Perhaps the way that William had spoken had stirred some dormant memory, sadly reminding him of when he, too, was young.

"Yes," he said with a little sigh, "I know that you know horses. That's why I'm talking to you now."

William could never tell why it was that he felt friendly. It was a combination of things, some invisible bond between them that defied their differences of age.

"Mister," said William, and gave a comprehensive glance at the hurrying crowd, "you know the inside stuff, all right, but you're not the only one who knows. I can tell you something. You're the kind who's been in the big money, the educated kind."

The stranger gave a slight, almost guilty start, and grasped William by the arm.

"Look here, boy," he said, "how the devil did you guess that?"

"It's your face," William answered. "I know the face that plays the races. I've seen enough of 'em who've got it, and they all look alike."

Half hopefully, half sadly, the stranger looked William in the eye.

"The spot that won't come off," he said with a little sigh. "Listen, boy, it makes me young to hear you. I wonder—did you ever hear of Edward Everett Hale?"

"Who's that?" asked William. "Has he got a stable?"

"No," said the stranger, "he's a writer."

"He must be a new one," responded William. "I know all the sporting writers."

"This one," said the stranger, "wrote a story, called The Man Without a Country—all about a man who was sent out of the United States, you see, and no one ever told him what was going on there, and he never got back, and somehow he wanted to know—do you see?"

It was evident that he wanted William to see, for he was speaking in a rapid pleading way.

"Do you see? Well, that's what I am, a man without a country. It just struck me this afternoon that I've been

away from the only country I ever cared about, just as though I was out at sea. Dear me—I haven't been ——" He was still holding William's arm, and his grasp grew tighter. "I haven't been to a horse race—not any kind of a race—not even to a county-fair race for twenty years."

There was a bitterness, a depth and pathos in the old man's voice that went beyond his words. It sounded almost like sad music, rising and falling above the noises of the crowd.

"No, sir, not to any race," the old man was saying; "but I couldn't keep away this afternoon. I wanted to see the ponies run again. I had to hear the crowd yell, and hear the grand stands creak. I had to see the paddock. Yes, sir, I had to, and now it's like taking drink, I guess. I've got to have some more. I've got to have someone who knows give me the inside stuff. I want to know what's become of the old boys. I want to hear the old talk. Listen, boy ——"

His voice quivered and nearly broke.

"Will you do a kind deed for an old man who knew the track before you were born? Will you come down to my hotel and talk to me just for a little while? I know you know how. Will you—will you come?"

And William did not resist. There was an eloquence which he could not have withstood. He was always an impulsive boy, and impulsively, without a thought of self, he seized the other's hand.

"Sure I will," he said. "I guess I sort of know the way you feel."

It was beautiful to see the change on the stranger's face, the relief, the pervading joy. Age seemed to leave it, and seemed to leave his voice.

"Now that's the stuff!" he said. "Now you're talking! My name's Jones. Deacon Jones, they used to call me when I was young, and ——"

To William the end of his speech had no connection with the beginning.

"And my wife," said Mr. Jones, "won't be back till dinner."

II

THOSE inscrutable geniuses who write the captions for the motion pictures have a way of speaking the truth with flowers. "Out of the Darkness of Yester E'en," they say, "Comes the Sunshine of the Morrow."

"Think of it," Mr. Jones kept saying; "only to think of it—the ponies are still running!"

Though it seemed an obvious discovery, he had a way of making the thought seem new. Some hidden sun of youth cast a slant and gentle ray on Mr. Jones' stooped shoulders and warmed his voice and eyes.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Jones, "the ponies are still running."

It occurred to William that the remark sounded alien in Mr. Jones' hotel. It rang discordantly against a silence of heavy walnut trimmings. The guests did not appear to understand its significance, and several old ladies seated in deep plush chairs looked up in a startled manner, and even the clerk seemed startled.

"Were you speaking to me, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Jones, however, shook his head and smiled.

"No indeed," he said. "It's just a harmless joke I have with my young friend." Comradeship and sympathy radiated from his voice, and caused William to forget their disparity in age. "Just a little joke," Mr. Jones continued. "Will you please send some ice and soda to Room 353?"

The request seemed very modest, yet still the clerk looked startled.

"Sodium bicarbonate, you mean, sir?" he inquired.

"No," replied Mr. Jones gently. "Club soda. The doctor wishes me to drink a little sparkling water every afternoon."

Everything was quiet there. The elevator was slow and quiet and small. The carpet on the hall of the third floor was quiet and musty with decorous age. Mr. Jones unlocked the door of a small sitting room filled with heavy bulbous furniture, and then he spoke again.

"Sodium bicarbonate," murmured Mr. Jones. "Oh, dear me! Oh, dear me!"

Hastily but with stealth Mr. Jones opened a closet door, and William heard a thudding shuffling sound, but before he had time to wonder what was happening Mr. Jones was back with a bottle in his hand. William glanced at Mr. Jones curiously. There was an air of deceit which he could not comprehend.

"Say," he inquired restively, "this here—it isn't a sanatorium or anything, is it?"

Mr. Jones sighed, and for a moment the innocent sunshine of his happiness left him.

"My boy," he said, "when you get older, perhaps you'll find as I do that one sometimes gets into a sanatorium without being there—that all life falls into the healthful regimen of a bedtime story. But don't let's talk of it now will you allow me?"

"As a rule, if you get me," said William, "I don't take anything when I'm working, but I don't mind this once."

"As a rule," said Mr. Jones in a slightly altered tone, "I don't either. Perhaps—yes—I'll just turn the inside lock."

Why did Mr. Jones need to lock the door? What was it that made Mr. Jones so restless? He was looking at a black limp garment that hung on the back of a chair. It seemed to fascinate him, for even as he inverted the bottle he still stared at it fixedly.

"Say," inquired William, "what's that you're looking at?"

"Nothing, my boy," said Mr. Jones. "Just a woman's cape, that's all; and what do you and I care about women? They never understand a man. Here—here's to the ponies!" Mr. Jones had raised his glass with a sudden determined zest. "Here's to their frogs and cannons, and may they be well coupled. Here's to a fair start without crossed legs and a run along the rail!"

Again William forgot that Mr. Jones was old. A sort of eternal youth was thrilling through him.

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"Henry," Said Mrs. Jones, "Don't Go On. Don't Try to Wriggle Out!" "But, My Dear ——" Began Mr. Jones

# THE PRIMITIVE

By JOHN RUSSELL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

CORONER'S jury brought in a verdict: "Suicide under great mental stress." To which the magistrate added a comment of his own. The magistrate, it might be observed by way of extenuation, in his leisure hours was a leading spirit of the Perth and Westralian Philosophical Society. Probably it was a taste partly philosophic and partly Westralian which moved him to deal with the story as reported in the press:

"This is a sad case for such a day as ours. A young woman of sensitive and timid character was driven to take her life to escape an intolerable persecution. Living unprotected in the absence of her husband, a seafarer, she was subjected to siege by a man skilled in seduction. Evidently by evil arts he succeeded in compromising her among her neighbors so that she was publicly shunned and outcast.

"Alone and friendless, dreading the certainty of her husband's suspicion and distracted by a rascal's relentless pursuit, at length she put an end to everything. Her pitiful letter tells us all

"It is true that although the man stands morally guilty of murder, there seems no way of punishing him by our modern code. Nevertheless, it is to be deplored that under conditions of social security in our thriving young metropolis any virtuous female should still feel compelled to appeal to the primitive proof by death."

And so on.

When Joe Grimshaw returned from winter cruise a month later, when he came hurrying up Forsythe Street with his wages in his pocket and a bridegroom's joy in his heart—this was the sort of language by which a quiet, efficient, hardworking little chap had to learn the tragedy of his life.

*When He Anchored the Little Kedge and Climbed Forward, a Corporal's Guard of the King Penguin Was There to Receive Him, Sitting Solemnly and Absurdly Erect*

We may suppose it was somewhat lost upon Joe, such being the common failure of philosophy when it dabbles in raw soul stuff and the bed-rock dramas of other people. But it had to serve.

No one interpreted for him. No one aided him with word or gesture. The neighbors had perhaps been rendered shy by the attention already directed to them. They kept carefully out of sight, peeping through their respectable valances, until, as Joe paused outside his own gate and looked up in blank astonishment at the closed shutters and the dusty dead flowers that drooped forlornly from the neglected window boxes, somebody at last had the courage, the pity or the cruelty, as may be, to step over and slip the newspaper clipping into his hand.

He read it, standing there. Afterward he entered the cottage, groping a bit. An hour after that he came out again. There was only one change about him so far as any could see. He had arrived in his best clothes, his holiday rig, with the rest of his kit in a bag. He "always 'ad been a neat dresser around the 'ouse, that Joe." But when he reappeared he wore his working outfit, with the cap pulled low over his eyes.

He locked the door behind him. He passed through the gate and latched it. He did not rush uphill toward lodgings where Simon Darlington had lived. The neighbors were disappointed; they rather hoped he might. But quite as if he were going off to work as usual, he turned away from his empty dwelling down toward the tram line and departed. And that was the last Forsythe Street saw of him for eleven months.

It took him something more than five of those months to light on Simon Darlington's track.

There was nothing theatric about his search; there was nothing theatric about Joe Grimshaw, anyway. He swore no oaths and made no gestures. These things are left to philosophers and their notions of how men ought to act. Joe buckled down to a slow and difficult game. With the whole merchant shipping of Australasia to sift by hand, he had first to eliminate the local coastwise lines, the Fremantle, Albany and Adelaide steamers—even harbor boats and such agencies and pubs as mostly are frequented by the seagoing tribe.

If he ever troubled to consider the point, he must have been perfectly well assured that Simon would never linger in or near Western Australia—for sure, never within reach of Perth itself. But Joe knew only one way of going about any job; the patient, quiet, tight-lipped way which had raised him without luck or favor from the stokehole to a second engineer's ticket. This was the way he went about his quest, like a hound circling out and out from a given start, overlooking no single chance. And one day at Port Melbourne he struck the slot, as he had been bound to strike it.

A friend on the Hobart run told of seeing Darlington in Tasmania that season, head tinker on an island ferry. To Tasmania then followed Joe Grimshaw. It proved a good lead. At Hobart he was only three weeks too late—Simon had chucked his billet and gone a-traveling. At Launceston Joe gained another week. Back in Melbourne, he actually passed his man, who had doubled on his trail; and at Sydney he made the narrowest miss. Simon Darlington had landed in Sydney no better than a jump ahead. But it was a jump long enough in which to vanish. Perhaps he had had direct warning, perhaps he had developed the instinct of the hunted. At any rate, he was off again—off to a clean break this time, without leaving a trace.

Joe thought it out all one morning on the quay. It is reasonable to suppose the hunter may develop an instinct as well as the quarry. The upshot was that he took passage with nearly the last of his money for Auckland, New Zealand. And there in a certain house, in a certain street not far off Freeman's Bay, he visited a certain girl.

"Who? Si Darling?" she bawled jovially. "Sure I know Si Darling!" It was a part with the sordid, flashy quarters and the paint on her round fisher-girl cheeks that she should use that atrocious trick of name. "How's a' wi' him? And did he send y' here himself?" She came bouncing out to peer at Joe under the reeking oil lamp, but something about the motionless, waiting figure stopped her short. "What brings you speerin' after him, laddy?" He mumbled an answer. "Sit down anyway and tell us about it for auld sake's sake. Any fren' o' Si's—"

She laid a paw on his shoulder; and then presently she plucked it away again. She ought to have been hefting fish baskets in some honest Scots village, but she had a shrewdness, too—the cunning taught by cheap colonial vice.

"I'm no' keepin' a register," she warned him. "Sure, I used to know the man you name—three year' ago. I've never seen him since. Is that all you wanted o' me?"

So Joe began to put up a yarn. He did not do it well; as a matter of fact, he did it very badly. Which was fortunate for Joe and the best possible play he could have made. The girl sized him up as he stood there twisting his cap awkwardly—not at all a dangerous-looking specimen. She sized him up three parts wrong, of course, misled by the theatrical lack before mentioned about this reserved little fellow with his slight build and white skin and neat blue-black mustache. And the next thing was she had to try some philosophy of her own. That was what it amounted to.

"Laddy," she said, patronizingly, half contemptuously, "dinna try to lie to a wumman wi' eyes in y'r head like yours. And tak' my advice and drop it. Whatever he owes y', forget it. Simon—he's a rough man; he'd make three of you. A bold, strong, hot-blooded man. If you ever did follow him 'twould be to a gey rough place and a gey rough business—far, far from folks and housen. No kind of a place for you. Now mind what I tell y', and cut along out o' this!"

So Joe cut along, reeling a little as he went. For he had the information he needed. He knew where Simon Darlington was heading. He knew! . . .

Three years earlier, when he and Simon had first drifted together as casual shipmates, they had taken a run one season aboard a steam whaler out of North Auckland to the Antarctic. It had been an adventure to them both as youngsters. A rough place and a rough business, indeed. What more likely than that Simon should cast back again?

What more certain than that he had? The girl could not have betrayed it more explicitly. He must have passed through Auckland within a range of days; he must have come seeking the same place and the same business as his very surest refuge. His trail had tended steadily away from customary and crowded haunts; it lay toward the farthest rim. And in his own tight-lipped fashion, Joe was content. Down yonder at the bleak end of nowhere would be the fitting spot for such an account as theirs.

Actually, this proved the turning point of Joe's pursuit, though Joe himself was hardly aware with what inevitable steps he moved on from it. How he found in fact that two evil whaling craft—relics of a fleet once numerous and flourishing—had recently cleared from Whangaruru; how he learned that neither was due home for many weeks; how he waited and wandered and starved until he got wind of that lucky, or unlucky, berth on the *Cassie S*, which carried him down to the islands of the South—these events and subsequent might have seemed fortuitous or fateful. But not so. It stands to be remembered, as between Joe Grimshaw and Simon Darlington, time was nothing, chance was nothing. Somewhere and somehow, here or hereafter, the two must have met. If it had not been then, still it would have been. If they met as they did, still it was the issue of a man's will inexorable as fate itself.

Brief: On the morning of May third, in longitude just about 180 degrees and latitude just about 49 degrees south—which is to say, almost literally the bottom of the earth, reckoning from Greenwich—Joe Grimshaw landed on one of the Antipodes group of uninhabited islets, prepared—though neither more nor less prepared than he had been all along—to settle the account aforesaid.

On April fourth the *Cassie S* had left New Zealand and thrust her shovel nose into the long Antarctic roll. On the fifteenth she had made up with Macquarie Island, where she narrowly escaped foundering in the violent storm of that date. A seagoing tug, she called herself; the same being a swindle on the government that had hired her. She was an ancient harbor craft, hastily put in commission to substitute for the regular relief vessel. Her duty was to explore for possible castaways and to replenish caches throughout those barren and treacherous rock clusters which girdle the polar ocean. Short-handed, badly found, in charge of a drunken skipper and roaring gale, she had fallen back successively past the Aucklands, past sphinx-like Campbell Island; and finally, with moderating weather, she had ventured—a good deal too recklessly, it would seem—in among the surf-bound dangers of the Antipodes.

As the only man on board who claimed previous service hereabouts, Joe Grimshaw quite naturally had been allowed to volunteer for shore.

"You can 'ave the skiff dinghy," the cap'n growled from the bridge. "See if you can find out wot's come to that damn depot. It looks all blown to windy straws from 'ere. I'll take and smell around these other blasted humpbacks and pick you up t'other side."

Now Joe was no navigator. But he was a good enough seaman, besides being a sober one. He already had taken occasion to warn Jasper of uncharted reefs strewn thick as shark's teeth north and south, between the islets. Jasper's notion, like everything about his command, appeared slovenly and risky. Joe hesitated a moment at the rail—long enough to point out that Island Number 3 contained the depot and the only vestige of a roadstead, that he probably could report back in half an hour and that Jasper might better heave to and wait where he was.

"'Oo's running this ship?" was Jasper's surly answer. "A nice thing if a blasted tinker can teach me! Nar then, nar then, look alive, Grimshaw, or you'll 'ave my dinghy smashed and sunk overside!"

Joe said nothing more. He dropped into the dinghy—he did not foresee how well he should come to know her—and took to his oars as the *Cassie* forged slowly ahead, plunging and squattering in the broad gray swell. The jingle of her bells, the fumes and scents of her, the cap'n's apoplectic face glaring stolidly down at him, a grimy bare arm waving from the engine-room hatch in derisive salute—the whole tiny, homely, intimate entity that every ship makes for every sailor—Joe was conscious of it all, and conscious with an odd pang of parting as it drew away. So must anyone have been in this forgotten corner. He had a sharp sense of isolation. So must anyone have had in this chill wind and this chill sea, running without a break from the frozen wastes of the pole. Presently, however, he had shaken off the passing uneasiness and applied himself to his task—doggedly, efficiently, as always.

Island Number 3, to which his errand directed him, rose above the waves like the top of a giant's bald head emerging. Here and there were scabby patches of moss and lichen or a fringe of torn kelp. For the rest, it was naked; its basalt knobs worn glassy smooth by storm or frosted white with guano through countless centuries. About its base the surf made a continual hollow plouter, a dirge to the harsh cries of mallemucks—the lesser albatross of southern waters—weaving the air overhead. When he poked into a landlocked channel, he disturbed a fur seal that slid without effort from a greasy rock slope. When he anchored the little kedge to keep the dinghy's stern offshore and climbed forward, a corporal's guard of the king penguin was there to receive him, sitting solemnly and absurdly erect until he stepped among them and sent them pattering and buzzing like so many clockwork toys.

He could have fancied that his was the first human foot to invade their solitude. Only a fancy, of course. From seaward he had already sighted the rudely built cache on the farther side which served to recall the presence and the perils, one time or another, of wayfaring men. But it is worthy of note that he did have such an impression. As he made fast his painter, as he slung a coil of rope about his shoulder and began swarming up a slanted hollow that offered like a ramp around the curving cliff, it was with no special presentiment, no tenser expectation than at any time these many months.

A disappointing sort of subject, our friend Joe Grimshaw—equally disappointing for dramatist and philosopher, you might say, right up to the supreme moment of his experience.

His plan had been to scale the height at once; then, securing his rope, to descend the steeper side, inspect the cache and return. But he found the going even harder than he imagined—a surface like plumbago on which his grip kept slipping and skidding. Soon he must remove his shoes and wriggle slowly upward with fingers and toes. Soon, too, he had something else to delay him; and that

*(Continued on Page 142)*



*"You and Me, We're Due for a Stiff Pull if We're Ever Going to Get Out of This Place," Said Simon. "And I Want to Tell You it's a Lonely Place"*

# HER [redacted]OTHER'S KEEPER

## By Agnes Burke Hale

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

MARTIN, the old butler whom Mrs. Charles Devereux had inherited from her father, came out of the dining room bearing the tea tray and hesitated at the foot of the stairs. He sensed a situation in the house, and he wished to do the right thing. Miss Clare had been shut up in the drawing-room opposite for more than an hour with that Mr. Gerard Flagg. Upstairs, in the library, her mother, Mrs Devereux, waited. Martin suspected what the old lady waited for. There had been for some time silence which results often in marriage notices in the Times. It was more discreet, decided Martin, not to break into that silence with a clattering tea tray. He began his hobbling ascent toward his mistress

The house, on the east side of Madison Avenue, was old and high and inconvenient, a brownstone of the first order. But it had been Mrs. Devereux's father's, and it had given her the shelter she needed after her husband's debacle. She had taken him there, broken and ill, to die; and from there, with her father's money, she had buried him. It was her last stronghold and no one could take it from her

Mrs. Devereux sat, in the last finger of winter daylight, by one of the library windows, making perishable and ugly lace

She nodded at Martin as she always did when he came into a room. "We understand life," the nod seemed to say. He set the tea tray on a table near her, lighted the lamp under the kettle, arranged three cups and saucers and spoons.

"It would be better, I thought, madam," he said, "to serve the tea here."

"You did right. Is Mr. Gerard still here?" She knew he was, but she wanted the news confirmed.

"He is, madam, in the drawing-room with Miss Clare." There was nothing extraordinary about that; gentlemen were often in the drawing-room with Miss Clare, but not every day with the significance of this conversation below, so unbearably prolonged.

"Shall I knock, madam?" he asked.

"Oh, no, Martin," said Mrs. Devereux. "They will be up." She trusted Clare not to be a complete fool.

"A fine young man, Mr. Gerard," said Martin, who had put a log on the fire, and now stood, about to go. "A fine young man." Their eyes met, his pale blue, lined and wise, hers dark and mournful. "Very serious about his responsibilities, I have heard, madam."

Mrs. Devereux agreed. "A rare thing, today, Martin."

Martin bowed and was gone. Each of them wondered how soon the door below would open to let out a girl and a man, flushed with the extraordinary realization that, unless they could join their lives, the future loomed unendurable.

Mrs. Devereux, waiting for the water to boil, remembered how she had come up these stairs to tell her father that she had given her heart to the unknown, handsome Charlie Devereux, whose only claim to fame was a genius for merging railroads. She had become engaged to him on the very sofa on which, no doubt, Clare and Gerard were now sitting; Devereux had bruised her throat and eyes with kisses. Mrs. Devereux's eyes shut now to the memory; she remembered her father's stormy threats against this upstart Irishman. But he had given in to Devereux's astounding and audacious genius. Here now were Clare and Gerard —— Even as she thought it, she stifled an unmaternal comparison between the blond restrained Gerard, and Clare's savage magnetic father.

"I Mean I'm Going to Marry Gerard. And Don't, for Heaven's Sake, Gush Over Me—I Cannot Bear It"

Yet Clare, no doubt, had temper and temperament enough for two. Generations of Anglo-Saxon breeding had made Gerard the perfect product he was; he had never gone into a fury or a frenzy in his lifetime. Clare's very faults must be intoxicating to Gerard, who had been raised amid a cluster of gentle, collected sisters.

And his millions, like his manners, had come down to him from his ancestors. They were sound, solid people, the Flaggs, who wasted not their patrimony in lawsuits or on race horses, but conserved it well by marrying money. It was to Gerard's credit that he married her poor Clare. He must, indeed, be marrying her for love.

As she poured her tea the door below opened, and she heard their voices. She braced herself to receive the news.

"I'll get it for you," Clare was saying. "Don't bother, Martin," she called out.

Good heavens! Was he going? Had she refused him? Mrs. Devereux stiffened. She heard none of the whispered murmurings, the rustling sounds of a romantic parting; only the tap-tap of Gerard's stick on the hall floor, Clare's cool clear voice saying something unintelligible very emphatically. Then the front door opened. Mrs. Devereux checked the impulse to shriek out "Are you engaged?" There was a silence. The girl might kiss him and then jilt him on the front steps, if she felt like it. Mrs. Devereux waited in disciplined agony.

The door shut, and Clare remained alone in the hall. There was a sound of crackling paper. Finally she was on the stairs, dragging her quick feet after her as if they were chains. After an eternity she came in the room, indifferently reading a letter. Mrs. Devereux could have shaken her, and all her generation of cold collected hussies. She, in her day, had rushed weeping into her mamma's arms

"Tea, darling?" she asked calmly. "Cream or lemon?"

"Cream," said Clare, sinking into a deep chair and extending one long perfect leg over the other. "Look here, Brenda Duncan has gone and had a third baby. And she's only been married four years. Isn't that simply terrific?

Her mother gave her an annihilating look.

"It wasn't in my day," she said "Didn't Gerard stay?"

"No," said Clare "He had to go to some meeting or other. I never saw a man who sat on so many boards. He's only thirty and he saves souls every afternoon from four to six. Poor old Brenda! She used to have a darling figure, but I suppose it's all gone by now." She sighed

Mrs. Devereux was furious, but what could she do? "Where does Brenda live?" she asked.

"In Duluth. She married a man she met at Harvard once a ravishing dancer and all that. He came from Duluth, and look at the poor thing's birth rate now." She threw the letter on the table and made a face at her mother, and took her tea all at once. "You don't like frank talk about Nature, do you, darling?" she said. "Well, pretty soon we can say anything at all to each other. We'll be married women together." Her face, naive with concern over Brenda's predicament, became expressionless. Her brown eyes, which when she was pleased danced with fiery lights, dulled, as if she had pulled down the shades and darkened her mind. Her firm witty mouth closed disdainfully as if she did not like the taste of life.

"What do you mean?" asked her mother, fluttering.

"I mean I'm going to marry Gerard. And don't, for heaven's sake, gush over me—I cannot bear it." Her thin hands in her lap, she contemplated her ecstatic mother.

"But, Clare, darling, why didn't you bring him up?"

"He's coming back tonight—after the Chases' dinner. We'll come away early. Will you wait up for us?" She rose and stood over her mother and, relenting, let herself be kissed. "It takes it out of one, doesn't it, getting engaged? The whole life decided in an afternoon. But you must not tell a soul for a month. It's a term of the lease. We might change our minds."

"But, Clare, you are happy about it, aren't you?" This was an inconceivably cold-blooded arrangement to Mrs. Devereux. "You are really happy about it, aren't you?"

The girl considered appraisingly a piece of fruit cake and took a bite. "I suppose so. I've always liked Gerard, and he likes me. I'm twenty-six; I should certainly marry. And certainly ——"

She stopped. Her arguments for her romantic surrender sounded a little thin.

"Clare," said her mother sharply, "don't marry a man because you don't like what you've got now." Her proud, delicate, old-fashioned soul was outraged.

Clare soothed her. "Don't worry, mother. I think we shall make a go of it, Gerard and I."

She stretched her body wearily -her body whose slimness was accentuated by the long straight red tunic she wore. Clare, in her mother's conservative eyes, dressed a little bizarrely. She fancied strange hues of red and green and purple; she adored barbaric furs and eccentric shoes. People turned to look at her on the street, which never seemed to bother Clare. Mrs. Devereux had to admit that she was distinguished in a way not quite ladylike.

"Why don't you take a nap, dear? You look tired," Mrs. Devereux said.

To her amazement the girl consented. "I will. I've had a hard hour." She got up, kissed her mother, and started toward the door.

"When are you going to announce it, Clare?"

"Not for a month." She turned toward her mother. "So don't tell anyone, please."

"But, Clare!" Mrs. Devereux was alarmed.

"No, not for a month. I might change my mind, and imagine Gerard being jilted, publicly." She was at the door.

"But your Aunt Lou—couldn't I tell her?"

Mrs. Devereux had to have a confidante. Clare relented. "Oh, yes, tell her. Under oath. If she tells I'll break it off." She was gone.

Mrs. Devereux was baffled, yet she glowed with satisfaction. This marriage, if it came off as it would, if Clare were handled properly—would atone for a great deal. She was an old-fashioned woman, in that calamity crushed her, and she had never recovered from her husband's bankruptcy and her son Haley's marriage. Her husband had lost all his money in one of his periodic plunges on the market; and Haley, her only son, had eloped with an actress only two weeks after his father's death Haley had been left penniless; Mrs Devereux had some money from her father. But Haley, besides marrying the wrong person in the wrong way, had succumbed to his dissipated infatuation a fortnight after the funeral! It was unforgivable She had told Haley she never wished to see him again, and he had shrugged his shoulders and gone away. The awful part of it was that he had never come back; and, of course, she could never send for him. She had sunk her ambitions in Clare, and Clare was unpredictable. Life owed Mrs. Devereux, she thought, this engagement to Gerard

She relished telling Lou, who was a millionaire's widow and superior about her dead husband's financial sobriety. "You'll have to watch Clare," Lou used to say when Clare first came out. "Both your children have a good deal of their father in them."

Mrs. Devereux was annoyed, but Clare was a trial. She was never home. When she was not going from one party to another she was on the train to Princeton or Yale or Harvard. Haley had suggested that she register at Harvard as a special student to save carfare. Her father's death had sobered her, and Haley's departure, and there had been less money. She had even talked of going to work, but since she was always being invited somewhere she had no time to choose a career. Besides, what could she do? Outwardly, she grew less violent, less hilarious: but Mrs. Devereux sensed a smoldering and devouring mutiny in the girl's mind "However," she thought maternally, "when Clare is married, she will get over all that"

Clare lay upstairs in her bedroom, her face to the ceiling. For the last year she had been wondering what she should do when Gerard proposed to her, and now she had done it. It was like Gerard to stretch his proposal over a whole year, as if he were running for President. She had never considered him interesting until she felt him, appraising and hungry, hovering about and then centering on her. It amused her to bewitch the brother of the prim Flagg girls, because they had always considered her gay. So she encouraged Gerard and considered him. He was rich, able and unexacting; if his reactions were familiar to her they were usually pleasant. He came to be constantly in her background; where she was asked, there, too, was he, looking restlessly about the room until she arrived.

Four days ago, coming home one night in his car from a dance, he had suddenly taken her wrist in one of his hands, and held it very tight from Seventy-ninth Street down to Fifty-fourth. "This," thought Clare at the time, "is passion." More than a mile of passion. He had dropped it as suddenly, and said nothing. This afternoon he had appeared at the house, his lean high-bred face haggard and drawn, and shutting the drawing-room door behind him he had clutched her in his arms like any human being. He had alarmed her, overwhelmed her; after a long illogical protest in which she tried to say that she could not match his feeling, she had given in. He didn't seem to care what she thought; he wanted her.

If it was not exactly what she had dreamed of, it had superlative advantages. He had no parents, his sisters were married, and she liked all his various houses, town and country. She could see herself with him against a hundred different delightful backgrounds, she slim and tall and dark, he slim and tall and fair—what one called a perfect pair. They could go to all the world's bright corners, and each year, as his wife, she would be more and more important.

She rolled over on the bed and buried her face in the pillow. Years ago, when she had been nineteen, she had fancied herself in love with a senior at Harvard, a domineering impudent youth who, as he said, was poor and a nobody. He was a Turk of a boy, and she was his enchanted slave. He liked to dance with her in a violent unordered way, and he would yank her away from him, look at her, and yank her back as if she were a rag doll. She had seen him four times, and when he left to go home to the Middle West he had kissed her and she had kissed him back. She never saw him again, but he had left her with a memory of ecstatic feeling. Such feeling would make marriage a headlong inevitable event. She wished she could duplicate the feeling now. She shut her eyes, remembering.

When she woke up it was late, and she reached the Chases' a quarter of an hour late. Eva Chase had little lines of irritation between her eyebrows. "You are not important enough," she signaled to Clare, "to keep me waiting."

"When I am married to Gerard," thought Clare, "you will be thankful to get me at all."

That young man was invisible, because he was at her elbow. His coat touched her bare arm, and she could feel the touch lengthened into a pressure. "We're sitting beside each other," he said, "but I don't take you in." Clare drew her arm away infinitesimally. Eva descended on her with an unknown man, thickset, dark and lowering

"This is Mr. Emery, Clare. Gil raves about him." And she left them together

It was awful—Eva's habit of labeling people. The man bowed, and walked silently with her into the dining room, put her into her seat. He was too young, Clare decided, to be so somber. He had obviously never dined with Eva before, because he looked around the table, taking people in, instead of turning to Clare.

"Why does Gil rave about you?" she asked

He turned and laughed. When he laughed his eyes brightened and his absorption dropped away from him. There was something powerful and cogent about him; Clare was curious.

"That's all nonsense," he said. "I don't suppose Gil ever mentioned me to her. And she didn't know what to say about me, but she wanted you to think I was important. I knew Gil in the war, and now he knows me because I want his money for a dam in Minnesota. And he wants to keep me happy while he is thinking. You see?"

"Where's the dam?" asked Clare, who didn't care at all.

He told her. He was one of those men who fall easily into talk about themselves and their projects and who assume that their listeners' intelligence is equal to their own. Clare found herself working hard while she listened. "But I don't understand," she would say. "But stop—if you cut the trees down, what did you say will happen?"

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*She Played Tricks With Her Voice to Amuse Clare, She Caroled and Mimicked, But She Had the Sureness and the Fluency of a Happy Artist*

# THE WOW FINISH—By Walter De Leon

*Anatol Friedland and Company, Well Known in Vaudeville*

A CERTAIN strong woman of vaudeville recently spent much time, money and vitality in perfecting an effect for the finish of her act. The feature of this lady's excellent turn was what is known as iron-jaw work. If you are a frequenter of vaudeville, doubtless at some time you have seen a rosy-cheeked girl with a pair of white but sturdy shoulders put something with a hook on the end of it into her carmine-lipped mouth. You have seen her clamp velvet-skinned jaws upon it, hook the hook into a ring or something high off the stage and thus hanging by her teeth imitate a whirling dervish by spinning around in the air for hours. You have wondered what her dental bills totaled yearly.

As a matter of fact, the molar profit and loss incident to iron-jaw work is negligible, provided the performer is careful of the rubber plate said teeth clutch. These plates are made to fit the individual mouth and dental topography of the iron-jawed individual who will use it. If the rubber plate becomes warped or bent or a misfit, it obviously puts an added strain on certain teeth. No single tooth can be blamed for buckling under the strain of having a human life hung upon it. Therefore there have been instances where a careless possessor of an iron jaw has been forced to cancel bookings by reason of being unable to masticate sufficient nourishment to supply the strength demanded in his work.

The strong woman with the iron jaw under discussion figured it would thrill audiences were she to suspend in the manner of her species a 224-pound cannon. This she did, with the aid of a perfect rubber plate.

At the first exhibition the audience's reactions to the sight of the cannon dangling from the woman's lips were most gratifying. Plainly the beholders were thrilled and rather awed. But when, as a climax, she fired off the cannon, after the shrieks of the women and little children in the audience had subsided, the strong woman found them more palsied than pleased.

### The Patriotic Blow-Off

IN ONE sense of the word—if, indeed, it is a word—that cannon shooting was a wow finish; but that is not the sense in which vaudevillians customarily employ the term. The wow finish, properly, is the legitimate successor to the old apple-sauce flag-waving finish for whamming an audience. Possibly that calls for a bit of interpretation.

Back in the days before variety became refined and even supreme vaudeville, a young gentleman of the profession, taking no chances upon his reception by the audience at an important showing, unfurled an American flag at the conclusion of his act and literally waved the onlookers into a storm of applause. That bit of hokum gave rise to an expression that became embedded in the picturesque language of vaudeville—the flag-waving finish. Anyone who sang a patriotic song, who danced to a medley of international tunes, with America's saved for the last; anyone who made a deliberate play at rousing the patriotism, national or local, of an audience for the sake of dragging its applause could rightly be accused of employing the old sure-fire flag-waving finish.

Even before the World War the flag-waving finish had fallen into disrepute among the better type of variety artists. For one thing, it had been overworked; audiences were wise to it. For another, it tacitly admitted an act's weakness. The signing of the Armistice sealed its doom. Only sporadically, and generally on the small-time, is to be found a performer with enough nerve to pull a patriotic finish.

The wow finish is that finish of any vaudeville act which will lift roaring waves of applause to sweep toward the stage; a finish that Philadelphia and Phœnix, Montreal and Macon, Boston and Baton Rouge will respond to as certainly as New York. An added kick at the finish of an act—the thing the strong woman with the cannon attempted—is the elusive little thing that every vaudevillian tries to capture for the completely comprehensible reason that its possession usually guarantees long routes and pleasant profits.

It is the finish of an act which does, or does not, start an audience palm whacking. The measure and quality of this applause reveal the degree of pleasure received from the act. The acts that afford the most pleasure to the largest number of different audiences are the acts that play most steadily and continuously. Therefore in building a new act or revamping an old one more of thought, worry, anxiety and, later, experimentation are expended upon the finish than upon the rest of it combined. Start to tell a vaudevillian the idea of a new act and he will interrupt you to ask, "What's the finish?"

Edmund Hayes once wrote and produced an act that proved screamingly funny until two minutes before the curtain fell. But those two minutes were enough to kill the applause naturally to be expected as a result of the foregoing fifteen. Hayes worked steadily for a week in the small-time houses where he was breaking in the act, trying to make the finish behave. No use. So he wrote another; just as sad; and a third and fourth and fifth. But following the first riotous fifteen minutes, every finish he attempted "left 'em cold." The chilliness on the part of audiences meant the difference between split-week small-time bookings and salary, and full-week stands on the better-paying two-a-day circuits.

It was nearly six months after he had produced the act that Hayes found the finish he was wearily seeking. He tried out the new idea. That was in 1913. The act has been working on and off ever since. One of its actors, Bozo, is now a star in burlesque. Old-timers may recall the Piano Movers skit.

Hayes, six feet or nearly and close to 200 pounds, as Bozo, five feet four and a flyweight, representing two of the dirtiest looking piano movers ever seen after a hard week's work in Pittsburgh, enter a daintily appointed drawing-room Big Ed, throwing his dirty ropes on an expensive rug a hoe-hater, he calls it—sits himself down on a gold-and-silk settee and begins giving dumb Bozo instructions as to removing the upright piano. The act proceeds with the big fellow doing all the talking and the silent Bozo doing all the work.

Placing his hand on the round corner of the piano, Bozo succeeds in pulling it over on top of him. Dumbly he waits, his very existence being slowly crushed out of him, while Hayes calmly deliberates upon which of three or four ways of extricating him will be the best way. The lady of the house enters and demands that something be done at once. Hayes tells her what to do—how to raise the piano far enough to let Bozo crawl out from under.

### Going Three Ways on a One-Way Street

THE finish? A compressed-air tank connected up with a heavy strident-toned factory whistle. As the lady frees Bozo the whistle blows the long quitting-time blast. Whereupon, leaving the piano where it is, ignoring the lady's entreaties, Hayes and Bozo gather coats and toss and knock off for the day—as the curtain falls.

This surprise union-man finish, new then, has been copied—actors say borrowed—many times since 1913.

Another instance in which a recalcitrant closing was worked into a wow finish is found in a skit now playing in one of Broadway's revues. As in the Hayes act, the ultimate finish is particularly effective because it epitomizes the mood of the principal characters.

To the accompaniment of motor horns loudly blowing, the curtain rises to discover two automobiles, head-on, their fenders touching, stopped at the last possible moment to avert a smash-up. An unfortunate jay walker is caught between the two cars, one leg through the spokes of a front wheel, his arm wrapped around the bumper of the other car, the rest of him hopelessly entangled in the running gear. Not seeing him, the drivers—one a woman—engage in an acrimonious discussion. Each demands that the other back up. Each in turn insists upon going forward. Both sit down in their seats to drive forward, regardless. This scares words into the hitherto speechless victim.

"Halt! Stop this traffic!" he yells.

The drivers alight, thoughtfully study the jay walker's predicament.

Says one, "What business has he down there?"

To which the other answers, "Trying to steal tires, I guess."

A policeman enters. He also is puzzled and not a little irritated to find a man pinned so peculiarly between cars in the middle of his beat. Leaving him there, the policeman asks the drivers for their versions of the accident.

"The trouble is," the officer at length says, "you were trying to go three ways on a one-way street."

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# Dog Stars and Horse Heroes

## By CATHARINE BRODY

TWO beautiful young screen stars met in the office of a producer to sign their contracts for the forthcoming season. Said the first one to the second, who had already affixed her cross, "And who will be your new leading man?"

"Guess!"

"Oh, not ——" panted the first beauty, rattling off a string of Hollywood's greatest lovers.

"No," said the second serenely; "my new leading man is Michael the Wonder Dog."

With a cry of horror, the first beauty dashed back to her limousine with just strength enough to order her chauffeur to speed home.

At the door of her bungalow she was met by her mother in a state of great excitement.

"My dear, the telephone's been ringing like mad. You're being offered the part of Lady Godiva in a screen version starring Tapa the Prince of Wild Horses!"

This is the tale that is told in Hollywood to exemplify the state of mind of that and all other places where pictures are being made and dogs, horses, cats, cows, donkeys, goats, geese, fish, et al., are being raised to prominence and to contracts of such figures that no one would be surprised at an epidemic of ermine evening wraps among filmdom's flaming animals.

"Flea features," as the trade intimately calls them, are not new. Camels have decorated movie deserts and lions have rampaged in movie jungles ever since the days when Mary Pickford gladly drew her twenty-five dollars per. No mad, glad serial was ever judged complete without its due quota of wild animals. Some of the lions, elephants and chimpanzees acquired a sort of prominence among the fans. Their names went on the billing. Obviously, however, their parts were limited by, to say the least, the uncompanionableness of their attitude toward human co-workers. It remained for the domestic animals to steal from them the honors of stardom.

Chester Franklin Directing Peter the Great, the German Police Dog Star

### Ignored

IN THOSE days, the days of the serials, domestic animals that appeared on the screen were anonymous and insignificant. Sometimes their parts, as well as the parts of semi-wild animals, were relegated to men who wrote on their registration cards under wardrobe, "Dog and lion," instead of the usual "Soup and fish." Women appeared at the casting director's window offering to make faces like a fish, and an occasional male noted on his card that he could act like a chimpanzee without make-up.

Even the publicity department, always on the alert for human-interest stories, ignored domestic animals. About four years ago, when Black Beauty, probably the best known horse story in America, was released, the scenario writers manipulated the plot so as to take the principal rôle entirely away from the horse and give it to human actors. The reviews merely included the horse among those present. The advertisements gave no hint of his name.

No decent self-supporting horse would tolerate this at present, when his day has come, not to speak of the day of the dog. There are two horse stars of the first magnitude in the film colony now, three dog stars, twenty featured dog players whose weekly salaries run up into the hundreds, a colony of fifty geese, hens, turkeys, chickens, ducks and goats that play principal parts in their own pictures, as well as multitudes of what one director calls the riffraff—crows and canaries and parrots, and trained pigeons, and even fleas and cockroaches. One company has even been inspired to make the announcement—of course, with benefit of press agent—that it will put under contract and star a certain well-known cockroach that crawls through the writings of a New York colyumist. And since there is a man in Los Angeles who is engaged in experimenting with the photography of insects the announcement may, in due course of time, well be fulfilled.

### Strongheart's Rise

THE furore for starring animals grew out of the success of one dog. His name is Strongheart. Some three years ago, a woman scenario writer, who now entirely owns the dog, and a director with a fondness for animals entered into a producing partnership by which they bought a German police dog without any previous theatrical experience and set out to train him, much as companies sometimes school the unknown winners of beauty contests to star in their pictures.

His entrance into Hollywood was not particularly remarkable. He came out in a box car like any ordinary dog and went to live in a kennel. His appearance was unnoticed among the producers, who jogged on innocently, hunting for great lovers with Spanish names, child prodigies and girls who looked like other girls who had already made money for them.

Last spring Strongheart left Hollywood in a special compartment to make a personal-appearance tour at vaudeville and motion-picture theaters throughout the country. With him was his bride, Lady Jane, and an enterprising exploitation agent saw to it that they occupied the bridal suites of the best hotels along the way. They carried their own chef, their own valet and their own chauffeur. The eyes of producers dilated with envy and astonishment as their scouts brought them the astounding news that the dog's two pictures had made for his owners the sum of $200,000 a year. Dog fanciers all over the country, especially the masters of police dogs, packed their belongings and their pets to make the grand tour of the studios.

Even then, perhaps, the producers might have been willing to admit that Strongheart was a remarkable dog, his owner a lucky woman, and let it go at that. But another enterprising director found

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PHOTO BY COURTESY OF PATHE

The Knock-Out. Dippy Do Dads, Animal Actors Appearing in an All-Animal Comedy

# THE ABANDONED FARM

*Rod Paulley and His Family Moved to East Harbor. They Spoke of the Move as Temporary, and Drove One Cow to Town to Keep for the Milk She Gave*

## By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

THAT was the year Rod Paulley put in a patch of strawberries. His brother Dave, in East Harbor, had a small garden, and his berry plants did so well that he sometimes sold the fruit to the stores in town. Rod said to him one Sunday afternoon when he and Mrs. Paulley and the two youngest children had driven in to spend the day: "That land of mine with a southerly cant to it will raise as good berries as you can see anywhere."

The brother nodded. "I remember when we was boys there was always a patch of berries there. I get a good price for mine when I have any to sell."

So Rod, mulling the project over in his mind for weeks, at last decided upon the adventure. He was an active and a vigorous man, and his efforts to make the old farm in Fraternity financially productive were sometimes almost frenzied. There were years when he raised potatoes; but if the price was fair his crop was sure to suffer from some one of the ailments potato flesh is heir to; or if his potatoes were abundant and fine, then potatoes brought no more than eighty cents the bushel at the freight car in East Harbor, fourteen miles away. There were other years when he turned all his enthusiasm into the production of hay, reseeding his meadows. But if his hay was stout, so was that of his neighbors, and hay became a drug on the market. When it is worth six dollars to put a ton of hay in the barn, a price of ten dollars shows the farmer no profit worth considering. There had been a time when Rod tried to raise pigs, but the price of feed rose and the price of pork fell until he discovered that a dollar's worth of feed would produce only ninety cents' worth of pork. This strawberry venture was to prove as disappointing as the others. The small patch which he put in bore abundantly enough; bore, he estimated, at the rate of four hundred bushels to the acre; but the cost of picking and transporting them to East Harbor was greater than the price to be had at the stores there, and the great red berries rotted unpleasantly upon the ground. Mrs. Paulley commented unhappily, "I declare, seems like as good a way as any other is just to get along, the way other folks do, and not try to do any more than that."

"Other folks ain't got four children growing up," Rod reminded her. "A man that hasn't only himself and maybe a wife to take care of can get along; but children makes a difference."

Another woman might have read into this remark a reproach directed at herself; but there was between these two so much sympathy that Mrs. Paulley had no such thought. They had always wanted children, welcomed their coming, and grieved beyond comforting when one and then another died as babies. In the family burying ground on the farther edge of the lower meadow, against a background formed by three or four tall spruce trees, stones marked these small graves, and older, grayer stones, bowed with age, showed where other generations of Paulleys had been buried in the years before. The farm had been owned by Paulleys for more than a hundred years. Chance had effected intermarriages between members of this family and persons from other communities, so that the stock was sound and strong. But with the slow and inevitable tightening of the economic pressure upon them all, a fear hitherto unspoken had taken form in the hearts of Rod Paulley and his wife and never left them now.

What Rod had said about the disadvantages of a large family was true enough. There were four Paulley children living, and few people in the town had as many. Most Fraternity folk marry late; they learn the pitfalls in the path of the overbold man who tries by brute force to wrest a living from these frost-bitten hills. So they move almost furtively, as though to pilfer from their farms enough to live upon without attracting the adverse attentions of the Fates. Here and there an exceptional man does well; but for the most part the farmers plant only enough of a garden to supply their own needs, keep cows according to the milk they can use, cut wood as it is required and hay enough to feed their stock through the winter. If it were not for the ragged and ill-kept orchards, which now and then produce a paying crop of apples, they could not live at all. Even so, the weaker members are continually dropping away; and the number of deserted farmhouses in the town increases year by year, while the bale of tax deeds in custody of the town treasurer grows without profiting any man.

It is this matter of taxes, this load always increasing, that in the end breaks a man's back. Chet McAusland in three years past has paid two hundred and ten dollars in taxes; in the same length of time the produce of his farm has netted him less than that amount in cash money. Now and then a man gives up the struggle and his taxes go unpaid. His farm is not salable, it is taken by the town on a tax deed, and the quick-growing poplar and birch and alder saplings overrun the meadows and the pastures so that it becomes wilderness again. When this happens the burden on those who remain is increased. If a total tax bill of five or six thousand dollars paid last year by a hundred men must be paid this year by ninety-nine, or ninety-five, or ninety, then the share each man must now pay is proportionately larger and more burdensome.

Rod Paulley had clung to his farm. It was inconceivable to him that he could live elsewhere. His father had lived here, and his grandfather, and a generation before them. From each generation some children had moved away, but always the eldest son had stayed as Rod had stayed. He felt, without putting his feeling into words, that he occupied a position of trust; that it was his high duty and obligation to those who were buried in the old plot back beneath the spruces to hold on, hold on, setting his very finger nails in the soil so that he should not be torn away.

Their farm was somewhat remote from the village and not in any way extraordinary. It was on the southerly flank of a ridge, well sunned, well drained, not unduly exposed to frost and wind. The eighty-odd acres included a sufficient woodlot, adequate meadow lands and ample space for garden truck. Rod and his oldest son, Tom, worked the farm together; and they were seldom driven to hire help from outside. They had energy and determination; and if they lacked those qualities of imagination and foresight which might have served them well—why, this lack is not a thing for which you can blame any man.

Rod and Mrs. Paulley loved the farm. If this deep and silent affection had not an equal grip on the children, it is not wholly surprising. Tom had gone every winter to school; to the village school where, this last winter, there had been three or four teachers to less than thirty pupils, at heavy expense to the town. Tom found pleasure and a curious gratification in this school attendance; but for him the farm was merely a place two miles from the village, which required him to take a tiresome walk twice or four times a day and where endless and heavy tasks awaited his every hour. Lola, who was seventeen years old, also went to school; and between whiles she worked to help her mother. Bob, the second living boy, was ten years old and of no productive account; the baby, Annie, was only four, and sickly. To the three older children the farm, though it was their home, was nevertheless an inadequate and unsatisfactory place, leaving hard work unrequited by anything but the most difficult existence; and Tom had for two or three years been outspoken in urging that they move to East Harbor, to Rockland or to Camden.

Rod and Mrs. Paulley used to silence him with a curious haste, as one cries hurriedly to a careless person to shut the door through which a cold winter wind is blowing. Whenever Tom spoke of leaving the farm they were apt to shiver as though they felt the attack of an actual chill and bitter gale. They never discussed the possibility between themselves, since the mere thought of it made their hearts ache. Yet they could not forever stifle thought, and this thought was never far from their minds, so that for years each of them felt this dull and dreadful foreboding, this wincing pain in the very seat of their life.

Rod Paulley's brother in East Harbor had left the farm as a boy and done prosperously enough; those bonds of sentiment which once had bound him were weakened; they had faded in the brighter light of his more comfortable life in town. Sometimes he advised Rod to sell the farm; but Rod used to smile deprecatingly at this and remind the other that there was no market for the farm, no one to buy, even if he were willing to sell.

"And I ain't, of course," he used to say stoutly. "I figure things is going to take a turn."

One day in July this brother told Rod that if he cared to come to town there was a job as teamster waiting for him. "It'd pay you eighteen a week," he said.

Rod shook his head. "Ain't got my hay all cut yet," he replied. "And if I had, there's always things to do."

The boy, Tom, heard this conversation, and now spoke. "Why couldn't I get that job?" he asked his uncle. "I can handle a team."

Rod negatived this proposal. "I need you for the haying, Tom," he reminded his son. "Have to hire somebody if I didn't have you. There's a good crop this year, and I aim to fill the barn. Looks like hay might be worth something this winter."

But after the haying Tom did get a job in town for the rest of the summer. He lived with his uncle and paid board there; and in September, with a lofty gesture full of boyish pride, he contributed twenty-four dollars to the family exchequer. "Easy enough to earn money in East Harbor," he explained.

Then Rod's brother sent word that a small house near his own was for rent cheaply. "The Brants'," he said. "They're going away for all winter and want someone in it. You could get work to do, and the children go to school.

Nothing for you to do on the farm in the winter anyways but take care of your cows; and you could sell them, well as not."

So Rod Paulley and his family moved to East Harbor. They spoke of the move as temporary, and drove one cow to town to keep for the milk she gave. Rod and Mrs. Paulley were careful to remind each other again and again that they would go home in the spring.

In East Harbor Mrs. Paulley at first found an enormous amount of work to do, getting settled in her new quarters. The children needed clothes and she made most of the garments they would wear, buying others with the money derived from the sale of the two cows they had been unable to bring to town. But she enjoyed working in these new surroundings, and the luxury of a warm house and an abundance of hot and cold running water delighted her.

"It's a comfort to have things to do with," she confessed to Rod.

She liked to go to church, and this had not always been possible in Fraternity. But here the church was only a block or two away, and although she was at first shy and conscious of her homely garments she found herself welcomed, made many friends, and by Christmastime had become immersed in the social activities of the congregation. Women began to drop in on her in the afternoon, to sit and sew and talk; she herself went to see them. Her horizon broadened and she found new and varied interests. She liked the activity.

"It keeps me from missing being at home," she told her husband. "There's days when I kind of enjoy myself. I like here. But it'll be nice to get home again in the spring."

Rod easily found employment. He went to work for the fuel company which supplied the town with coal and wood and did a flourishing business in hay and grain besides. He drove a team, helped unload the barges, was busy all day long and received cash money every Saturday night for work no harder than that which he had done upon the farm without such tangible reward. The facts that he had money in his pocket and that he was part of the activity about him straightened his shoulders and he began to hold his head more erect.

"We can save enough to fix up the house when we go home," he told Mrs. Paulley. "It's needed shingling for two-three years now. And some of the sills has begun to go."

She suggested that they might drive out some Sunday and see the place; and they meant to do this, but the snows were heavy and the way was long, and other matters intervened. They did not go.

Tom was in the senior class of the high school, and in the fall he played on the football team, and played basketball during the winter. Outside of school hours he got work as clerk and janitor in a haberdasher's store, and for these services was paid five dollars a week. He insisted on turning over three dollars of this to his mother to pay his board. He had been, on the farm, subject to severe colds which kept him coughing all winter long; but this winter he escaped any such affliction. Mrs. Paulley remarked upon this to Rod.

"Seems like it's better for him, living here. And the children are better too."

This was obviously true. The younger son, Bob, who was ten years old, had been an anaemic and indolent child, lacking ever the energy for riotous play, some infection in the air now seemed to give him a new life and vigor. He was away at school much of the day and came home talking loudly and roughly Mrs. Paulley scolded him dutifully enough; but her heart was full of pride in this rough and boisterous son of hers. The little girl, the baby, Annie, also gained in health; and she began to grow astonishingly, shooting up like a weed, so that Rod was at first delighted and then alarmed until this perpendicular growth slowed down and the child began to put on weight, her thin arms and legs rounding pleasantly.

Lola, caught up in the social life of high school, found herself desirous of more clothes, so she learned to sew. Someone told her mother one day that Lola was the prettiest girl in the school, and Mrs. Paulley, who had never taken time to consider the matter before, perceived the truth of this statement with surprise and delight. Thereafter she began to enjoy making Lola even prettier; and there resulted a close contact between these two, so that Mrs. Paulley to some extent shared her daughter's happy anticipations and pleasant memories when Lola was invited to an occasional gathering of the young people.

One evening in March when the smaller children were abed and Tom and Lola were out, Mrs. Paulley said to her husband, "I declare, I never thought I could be as happy away from home"

He nodded slowly. "It's been good for the children," he agreed, "being in town." And after a moment's pause and with a sidelong glance at her he added: "Guess they won't be as anxious to get home again as we will."

"I don't think Tom will want to go," she agreed.

"Dunno how I can get along without him," Rod remarked. "Tom's a power of help on the farm. There's a lot to do, even if you don't get anywheres. It's time I was getting the manure spread around right now."

"I s'pose we ought to be getting back."

"Well, if we're going to have any garden the manure ought to be spread around," he repeated.

She said bravely, "I guess when we get home we'll all be glad of it. This is a nice house, but it ain't ours."

"It'll feel kind of good," he agreed.

"I'm going to miss having plenty of hot water for my dishes though."

"I don't know but I could get a big tank and hook it up to the stove and have plenty," he suggested.

"Well, the tank would have to be kept filled all the time," she reminded him. "You know how it'd be."

"Yes, that's so, too," he agreed.

She was sewing, and her eyes were on her needle; there was an interval before she spoke. "I don't feel right," she confessed slowly. "Enjoying myself here and things going to rack and ruin out there. I wonder if the weather's got into the house."

"Well, the roof did leak," he confessed. "I'll have to fix that this spring. I ought to have gone out, but we been busy all the time, seems like."

"It's such a ways to drive, and the snow deep."

"I ought to have gone out though."

"Prob'ly everything will be in a mess when we get there. Take three-four days to get cleaned up."

"Be nice to get home though," he urged appealingly.

"Yes," she agreed. "It'll be nice to get home."

So each of them avoided that which was uppermost in the minds of both. And they were torn between a definite nostalgia and an aching dread of the old existence on the farm; torn between longing for familiar surroundings and distaste for too familiar tasks. Rod dimly perceived that he was confronted with the necessity for making a decision; but he avoided it, postponed it, refused to meet the issue face to face.

The Brants, whose house they occupied, had gone to Boston for the winter. Late in March Rod had a letter from Joe Brant who wrote that they had decided to stay in Boston, and asked whether Rod would like to buy the house, or even continue to hold it on a rental basis. Rod read the letter to Mrs. Paulley. When he was done there was an uncomfortable silence for a while; and then he stuffed Brant's letter back into the envelope.

"Well, I'll write him and tell him no," he said slowly

She remarked uncertainly, "It seems like things were making it easy for us to stay here."

"There's got to be somebody to keep the farm going," he reminded her.

"I s'pose so."

"Or things would all go to pot out there."

"It's right nice of them to put the rent so low," she commented dispassionately.

"I guess they're glad to have good folks in here," he suggested.

"It ain't like home though."

"No, it ain't like home."

Long silence fell between them, broken at last by Rod "I'll go write to him right now, I guess."

"It's time we was abed," she protested. "You can write to him Sunday."

"Well, there ain't any hurry, at that," he agreed.

The next Sunday he had no opportunity to write, because he and Mrs. Paulley and Dave Paulley and Dave's wife drove out to Fraternity to see the farm. "I want to look around and see just what has to be done," Mrs. Paulley explained to Rod. "There's probably a week's work before we can move in."

Neither one of them was fully prepared for the scene of dilapidation which confronted them when they drove up to their home. It is astonishing to see how quickly an old farmhouse surrenders to the encroachments of the weather, once its life is gone out Rod remembered that the roof had leaked; but they had always put pans beneath the leak when it rained. He knew that the sills were rotting; but he had

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*Neither One of Them Was Fully Prepared for the Scene of Dilapidation Which Confronted Them. It is Astonishing to See How Quickly an Old Farmhouse Surrenders to the Encroachments of the Weather*

# THE EBON EMU

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

*All of a Sudden the Magruder Flop Shouts Over, "What's a Four-Letter Word Beginning With 'F' and Meaning 'an Australian Fish With Cauliflower Ears'?"*

IF IT'S anything new and likewise nutty, you can bet all you owe on Kate grabbing it off while the paint on the sample's still wet. They never was a novelty nabber like the frau. Up to date? She's at least three up on up to date, counting its handicap. It seems like to me that we had a mah-jongg set in our hut even before that well-known Chink, Moe Finkelstein, of California, turned out the first box of bones for the boneheads, and I distinct remember a radio outfit in the shack much further back than I can remember.

Personally, I ain't the kinda lad that'd fall for any of them nifties that is turning American homes, if any, into jazz joints; but being a married man, they is certain reasons why I gotta let the misses have her way. Right now they is too numerous to mention, but don't get no ideas that just being married is got anything to do with it. With us, it's fifty-fifty. My motto is give me liberty or give me death, and we even got that split two ways. I'm alive, ain't I?

However, I gotta hand it to Lizzie Magruder for beating the wife to the latest shindy. She's the one that planted the cross-word asp in the bosom of our family, a asp being like you maybe has worked out, the three-letter word for "a Egyptian queen's last recourse." Here's the way it all starts:

The other night Lizzie and Jim Magruder and Hank Ritter drifts over to our place. After the gals plays a few fast hands of scandal poker—you've heard of the game, haven't you?—it goes like this: I opens for a have-you-heard, you raise the pot a coupla have-you-heards; I tilt it back three would-you-believe-its, and you call with five I-always-thoughts. The idea of the game is not to be caught with any facts. The mere suspicion of holding one freezes you out. Some folks call this kinda poker table snakes.

Well, anyways, when the wrens get through and the room's all littered up with quivering hides, we starts a heat of bridge. Lizzie's cut out and I sees her duck off to a corner with a book she's brung with her. I'm playing a deep hand, trying to finesse my ace, king, jack, ten against a queen in the dummy, when all of a sudden the Magruder flop shouts over, "What's a four-letter word beginning with 'f' and meaning 'an Australian fish with cauliflower ears'?"

"Whose fish?" I yelps. "And what with?"

"I know," says Ritter. "The word's 'gluf.'"

"But it begins with a 'f,'" remarks the wife.

"That's all right," comes back Hank. "Them two letters is right next to each other and they often trades spots. In grammar, the switch is called a 'gazooma.' Take 'fat' and 'gross,' for example. Is they any difference between them conjunctions?"

"No," admits Lizzie, and she writes it down. In the meantimes Kate, sniffing something new in the air, drops her auction hand and beats it over to where her side kicker is sitting.

"How," inquires the wife, after a quick look at the form sheet, "can it be 'gluf' when the word that goes across the other way is 'female'?"

"Does it have to be?" I comes back, without knowing no more about what's what than a sardine does about seven-up. "Can't the word just as well be 'gazipe' or 'gazimpus'?"

"Not hardly," says the misses, sarcastic. "It's supposed to mean 'made from a rib.' Is them things you're talking about made outta ribs?"

"No," I tells her, frank, "but I guess it could be arranged."

"What's the matter with 'goulash'?" suggests Ritter. "They must be some rib in that."

"It's a six-letter word," explains Lizzie, who could easy rent her bean out for a vacuum cleaner, "and they is seven in ——"

"Take one more if you need it," I cuts in, generous. "We ain't playing for money or nothing like that."

"It must be 'goulash,'" insists Hank; "but I suppose in these puzzles they spell it without the 'o' like they does in Eastern Iowa and Southwestern Utah. Look how easy it works out," he goes on, pointing his stuff. "The 'g' is for 'gluf,' 'u' is the second letter of a four-letter word meaning 'a dance of the ancient Druids.' That's 'huls,' of course. The next is 'a kind of lily that doesn't grow.' The third letter is 'l.' That certainly is ——"

"The 'zilp,' naturally," I hastens to answer.

"Nothing else," agrees Ritter. "Anybody who's ever studied monotony a half a minute would know that."

"'A lily that doesn't grow,'" puzzles the Magruder pitch-out.

"That," explains Hank, "is the peculiar thing about the zilp. The seeds go down, but nothing don't never come up. They used to be a saying among the ancient Albanians, 'I'll pay you when the zilps bloom again.'"

"How," asks Lizzie, "can you tell they is lilies if you don't see them?"

"Now, now," chides Ritter, gentle, "don't let that little head of yourn get to worrying about things that is deep scientifical."

"But," she persists, "if it don't grow none, where does the seeds come from?"

"Bees," says Ritter. "They takes the pollen from the loco weed, the Siam banyan tree and the Yucatan mañana plant and the three of 'em together develops into a zilp seed."

"You and Dink," snaps the frau, who's been getting peevisher and peevisher, "must be a pair of them zilps. From the silly way you acts, you ain't grown none since you started, neither."

"Don't you think they is such a flower as a zilp?" I demands, indignant.

"Sure there is," returns Kate. "If it wasn't for the zilp, that Australian gluf of yours wouldn't have nothing to eat."

"You fellers," remarks Jim Magruder at this junction, "oughta take a interest in this game instead of kidding it."

"Why?" I wants to know.

"In the first place," says he, "it's putting mah-jongg on the bum."

"Gimme the puzzle quick," I cuts in. "I wanna kiss it."

"And in the second place," goes on Jim, "it's a swell way to increase your vocabulary."

"Why should I do that?" I inquires. "Kate don't give me a chance to use half the words I knows now."

"You don't even know that many," sniffs the misses. "Maybe if you plays the game lots you'll anyways find out the parlor cinnamons for some of them eight or ten barroom expressions that makes up a whole night's conversation with you."

"Cinnamons?" I repeats. "You mean my talk ain't spicy enough?"

"Huh!" sneers the wife. "He don't even know what cinnamons are."

"You tell 'em," I urges. "I stutter."

"Cinnamons," explains the frau, "is nice words that means the same thing that cheap ones does. For instance, 'rich' and 'wealthy' is cinnamons."

"Which," I wants to know, "is the cheap one?"

"The one you use," snaps Kate.

"Well," says I, "they ain't no need for me to go to no

*"What'd be a Whole Lot More Interesting," I Yelps, "Would be for You to Hunt Around for a Few Buttons to Sew My Shirt Onto"*

"'That's It! That's It!' Shrieks the Wife, Jumping Outta the Feathers and Dragging the Blankets With Her"

cuckoo puzzles for no new words. If I wants to learn to palaver fancy, all I gotta do is listen to Lizzie, eh?"

"Everybody says," blushes the Magruder rimless zero, "that I talks a swell vocabulary."

"I don't doubt it," I returns. "You know, you don't sing good."

"And," adds Ritter, "your dancing ain't nothing to write home about."

Lizzie wanders away to think that out, and her husband starts to tell us how this cross-word skit is worked. Like I've told you lads before, they ain't nothing that Jim Magruder don't know better than the bimbo that got the patent. You give that boy a quick flash at a radio set and in less than a minute he'll tell you how to make wave length last longer and how to keep statics from running around all night by making their home life more pleasant. Jim probably learned all about cross-word puzzles just by passing on the opposite side of the street from a bookstore that was thinking of ordering some for next Christmas delivery.

Of course, they really ain't nothing to explain in the game that a two-year-old kid wouldn't get in less time than it takes to say a three-letter word meaning "boo" and spelled exactly the same way; but Magruder, as per usual, does it with detours just to show what a crowded skull he's got. If you was to ask him how to get from Troy to Senenec—let's say, from Troy to Albany—he'd probably route you by Waycross, Georgia, San Diego, California, and Laramie, Wyoming, just to let you know that geography wasn't holding out nothing on him.

From what I sees, I figures right away that you don't need nothing for them puzzles excepting a layout of squares with brunet speckles, a dictionary, a book of cinnamons, a pencil, a gross of erasers and a independent income so you won't have to take out no time for work. If you got insomnia, and ain't on speaking terms with your wife besides, you're in extra luck. It's a great game no, not if you don't weaken but if your mind already has.

Can you imagine it doing anybody any good to find out that "the albumin from a castor-oil bean" is "ricin"? Or that "a maiden loved by Zeus" had the moniker of "Io"? As far as me and castor oil is concerned, it can't square itself by blaming the taste on "ricin"; and personally, this guy Zeus' chicken chasing don't mean nothing in my pure life. I never heard of the bobo before and if Io fell for him that's her business. No Ios have fallen for me, but they has been a lotta I.O.U.'s in my past.

"Admitting like you says," I remarks to Magruder, "that the 'Wends' are 'a people of Eastern Germany,' how much faster will that make my hair grow?"

"Or what effect will it have," inquires Hank, "on the sale of left-handed domino sets this spring?"

"Ain't you interested," demands Jim, "in learning about the different folks in the world?"

"If I told you," says I, "how little I care about the Wends you'd cry yourselfs to sleep."

"Even if you don't care about them," goes on Magruder, "ain't it interesting to work out a word like that? Don't you take no pride in achievement?"

"Where's the achievement," I growls, "in grazing through the dictionary hunting for a long-lost friend and coming out at the end of the mystic mess with a long-haired Wend?"

Along about this time Lizzie comes back to the room staggering under Webster's symphony in A to Z.

"I can't find that word," she announces.

"Which one's that?" I asks.

"'Gluf,'" she returns. "You sure about it?"

"Much surer than that," says Ritter. "It's the only fish they is with cauliflower ears. It gets them in a funny way. Right after a gluf is born it starts out hunting for a Nova Scotia bullhead that it can't lick, and surprising like it may seem, the first one it runs into is the lad it's looking for. The bullhead attacks the gluf's ears ——"

"That's all, isn't it?" cuts in Kate, cold.

"But," insists Lizzie, "why ain't the word in the dictionary?"

"Huh!" sneers Hank. "What chance is a poor little word with only one syllable got to break into a capitalistic book like that?"

//

IN THE next coupla weeks I gets to be what you might call a cross-word widower. When that frau of mine falls for anything she makes Niagara look like a small leak in a tin roof. Everything else goes by the board, including the chap that provides the bed and board. Just the same, she don't forget our fifty-fifty arrangement. She does the puzzles and I gets the cross words—what few she's got left after a hard day's work over the verticals and horizontals.

No matter where I goes around the house I trips over dictionaries and encyclopedias, the wife having a habit of flopping on the floor to do her stuff, on the account of us not having a table big enough to hold all the racing charts you needs to pick the proper horse to back into the right stall.

Even now I still got a bruise on the shin from colliding with BEA to COL in the dark, and another on my knee from meeting GAB to HOP without no appointment.

Once in a while I get drug into a game, but this stunt of going out into a word wilderness gunning for wild verbs and untamed prepositions with a lead pencil don't cash with me.

"Listen here," says I to the misses, "if you is kicked in on the idea of learning a lotta new words, why don't you just study the dictionary instead of climbing up trees after 'em and getting yourselfs all skinned up?"

"For the same reasons," returns Kate, "that you pushes a pill around a pasture when all you is really after is some walking exercise."

"You ain't comparing them cross words with golf, is you?" I demands.

"Perish the comparison!" she sniffs. "They is just opposites. Cross words adds to your vocabulary, while golf, from what I hears when you're playing, just cuts it down to two words, 'hell' and 'damn.' The puzzles is much more interesting."

"What'd be a whole lot more interesting," I yelps, "would be for you to hunt around for a few buttons to sew my shirt onto instead of beating the brush for a three-letter word meaning less than nothing."

"I don't have to hunt for that," snaps the misses. "That's 'you.' Go on upstairs and robe yourself. Did I tell you that the Splivinses was coming over tonight?"

"No," says I, "and you ain't gonna. I've got no desires to have that chattering ram, Madge Splivins, beat on my eardrums three or four hours. I'd rather suffer a cross-word puzzle."

"You maybe will," returns Kate. "Madge, you know, is a expert. Didn't you hear about her winning the prize at the Parcheesi Uplift Club? She done a five-Greek-cross puzzle of one hundred and twenty-eight words in thirty-seven minutes, beating the record of Sophie Klutz by three minutes eleven seconds."

"That makes me what?" I snarls. "Second tenor in a dumb-bell-swinging act?"

"More likely the dumb-bell," suggests the wife; "but talking about bells ——"

I goes to the door to let in the Splivinses with just about as much pleasures as I'd admit a troop of wet snakes. Madge is one of them janes that's always mixed up in women's clubs doings and looks the part; you know—tall and haughty, deep voice and talks over your head—both ways—when she speaks to you. Her husband, Oscar, is the husband of a prominent clubwoman. That lets him out.

"How is it out tonight?" inquires the frau to start the tongues a-rolling.

"It's rather ebon this eve," answers Madge. "Quite Stygian. Luna's not out yet, you know."

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No Matter Where I Goes Around the House I Trips Over Dictionaries and Encyclopedias, the Wife Having a Habit of Flopping on the Floor to Do Her Stuff

# MEET THE COOK

By William Reade Hersey

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

*She Always Saw to It That the Choicest of Everything Gravitated Toward the Males*

CURIOUS it is—and very sad—that in this day when we are reviving all the good old arts of the home-and-mother sort, such as candle dipping, cross-stitch and molasses candy, we should overlook—nay, that we should seem to discredit—the most effective and unselfish of them all. I refer to the art of spanking. Or was it merely a handicraft? Unselfish it was, wherein it differed from the solitary and unsocial practice of tatting, since two people were always necessary as performers and beneficiaries of this piece of family dramatics. No matter to what pains a boy had gone to perfect his mischief, there was no point at all in spanking himself, nor could mother whale the empty air. Both just naturally blew off steam together. Very often it rejoiced the neighbors, sometimes it cleared the atmosphere for miles around, no doubt whatever it improved the crops. Spanking taught the boy to endure any passing localized inconvenience, encouraged him to stand while his elders sat and accustomed him to sudden climatic changes to which fact may we not trace the preëminence of the well-spanked Briton in colonizing the hot spots of the earth? Best of all, it challenged his wits to the invention of new, nobler and more fruitful mischief.

Whatever the bigwigs say against it, they are easily put to rout by a single thunderclap from Samuel Johnson to the effect that to spank or not to spank is the same as pondering which leg goes into your trousers first. In the meantime you're - mercy on us, how shall we say it? - well, you can't so much as run to the telephone! As an experience, spanking belongs in the general class known as the thorns of life, which grow regularly and only in such places as will afford the recovered victim, once he has decided to stand up, a wider and more engaging horizon than he has ever supposed to exist. I myself was in this exalted condition when I first understood the perfection of my Great-Aunt Esther's cooking.

### The Party at Aunt Esther's

IF THIS were not so, a good many details of importance would have escaped my notice on a certain autumn day when I, being well brushed, combed—and spanked—set forth up Elm Street with my grandfather to Great-Aunt Esther's for a party supper. It was his party. Perhaps the pear cobbler, his favorite dish in the season of mist and fruitfulness, was a happy substitute for a birthday cake, which, with its candles, would have been a too emphatic symbol of his eighty years. We poked along most amiably past the syringas, boxwood and barberries, the lawns, pillars, fretwork porches and cupolas of the Babcock houses and through a short cut to the Quarry Road.

Aunt Esther's house, hidden behind arbors of grape and so fruitily surrounded that old pears and apples went to cider in its very gutters, looked squat and gave the impression of ambling off into endless sheds, barns and connecting structures to a shadowy infinity of orchard, bush and trellis till it ended against an overtopping, jagged cliff of granite—the quarried hill from which the house itself was built. Drunken wasps, debauched on fallen fruit, basked on the door. Cousin Hattie Bunts was slaughtering them when we got there. And grandfather stopped the carnage because it was a pity to end the only abandoned hour of joy a wasp can have.

"That's you!" snapped Hattie. "This is me!" And bang-whack! with a folded paper she carried on her St. Bartholomew.

It ought to have been dark in that sitting room, but it wasn't. There is a deflection of light from fruit trees and shrubbery that can light a parlor as it is lighted in no other way. Like water shattered in a cataract, the sunlight is splintered off from leaves of pear and grape to glorify the darkest room. Here it fairly burnished the spandrels, swags and roses of the carpet, put a white point on the tip of Uncle Asher's shoes where he sat in obscurity, and every ten seconds it touched with fire the brooch on Cousin Annie Robinson's widowed, mortgaged and bankrupt bosom that is, as often as she rocked from shadow into spotlight.

She was only rocking now—not knitting—because this was Sunday, though yesterday was her Sabbath, as she was a Seventh Day and I couldn't see why she didn't raise the devil now to prove her rights. By Monday she would be under way, however, and by Wednesday her velocity would practically render her knitting needles invisible. Sometimes, so grandfather said, she had to take them out to the pump to cool them off. He said, too, that old Doctor Wilbur himself could vouch that when, being but two days old and in the confines of her cradle, she screamed for something really useful to do, bawled for her knitting the seventh day, and at two weeks was up making the fire, brushing the hearth, turning the mattress and waiting on her mother. Coming sixteen years ago, on a short visit, nobody had ever thought of suggesting that she leave, although to accomplish her departure would have been merely a matter of setting her, rocker and all, out on the old Post Road, whence, with a little assistance at the corners, she could certainly have bounced her way back to New Jersey.

She and Uncle Asher were having an argument, he intrenched beside the table that, in the middle of this model room, upheld the Book of Common Prayer, at the pivotal point of the household, she with a Gospel hymn book in her lap. I joyfully scuttled through the area of constraint to the kitchen and Aunt Esther, to her who performed edible miracles and never joined in anything contentious. Her domain was of paneled walls grained to look like oak. Brass pipes crossed the ceiling and angled behind the range. They shone like fire. Pans of rolls were covered with a frayed, snowy cloth, sliced meat on platters, an oval expanse of escalloped oysters, tumblers of ruby jelly, dishes of sugared ginger and sweet flag and her own candied cherries, and a wide silver dish full of little cakes—all stood in marching order for six o'clock and the party.

### The Climax of the Feast

SHE, bent, lively, was gowned in a princess gown; so called, I thought, because she wore it. It was of silk and velvet, and her white hair, in waves, was topped by a lace cap with lilac flowers. She could cook a big dinner that way—all dressed up—never a spot. But I did not see her at first. She was over by the dresser and the door to the dark buttery, and was talking to Cousin Jack Robinson, who, always coming by boat or train, arrived an unshaven horror and scooted upstairs to thunder around and come down at last looking fresher than anybody else. She was trying to persuade him not to let Asher go on investing in queer ventures. Asher was getting giddy in his dotage. But Jack had not been crashing around upstairs ten minutes when Asher the sleuth was after him, and all the time that Aunt Esther was trimming her pear cobbler and I was looking on, acutely absorptive, we heard that reverberation of floor joists, doors and casings which always denotes two gentlemen talking in a basso-profundo undertone. Four of them make a meteorological disturbance.

Of course the cobbler was the climax of the feast for which everybody was saving his appetite, yet Cousin Annie would have stuffed the men to the gills before it came to the table but for the interference of those cousins and aunts who were not of her persuasion. She always saw to it that the choicest of everything gravitated toward the males. She regarded them from crib to coffin as a sort of elegant cattle, from whom not too much was to be expected, but for whom and unto whom all womankind was ordained a servant to see that they were plentifully fed, mended and

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# BANKING AS IS BANKING

## By Dick Wick Hall

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THIS here Banking Business is a Great Game and there must be a Mint of Money in it in the Big Towns where there is Lots of Folks to help, judging from what we've done here in Salome with our little old Cow Boys, Miners & Mechanics Salome Safety Bank, which I started a while Back. I wished I'd a known what a Good Thing it was a Long Time ago and I might have owned Half of Arizona by now, figuring according to what I done here in just a Short Time.

Like a Lot a Other Folks, I always used to think there was Something Mysterious and Wonderful about Running a Bank—but when you come to get on the Inside of One and Looking Out at the Simple Minded Folks (like I used to be) Running a Bank is just about the Same as Dealing Stud Poker or running a Faro Bank or Roulette Wheel—the 1st and Main Rule being to Take in All the Money you can get and Don't Pay Out Nothing you don't have to. Learn to Look Wise and Say No whenever anybody that's Hard Up works up nerve enough to want to Borrow Five or Ten Dollars of Somebody Else's Money you are Trying Hard to take care of so as maybe you can Use it yourself.

When anybody wants to Borrow Money it's a pretty good Sign they're Hard Up and need it—and it's a Pretty Good & Better Sign a Banker has got to be Careful and Get Good Security if he wants to get his Money Back. I learned that a long time Ago before I ever see the Inside of a Bank Looking Out. One Reason the Window where the Bank Loans the Money out of has the Big Bars acrost it is so as to Discourage Hard Up Folks, when they walk in and See the Money and are trying to get up Nerve enough to say Please Mister I Want Some, it kind of makes them Feel as if they had Already Done Something Wrong—having to Look Through those Big Bars, which is Just the Same as being in the Penitentiary Looking Out. It's what the Books call Associated Psychological Ideas, which must be Right I think, becuz it's Awful Easy to make a Hard Up Man think he's Done something Wrong, on the Same Principle as a Hungry Country Dog in Town with his Tail between his Legs & Jumping Sideways from everything he Sees & Hears.

That's the Way I figured it anyway, so when I started Our Bank I got some Big Steel Bars about a 1 inch Thick to put in Front of the Window where the Money was going to be Let Out Of Maybe and then I hung a Pair of Hand Cuffs & a Ball & Chain to the Bars, right where everybody who wanted to Borrow Money would have to Look at them Before they could Look at the Money so as to get their Associated Psychological Ideas Working Good before they got Close enough to Ask for Anything—a Kind of a Warning to Watch Your Step Boys and don't try to Pull no Crooked Stuff here. It would surprise you how them Hand Cuffs & Ball & Chain makes Borrowing Folks hesitate. They would come in the Front Door with Their Mind all made up and as cocky as a Side Winder, but their Nerve would start to oozing out like Water out of a Leaky Barrel as they got up Closer to the Window and see the Bars and the Hand Cuffs & Ball & Chain and then they would Grin kind of Sickly Like and ask How's Business or What Time Is It or Has Nosey Bill Been In Today and then maybe say Well, I got to be Beating It and away they would go Outside and try to work up Nerve enough to Try Again Tomorrow.

The Window where we Took the Money In I made Twice as Big as the one where we Let It Out of, and without No Bars in front, so as to make it Easy for Folks to make Deposits and Get Acquainted. You always want to keep on Good Sociable Terms with the Folks who is Bringing in the Money and make them Feel Good & Glad to Come because that's Business, but the Borrowing Kind you want to Put your Poker Face on for and Look Cold & Glassy Eyed like the Undertaker holding up the Funeral waiting for someone to Pay for the Corpse before he Gives It Up. You have got to be careful in a Little Place like Salome and keep More Money Coming in than you Pay Out—or What For would be the Use in trying to Run a Bank here anyway?

How Come I come to Start the Bank was this away. There ain't No Chance to spend much money around here and the Cow Boys and Miners and the Boys around the Garage generally have been in the habit of saving up their Money for two or three or maybe four or five or six months or more at a Time, depending on Who and How Dry they is, and then going to Phoenix or Los Angeles and Blowing It on the Things Cow Boys & Miners and Mechanics and Sailors generally Spend their money for All Over the World and always Come Home Broke and have to Stand Jones' Store Off for a new pair of Overalls and the Garage for enough Laughing Gas to get Out to Work Again. This kind of Business has been Going On ever since the 1st Cow Boy forked the first Bronco and the first Old Prospector found the 1st Gold Nugget—and probably always will be so Long as He Men Work out in the Wilderness month after Month until they Get Hog Wild and have to Come to Town to Get Tamed & Broke & Hungry for Home Again. Such is Life.

Some of the Boys would accumulate quite a Bunch of Money during the Dry Spells, and carrying it around in their Pants Pockets and Hiding it here and there, they would get Careless and ever once in Awhile they would either Lose it or Forget where they Had Hid It. Nobody Minds Blowing in four or Five Hundred Dollars of a Night having a Hell of a Time after being out in Camp Six Months, because that Gives You Something to Think About for the Next Six Months while you are working Hard to Try and save up some More, to Do it Again—but just To Lose Forty or $50 or even a $5 Bill out of your Pants Pocket out in the Brush somewhere or along the Trail and Get No Action a-Tall out of it—that Sure is Hell & Hard Luck for any Cow Boy or Miner and something Nobody Ever Gets Over.

I remember Dutch Jake once when he lost a $10 Bill some where along the road coming from Tank Pass into Town and how he Walked back & forth for over a week and Lost 15 pounds looking for that $10—and many's the Time I've seen Jake bet $25 or $50 on the turn of a Card playing Faro Bank and lose and then turn around and ask Everybody in the House to Have 1 on Him and then go Back and Lose a Lot more and Go Broke, and afterwards Laugh and tell everybody what a Good Time he had the Last Time he was in Town. The same way with the Chuckawalla Kid down at the Garage. The Kid used to Lose his money and loan it Out where it generally stayed Out until he finally hit on a Plan of Saving it Up until he had a Plenty. There was a Pile of old 2 inch Pipe laying back of the Garage for a good many years and the Kid takes and pours some Cement in one end of one of the pipes and every time he would get a few Dollars or a $5 or $10 bill he would go out at Night when Nobody was around and Poke the money down into the Pipe, which was mixed up with all the rest of the Pipe and Nobody but the Chuckawalla Kid knows Nothing about it

One day about the time the Kid gets 8 or 10 Feet of Money all Poked away down in the pipe he gets word to Come to Yuma at once as his sister is dying, and he couldn't go right out in front of everybody in the day time and get any money out of the Pipe without letting us all know Where it Was, so he borrows enough to go on and beats it. The day after the Kid left, the foreman of the Apache Mine starts to building of a Telephone Line from

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The Morning We Opened Up There Was 14 People Waiting Out in Front

# THE HEN ON WHEELS

*"For it is the Children, the Poor Undefended Children and Posterity of This Nation That All the Present Modern Safety-First Campaigns are All Planned to Save From These Wild, Remorseless Juggernauts of the Street"*

## By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

THE first I heard of her—said Dan the garage man—was when we went out there in that outlying road with the wrecking car to dig that coal truck out of the left-hand ditch, with the two big hunks that drove her still standing silent, staring out with those pale-blue eyes from their coal dust, like they had just heard the angels singing close at hand.

"What done this?" I says, for it was done thorough.

"It's the Hen on Wheels again," says one of the boys.

"The who?" I asks

"The Hen on Wheels. That left-turner."

"That which?"

"The left-turner," they answers, "that's just learning to drive. For she was born in England, where all turn to the left. And as a child, it seems, she was always driving a horse. And now she claims she can't get it out of her system. And this is the second truck she's ditched, avoiding her. And let all beware when they meet her, for it's a terrible fault she has."

"It is," I says. "And what is she doing for it?"

"Worse than nothing," they tells me. "For this Englishman, her husband, is teaching her, scaring her to death. And the more he teaches her the worse she gets, as you know yourself they do, the nervous ones, especially if they run into early accidents."

"I know," I says, "full well."

"And he's the worst you ever heard of, for he's got her now not knowing whether she's coming or going, let alone turning right or left. And the boys all call him the Cast-Iron Husband, the way he keeps after her and will never let her stop."

"Aha, so that's it," I says. "Husbands teaching again."

So then we dug the battleship out from the trenches and set the scared-eyed hunks up on the front seat once more, and only then did one of them come back to life again.

"'Left! Left!' she say," he hollers all at once, waving his arms. "'Sorry! Sorry! So sorry!' Ach, Himmel! Not yet again! No more! Me!"

You heard complaints after that, and especially from strange road hogs, for all about the town were grown wise by now, and hugged the right-hand curb when they passed her so as to leave no doubt in her mind as to the side of passing.

"I was coming around this corner," these outsiders would say, "maybe a little short, as you do sometimes, when all at once I seen this fine handsome-looking mad-woman in a white hat and lavender dress suddenly shoot by me to the left, hanging onto the steering wheel like a drowning child to a life preserver, and ribbons floating back behind, calling, 'Sorry! So sorry! But I was born in England!' What is this?" they says. "What have we struck here?"

"Oh, just another woman driver learning," we says, "and her husband teaching her." And we explains her to him, how he was driving her crazy.

"Oh-ho, I see," they says, and went along—on the extreme right of the road. And by the grace of heaven she got but one of the road hogs, and him but lightly. But the crossing cops kept jawing about her, especially after she winged old Murty McMahan here in the village

"I made my motion," he says, "to go to the left of me, as we do on that particular turn. And the next thing I knew she was all around me like a fence, calling, 'Sorry! So sorry! I'm wrong! I'm wrong! I'm wrong again!' And the next thing I knew I knew nothing until I awoke in her arms, my head lying in her lap on the pavement, with white and lavender ribbons all over me like a wistaria vine. 'Poor man! Poor man!' she was crying. 'I've killed him! I've killed him! I'm a murderess at last!'"

"Later, maybe," he says, opening one eye gradually. "But not yet. For I'm all right, I expect, if you'll only take your arms from round me and let me try my feet."

So she done so, apologizing and wringing her hands.

"It's a terrible mistake, and a terrible, terrible fault I have," she says, explaining. "For I was born in England where all turn to the left, and I cannot seem to conquer it. And you confused me, do you see, by that sudden order for me to turn left, when I was thinking always of going right. And, oh, if I could only stop before I become a murderess out of this!"

"Why don't you then?" says Murty the cop, kind of absent-mindedly, still feeling himself all over.

"It's my husband," she says. "He insists."

He kept insisting right along, as he did after every accident, forcing her on when on the verge of flying to pieces.

"Don't drive me on and on again. Don't drive me on, Bertram," she says, shuddering, "to become a murderess."

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" says the Cast-Iron Husband. "Don't be a silly fool. For I'll teach you, make no mistake. I'll have no one saying that my wife's a silly ass."

So after that, early mornings, they heard him teaching her back on that remote secluded road in back of the town where so many of those machines from the city get burned up on the insurance companies each year, calling, "Edith! Edith! No! No! Are you an idiot?" And she answering back, "I can't! I can't!" And all that regular old-time family talk of a man struggling to teach his wife to drive. Only this was far worse than usual, and the farmers were coming in and speaking of it.

"We've heard aplenty of husbands," they says, "hollering and bawling out their wives, insulting them, teaching them to drive out there for years, and the horse trainers breaking in their wild colts before them. But never no such sounds as reached our ears from this one—this Cast-Iron Husband that's out there these last recent days, teaching that poor unfortunate woman to drive. And if it was a horse there'd be something done about it."

But then after a week or so of shouting he turned her loose upon the streets again cured up from another accident.

"Look out for her," the boys at the garage says. "She's cuckoo. After that last accident, that last shell shock, she don't know which way the sun rises. And he's got her jumping wild and free. She'll get somebody this time sure." And she did, right off. She got that Mrs. Snibbs,

the big one—Mrs. Sarah Augusta Snibbs, the president of the women's club. She was one of those firm-set determined women drivers that knows her rights upon the road and takes them. The Hen on Wheels got her when she was backing in off the main street to park her car.

"What is the meaning of this?" asks the big one, when she had looked around over her high nose. "Did you not see my signals?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry! So sorry! So sorry!" says the Hen on Wheels, starting up the mad apologies again. "But signals always confuse me, for they're never made twice alike, especially by us women. And I hope you can forgive me this time. For I was born in England, do you see, where all turn to the left; and try as I will I cannot straighten out from it."

"You should go back," says Mrs. Snibbs, looking back from her mud guard, "and turn freely to your heart's desire."

"I know, I know," says the Hen on Wheels, looking up piteous with her big pansy-colored eyes from under her white lace hat brim. "And oh, how I wish I could stop before it is too late—before I become a murderess! But I can't! I cannot!"

"Why not?" says the president of the women's club, looking down upon her like an angry eagle.

"It's my husband. He insists," comes back the Hen on Wheels.

"Well, someone must see he stops insisting then," says Mrs. Snibbs; and she stiffened back into driving position and drove on, and brought it up at the next regular meeting of the women's club

"It is not my slight personal loss that makes me urge this move on you, ladies," says the president. "But it's the principle of the thing. For the authorities, both state and local, are far too lax and lenient in the enforcing of the motor laws, as all know well. The deaths and casualties are growing by leaps and bounds, to the scandal of the nation. And there's no better time to start stopping them than right here at home, with this terrible, terrible woman loose and wild upon our streets."

"She don't look so terrible to me," says another. "She looks more scared and jumpy and wild-eyed."

"And she says herself she wants to stop," a second one goes on; "and drives only because her husband makes her."

"And that's the worst of all," exclaims a third. "For any woman may be dangerous learning, and injurious to traffic, if she is nervous, for a time. But the most dangerous deadly thing in the world today is the timid, jumpy, well-meaning woman, who should never drive, being pushed on nevertheless by a firm-hearted husband to do so—set wilder each day by accidents and near-accidents and his hard bitter words. And lions and tigers are bad in their way, but they are safe and mild compared to this poor, deadly woman. For soon she becomes what this one here is today—a thing with no more reason than a wild, scattering hen, a mere maddened hen on wheels, weighing a full two tons, darting here and there upon the road, at vast incredible speed, with no thought or design or hope for the future beyond the blind unreasoning terror that is just then driving her. And I for one am terrible, terrible sorry for her, having been taught driving by my husband myself."

"And yet we must do something to protect ourselves," says one more.

"And especially," says still another, "as mothers, with this terrible increasing danger to our poor defenseless children running loose upon our streets."

"Exactly! Precisely!" says Mrs. Snibbs, the president, turning her eagle eye upon the last to speak. "For it is the children, the poor undefended children and posterity of this nation that all the present modern safety-first campaigns are all planned to save from these wild, remorseless juggernauts of the street."

"And yet you could not go to her direct, Mrs. President," says the secretary, looking up from her notes. "For that will make her only the more jumpy and more dangerous to life and limb."

"You said something there," said the sergeant at arms.

"Then how how shall we go at it?" said the treasurer.

"That's simple—all too simple!" the president answers. "If it's the husband that's doing this, then we'll go and notify him direct, in a firm and friendly way, that she must be rightly trained as a driver before released again upon our highways, and if he then refuses we shall know what to do. For it will make a start, a grand start, toward a big general women's safety-first campaign that would no doubt get into all the papers and attract statewide attention."

So they resolved for a safety-first campaign and committee and appointed Mrs. Snibbs a delegation of one to wait upon the Englishman and notify him in a fair, dignified way of the position of the club. And then they sat back for their tea and refreshments, talking confidential of their difficulties and anxieties and terrors of first learning driving

"It's the changing gears upon the hills that I remember best," says one. "The awful empty apprehending feeling you have in the back of your neck when you think of what may come to you if you don't sort out in your head, in time, all that you should recall about all those different steps and pedals and levers that put on your power and clutch and brakes, and so go slipping backward to your doom. Like this one poor woman that I knew, who got her mind confused, and just sat there all the way down, with her foot set firm upon the accelerator, thinking, poor woman, it was the brake; and so went roaring and raving down the hill in loops, until finally this tree got her, with her brakes all off and her throttle open wide."

"That's it exactly. That's the worst," another says "stepping on the gas when in blind search underneath there for the brake. That's the most blood-curdling thought of all. But worse still when you're in gear and in the traffic, and go quickly darting onward. And the saddest case of my acquaintance was when this poor, rather fleshy woman—who was subject to fainting fits, but yet must drive, for her husband insisted, and she done just that—mistook the gas for the brake down under there and then fainted. And her foot, for some reason, stayed right there on the accelerator, full weight, and was still there when they disentangled her where she had leaped through a plate-glass window into the wash-goods department of a dry-goods store. And yet, after she came back from the hospital, her husband insisted that she go right on."

"That's it," said another. "That's the trouble with most women driving a motor car—the terror they get, being taught it by their husbands. They criticize women's driving, and husbands most of all. Yet nine times out of ten, if you look back, it's husbands teaching them that did it, breaking up their spirit, hollering, scaring you, calling you names—driving you to hysterics"

"You're right—exactly right," says another. "For at the least wrong motion they bawl you out and insult you and state that you're a fool and a raving imbecile; and how did heaven allow them to marry such, until it's a wonder you ain't really mad. And if there's anything a young woman just breaking into married life should never do it's to let her husband teach her anything—golf or

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*"You Confused Me, Do You See, by That Sudden Order for Me to Turn Left, When I Was Thinking Always of Going Right"*

# THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

## By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

IT WAS in 1919 that Irving Berlin walked out for the last time from the offices in the interest of which he had put aside the old tray and napkin and started in as a song writer. The house for which he toiled had derived its chief prosperity from the tunes that life was always shaking out of him. And for some years, as a partner in the firm, he had shared in that prosperity. But a deal of chafing and exasperation must have attended the rising fortune, for finally out he walked, taking with him his old crony of Tin Pan Alley, Max Winslow.

This story could be written in the terms of certain abiding friendships, and one of them would be the fire-tested alliance between Berlin and the man whose chief business and chief enjoyment in life has been the selling of his songs.

PHOTO. BY JOHN WALLACE GILLIES

*The Music Box Theater, C. H. Crane, Architect*

The two of them will argue till the edge of dawn, debating this move or that with such bitterness and such vehemence that the buckwheat plates rattle on the marble table tops in Childs'. But the rising sun has not yet failed to see them walking off arm and arm through the streets of the waking city.

Long ago, Winslow, who had started in as a drifting singer in the cabarets of Broadway, settled down to that branch of exploitation which is known to the trade as plugging. When the small Baline was engaged at five dollars a week to join in the chorus from the balcony at Tony Pastor's—that was plugging. The mobilizing of such assistance is Winslow's work. Year in and year out he busies himself with the task of putting the new songs quickly into the hands and larynxes of the two-a-day. But his great flair lies in his faculty of recognition. They say of him that no one along Broadway has a surer, keener ear for a popular song, and many a chorus of Berlin's has been rewritten before publication because that wary troubadour, when first he sang it to the listening Winslow, did not see his crony's face light up as he had hoped it would.

### *The Beginning of a Long Friendship*

AT FIRST he hung up his hat in the thriving office of Harry von Tilzer and devoted himself to infecting folk with the songs which that composer was then turning out in great numbers, among them the celebrated Down Where the Würzburger Flows. Another was a jaunty thing called Are Ye Comin' Out Tonight, Mary Ann? And one day Winslow bounded into the office to report that when he had dropped in at Nigger Mike's in Chinatown the night before, he had heard the waiter singing a parody of Mary Ann which set all the patrons of the Pelham to pounding on the tables by way of approval. It was not a printable parody, Winslow admitted; but it had cleverness, and he was of the opinion that the waiter who had improvised it would be a handy person to have around a song shop. He proposed that the boy be engaged forthwith at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. But Von Tilzer was not interested in the suggestion, and the anxious waiter down in Chinatown, instead of receiving a flattering summons to Broadway, was allowed to linger on there until Nigger Mike threw him out.

But the negotiations had struck a spark of friendship between Berlin and his advocate. That arch plugger, Winslow, had been so eloquent in his praises to Von Tilzer that he found himself believing all he said. The two friends soon split the cost of a shabby room on the edge of Union Square, and by the time Berlin was writing his first successes for the house of Waterson, Winslow had already moved his hat over to that house and was belligerently prepared to cram each song down the throats of New York

And when Berlin decided at last to walk out of the Waterson domain, the departing clatter of Winslow's feet on the stairs could be heard not long after his favorite composer had slammed the door.

With great self-questioning and trepidation, most of which now seems inexplicable to the onlooker who has the advantage of knowing what happened next, the genius of Irving Berlin was then incorporated. He ceased to be a mere person and became so many shares of common and preferred stock. And in bold gold letters a new sign, reading IRVING BERLIN, INC., shone in the sunlight of Tin Pan Alley.

It is no great break in the tradition of Broadway that a writer of songs should publish them. The cheery, neighborly Paul Dresser, who was once the sunniest stroller on the sidewalks of New York, took more than one turn at the publishing of his own works. So, always, did Charles K. Harris, whose After the Ball was so great a favorite in the days when everyone was singing Annie Rooney and Sweet Marie, the song of which the accent has made it permanently impossible for Americans to pronounce the French name for Mary. Jerome Kern is a not conspicuously silent partner in the firm of the

PHOTO BY WHITE STUDIO, N. Y. C.

*Carl Randall as the Mad Hatter in the Music Box Revue*

T. B. Harms Company, which markets the songs he writes, and of course the afore-said Von Tilzer has always been a publisher.

But the most striking of all is that frail woman out in Chicago who wrote The End of a Perfect Day, which has made a larger fortune and sold more copies than any other song [illegible] there is any record

### *Mrs. Bond*

WHEN her husband died, Carrie Jacobs Bond was left to shift for herself and for her small son. Soon he was scuttling about Chicago as a delivery boy and she was trying to keep a roof over their heads, first by taking in lodgers and then by painting china. It was when her hands grew too shaky for such work that she took to writing songs. And when, one after another, these little tunes and verses were refused by the established publishing houses, it was Jessie Bartlett Davis who advanced the two hundred dollars with which, when it was added to the three hundred dollars that remained in her bank, Mrs. Bond set up in business for herself. At first her dining room was the only office, and you must picture the mother and son—who, by the way, has since gone into the candy business—wrapping and addressing the first song books and toting them to the post office as orders trickled in from the sentimental piano racks of Chicago and the lake country.

It was after this small enterprise had begun to expand that Mrs. Bond wrote The End of a Perfect Day, a song that has outsold even The Rosary, and in its fourteenth year had passed, according to the sworn statement of her agents, the unprecedented mark of five million copies, roaming the world with its pensive melody and available, if you are so minded, for everything from choirs to saxophone.

It may be guessed without too great intrusiveness, and without too gullible a swallowing of advertised figures, that this one gentle tune has made considerably more than half a million dollars for the woman who wrote it.

This fantastic success of Mrs. Bond's is an afflicting thought to all the song folk of Broadway. Every music publisher tosses on his pillow at night when he thinks of the lost chance represented by that undomitable woman who turned out homemade songs as other widows turn out homemade

peach jam or homemade ginger cookies. And the song writers are visited now and again with a gnawing envy of one who received not only the royalty on each copy—that might vary with any song writer from two to eight cents a copy—but all the profit as well. When Mrs. Bond got into difficulties with printers' bills and paper bills during the first year of her venture, a friendly doctor down the street took a tenth interest in it by advancing her fifteen hundred dollars. He has made a profit of more than one hundred thousand dollars as a result of what was meant to be only a genial gesture.

But your song writer, in reflecting on these depressing figures, does not always pause to count, too, the work and the worry that were Mrs. Bond's portion; nor is he likely to look squarely at the fact that in all his days he might not happen to write an End of a Perfect Day. So, light-heartedly, he becomes a music publisher, and his friends notice a little later that he is growing gray at the temples.

There are not too many discouragements in the way of this impulse. There must be many novelists who secretly itch to print and peddle their own books; but since Mark Twain's flights into the business, none of our writing men has been his own publisher except the agitated and prolific Upton Sinclair. The publishing of a book, however, is a far more arduous, expensive and dismaying task than the publishing of a song. It took, as you see, only five hundred dollars to set Mrs. Bond up in business.

Far behind the impulse, as it manifests itself sooner or later in every song writer's emotions, is the feeling that the man who writes a song receives far too small a share of the earthly reward paid for such a benefit to the community. If you loiter much at the headquarters of the American Society of Composers and Authors—the crushing official title of the song writers' defensive guild—you will find the place murmurous with legends of fortunes made out of songs; but not, mark you, by the men who wrote them. You will find the dark corners haunted by the ghosts of men who wrote something for all the world to sing, but who, themselves, died hungry. Go out to dinner with a group from this guild, and by the time the coffee is served you will find yourself depressed by a notion that all song writers die starving in the garrets of America, while all publishers and makers of piano rolls and phonograph records drive by in their scented limousines, laughing heartlessly.

### *Silver Threads Among the Gold*

YOU will hear how, in his early days, the innocent and defenseless Sousa wrote march after march for a publisher who paid him only the nominal fee due him for making the band arrangement. Under that contract he was paid ninety dollars for all his rights to the incomparable Stars and Stripes Forever to which two generations have stepped along.

You will hear, too, how Hart P. Danks received only fifteen dollars for his song called Silver Threads Among the Gold, which was first made popular by the lugubrious tenors of the minstrel shows, and then, after years of neglect and dust, knew suddenly the rare experience of a second spring. It is a touching legend, but one difficult to reconcile with the indisputable fact that his family was eventually embroiled in heree litigation over the royalties which must have gone to them, at least in the second spring.

Danks himself, long estranged from his wife, did die poor and lonely. Twenty years ago they found him in a shabby lodging in Race Street, Philadelphia—a copy of his old love song clutched in his dead hand, a bit of paper near by on which he had scribbled, "It is hard to grow old alone." When, in 1924, Mrs. Danks died in a Brooklyn rooming house, it was too much for the newspapers.

*Grace Moore, a Star in the Music Box Revue*

"Under sullen gray skies that breathed an unsung requiem yesterday," ran one fairly typical account, "they laid to rest in New Union Field, the aged, withered body of the woman whose beauty and devotion fifty years ago inspired her husband to write a famous American love song."

It made a better story just to overlook the disconcerting circumstance that the words to Silver Threads were not written by Danks at all. Eben E. Rexford wrote them.

Then you will hear—for this is one of the favorite legends of Broadway -that Paul Dresser, the leader of them all thirty years ago, was buried in potter's field. It does not happen to be true, and the only sources of the legend are the fact that for some time his grave was unmarked by any stone and the fact that, in the years just before he died, Dresser knew misfortunes which kept him an embarrassed fugitive from the Broadway that had known him as its most lavish and most shining figure

Dresser comes vividly and lovably to life in the brief, gentle portrait of him written fondly by Theodore Dreiser the kid brother Thee whom Dresser used to pilot proudly from bar to bar in his daily pilgrimage along Broadway. Dreiser, by the way, wrote the verse and chorus from which Paul wrote the song called On the Banks of the Wabash. If you read the chapter on his brother Paul in Twelve Men, you seem to hear the jangle and laughter of the gay midway which, in the middle 90's, reached no farther uptown than the almost suburban Forty-second Street. You catch the sheen of sunlight on the twinkling hansoms and hear again the clop-clop-clop of hoof on asphalt. Then, bubbling with laughter as he went, jubilant because that was *his* song the hurdy-gurdy in front of the Gilsey House was playing, gay because he knew everybody and everybody knew him, equipped with the latest naughty story brought in from the road and bound that he should be the first to tell it in all the gathering places from the dressing rooms over at Weber and Fields' Music Hall to the smoke-hung bar of the old Hotel Metropole that was Paul Dresser. And as you watch him make his way triumphant through the applauding riffraff of his day, you know that if he died with all his pennies spent, it was not because he worked unrewarded at his trade. It was because he had ever been one who could not keep his pennies if anyone along his path stopped and asked him for them.

Now, after many years, his fellow song writers seem to be remembering that open-handedness of his and they have gone down into their own pockets for money to send out to Indiana and help build something in stone that will stand as a memorial to him there on the banks of the Wabash.

### *A Tribute to Al Smith*

MORE telling, it seems to me, than this cloudy legend of Paul Dresser and a nameless grave is a happening that seemed to form a final verse to a song we all of us know. It befell during the sweltering Democratic convention that was held in New York City during the summer of 1924. The sulking McAdoo delegates made their way to Madison Square Garden each day through the jostling streets of a city in which all the natives seemed possessed with the one idea—that their own Al Smith should be the next President.

Berlin was among those who shared this hope in memory perhaps of the days when Al Smith got down off his track and went up to the legislature in Albany to represent the district of which Chinatown was a part. In memory, too, of the time when Max Winslow was going to be married and Berlin negotiated with Smith, then acting president of the Board of Aldermen, to perform the ceremony In the hope that this other pride of the old East Side would be nominated, Berlin was ready with a campaign song. Its lyric expressed the conviction that all the boys and girls

*From Maine to Texas*
*Would mark their x's*
*In the Democratic circle for Al.*

**(Continued on Page 50)**

*Jascha Heifetz and Irving Berlin*

# THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

*In Hallet's Room at Headquarters They Found the Captain of Detectives Seated Grimly Behind His Desk Staring at Two Reluctant Visitors*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

## By Earl Derr Biggers

XI

TWO hours later John Quincy rose from the table where he and his aunt had dined together.

"Just to show you how quick I am to learn a new language," he remarked, "I'm quite *pau*. Now I'm going *makai* to sit on the lanai, there to forget the *pilikia* of the day." Miss Minerva smiled and rose too.

"I expect Amos shortly," she said as they crossed the hall. "A family conference seemed advisable, so I've asked him to come over."

"Strange you had to send for him," said John Quincy, lighting a cigarette.

"Not at all," she answered. She explained about the long feud between the brothers.

"Didn't think old Amos had that much fire in him," commented John Quincy as they found chairs on the lanai. "A rather anæmic specimen, judging by the look I had at him this morning. But then the Winterslips always were good haters."

For a moment they sat in silence. Outside, the darkness was deepening rapidly—the tropic darkness that had brought tragedy the night before. John Quincy pointed to a small lizard on the screen.

"Pleasant little beast," he said.

"Oh, they're quite harmless," Miss Minerva told him. "And they eat the mosquitoes."

"They do, eh?" The boy slapped his ankle savagely. "Well, there's no accounting for tastes."

Amos arrived presently, looking unusually pale in the half light.

"You asked me to come over, Minerva," he said, as he sat down gingerly on one of Dan Winterslip's Hong-Kong chairs.

"I did. Smoke if you like." Amos lighted a cigarette, which seemed oddly out of place between his thin lips. "I'm sure," Miss Minerva continued, "that we are all determined to bring to justice the person who did this ghastly thing."

"Naturally," said Amos.

"The only drawback," she went on, "is that in the course of the investigation some rather unpleasant facts about Dan's past are likely to be revealed."

"They're bound to be," remarked Amos coldly.

"For Barbara's sake," Miss Minerva said, "I'm intent on seeing that nothing is revealed that is not absolutely essential to the discovery of the murderer. For that reason I haven't taken the police completely into my confidence."

"What?" cried Amos. John Quincy stood up.

"Now look here, Aunt Minerva ——"

"Sit down," snapped his aunt. "Amos, to go back to a talk we had at your house when I was there, Dan was somewhat involved with this woman down the beach. Arlene Compton, she calls herself." Amos nodded.

"Yes, and a worthless lot she is. But Dan wouldn't see it, though I understand his friends pointed it out to him. He talked of marrying her."

"You knew a good deal about Dan, even if you never spoke to him," Miss Minerva went on. "Just what was his status with this woman at the time of his murder—only last night, but it seems ages ago?"

"I can't quite tell you that," Amos replied. "I do know that for the past month a *malihini* named Leatherbee—the black sheep of a good family in Philadelphia, they tell me—has been hanging around the Compton woman and that Dan resented his presence."

"Humph!" Miss Minerva handed to Amos an odd old brooch, a tree of jewels against an onyx background. "Ever see that before, Amos?" He took it and nodded.

"It's part of a little collection of jewelry Dan brought back from the South Seas in the 80's. There were earrings and a bracelet too. He acted rather queerly about those trinkets—never let Barbara's mother or anyone else wear them. But he must have got over that idea recently, for I saw this only a few weeks ago."

"Where?" asked Miss Minerva.

"Our office has the renting of the cottage down the beach occupied at present by the Compton woman. She came in not long ago to pay her rent, and she was wearing this brooch." He looked suddenly at Miss Minerva. "Where did you get it?" he demanded.

"Kamaikui gave it to me early this morning," Miss Minerva explained. "She picked it up from the floor of the lanai before the police came." John Quincy leaped to his feet.

"You're all wrong, Aunt Minerva," he cried. "You can't do this sort of thing. You ask the help of the police and you aren't on the level with them. I'm ashamed of you."

"Please wait a moment," said his aunt.

"Wait nothing!" he answered. "Give me that brooch. I'm going to turn it over to Chan at once. I couldn't look him in the eye if I didn't."

"We'll turn it over to Chan," said Miss Minerva calmly, "if it seems important. But there is no reason in the world why we should not investigate a bit ourselves before we do so. The woman may have a perfectly logical explanation ——"

"Rot!" interrupted John Quincy. "The trouble with you is, you think you're Sherlock Holmes."

"What is your opinion, Amos?" inquired Miss Minerva.

"I'm inclined to agree with John Quincy," Amos said. "You are hardly fair to Captain Hallet. And as for keeping anything dark on account of Barbara—or on anybody's account—that won't be possible, I'm afraid. No getting round it, Minerva, Dan's indiscretions are going to be dragged into the open at last."

She caught the note of satisfaction in his tone and was nettled by it.

"Perhaps. At the same time it isn't going to do any harm for some member of the family to have a talk with this woman before we consult the police. If she should have a perfectly sincere and genuine explanation ——"

"Oh, yes," cut in John Quincy; "she wouldn't have any other kind."

"It won't be so much what she says," persisted Miss Minerva. "It will be the manner in which she says it. Any intelligent person can see through deceit and falsehood. The only question is, which of us is the intelligent person best fitted to examine her."

"Count me out," said Amos promptly.

"John Quincy?"

The boy considered.

He had asked for the privilege of working with Chan, and here, perhaps, was an opportunity to win the Chinaman's respect. But this sounded rather like a woman who would be too much for him.

"No, thanks," he said.

"Very good," replied Miss Minerva, rising. "I'll go myself."

"Oh, no!" cried John Quincy, shocked.

"Why not, if none of the men in the family are up to it? As a matter of fact, I welcome the opportunity."

Amos shook his head.

"She'll twist you round her little finger," he predicted. Miss Minerva smiled grimly.

"I should like to see her do it! Will you wait here?"

John Quincy went over and took the brooch from Amos' hand.

"Sit down, Aunt Minerva," he said. "I'll see this woman. But I warn you that immediately afterward I shall send for Chan."

"That," his aunt told him, "will be decided at another conference. I'm not so sure, John Quincy, that you are the proper person to go. After all, what experience have you had with women of this type?"

John Quincy was offended. He was a man, and he felt that he could meet and outwit a woman of any type. He said as much.

Amos described the woman's house as a small cottage several hundred yards down the beach and directed the boy how to get there.

John Quincy set out.

Night had fallen over the island when he reached Kalia Road, a bright silvery night, for the kona weather was over and the moon traveled a cloudless sky. The scent of plumaria and ginger stole out to him through hedges of flaming hibiscus; the trade winds, blowing across a thousand miles of warm water, still managed a cool touch on his cheek. As he approached what he judged must be the neighborhood of the woman's house, a flock of Indian myna birds in a spreading algaroba screamed loudly, their harsh voices the only note of discord in that peaceful scene.

He had some difficulty locating the cottage, for it was almost completely hidden under masses of flowering allamander, its blossoms pale yellow in the moonlight. Before the door, a dark, fragrant spot under a heavily laden trellis, he paused uncertainly. A rather delicate errand, this was. But he summoned his courage and knocked loudly.

Only the myna birds replied. John Quincy stood there, growing momentarily more hostile to the Widow of Waikiki. Some huge coarse creature, no doubt; a man's woman; a good fellow at a party—that kind. Then the door opened and the boy got a shock, for the figure outlined

...inst the light was young and slender, and the face, ...ay seen, suggested fragile loveliness.

"Is this Mrs. Compton?" he inquired.

"Yeah, I'm Mrs. Compton. What do you want?"

John Quincy was sorry she had spoken. For she was obviously one of those beauties so prevalent nowadays, the sort whom speech betrays. Her voice recalled the myna birds.

"My name is John Quincy Winterslip." He saw her start. "May I speak with you for a moment?"

"Sure you can. Come in." She led the way along a low narrow passage into a tiny living room. A pasty-faced young man with stooped shoulders stood by a table, fondling a cocktail shaker.

"Steve," said the woman, "this is Mr. Winterslip—Mr. Leatherbee." Mr. Leatherbee grunted.

"Just in time for a little snifter," he remarked.

"No, thanks," John Quincy said.

He saw Mrs. Compton take a smoking cigarette from an ash tray, start to convey it to her lips, then, evidently thinking better of it, crush it on the tray.

"Well," said Mr. Leatherbee, "your poison's ready, Arlene." He proffered a glass. She shook her head, slightly annoyed.

"No."

"No?" Mr. Leatherbee grinned. "The more for little Stevie." He lifted a glass. "Here's looking at you, Mr Winterslip."

"Say, I guess you're Dan's cousin from Boston," Mrs. Compton remarked. "He was telling me about you." She lowered her voice. "I've been meaning to get over to your place all day. But it was such a shock, it knocked me flat."

"I understand," John Quincy replied. He glanced at Mr Leatherbee, who seemed not to have heard of prohibition. "My business with you, Mrs. Compton, is private."

Leatherbee stiffened belligerently, but the woman said, "That's all right. Steve was just going."

Steve hesitated a moment, then went. His hostess accompanied him. John Quincy heard the low monotone of their voices in the distance.

There was a combined odor of gin and cheap perfume in the air. The boy wondered what his mother would say if she could see him now.

A door slammed and the woman returned.

"Well?" she said.

John Quincy perceived that her eyes were hard and knowing, like her voice. He waited for her to sit down, then took a chair facing her.

"You knew my Cousin Dan rather intimately," he suggested.

"I was engaged to him," she answered. John Quincy glanced at her left hand. "He hadn't come across—I mean, he hadn't given me a ring, but it was—you know—understood between us."

"Then his death is a good deal of a blow to you?" She managed a baby stare, full of pathos.

"I'd say it is! Mr. Winterslip was kind to me; he believed in me and trusted me. A lone woman way out here don't get any too much kindness."

"When did you see Mr. Winterslip last?"

"Three or four days ago—last Friday evening, I guess it was." John Quincy frowned.

"Wasn't that rather a long stretch?" She nodded.

"I'll tell you the truth. We had a little—misunderstanding. Just a lovers' quarrel, you know. Dan sort of objected to Steve hanging around. Not that he'd any reason to—Steve's nothing to me—just a weak kid I used to know when I was trouping. I was on the stage—maybe you heard that."

"Yes," said John Quincy. "You hadn't seen Mr. Winterslip since last Friday. You didn't go to his house last evening."

"I should say not! I got my reputation to think of. You've no idea how people talk in a place like this."

John Quincy laid the brooch down upon the table. It sparkled in the lamplight—a reading lamp, though the atmosphere was not in the least literary. The baby stare was startled now.

"You recognize that, don't you?" he asked.

"Why—yes—it's—I —"

"Just stick to the truth," said John Quincy, not unkindly. "It's an old piece of jewelry that Mr. Winterslip gave you, I believe."

"Well ——"

"You've been seen wearing it, you know."

"Yes, he did give it to me," she admitted; "the only present I ever got from him. I guess from the look of it Mrs. Noah wore it on the Ark. Kinda pretty though."

"You didn't visit Mr. Winterslip last night," persisted John Quincy. "Yet, strangely enough, this brooch was found on the floor not far from his dead body." She drew in her breath sharply.

"Say, what are you—a cop?" she asked.

"Hardly." John Quincy smiled. "I am here simply to save you, if possible, from the hands of the —er—the cops. If you have any real explanation of this matter it may not be necessary to call it to the attention of the police."

"Oh!" She smiled. "Say, that's decent of you. Now I will tell you the truth. That about not seeing Dan Winterslip since Friday was bunk. I saw him last night."

"Ah, you did? Where?"

"Right here. Mr. Winterslip gave me that thing about a month ago. Two weeks ago he came to me in a sort of excited way and said he must have it back. It was the only thing he ever gave me, and I liked it, and those emeralds are valuable, so—well, I stalled a while. I said I was having a new clasp put on it. He kept asking for it, and last night he showed up here and said he just had to have it; said he'd buy me anything in the stores in place of it. I must say he was pretty het up. So I finally turned it over to him and he took it and went away."

"What time was that?"

"About 9:30. He was happy and pleasant, and he said I could go to a jewelry store this morning and take my pick of the stock." She looked pleadingly at John Quincy. "That's the last I ever saw of him. It's the truth, so help me."

"I wonder," mused John Quincy. She moved nearer.

"Say, you're a nice kid," she said; "the kind I used to meet in Boston when we played there; the kind that's got some consideration for a woman. You ain't going to drag me into this. Think what it would mean—to me!" John Quincy did not speak. He saw there were tears in her eyes. "You've probably heard things about me," she went on, "but they ain't true. You don't know what I been up against out here. An unprotected woman don't have much chance anywhere; but on this beach, where men come drifting in from all over the world —— I been friendly, that's my only trouble. I was homesick—oh, say, wasn't I homesick! I was having a good time back there, and then I fell for Bill Compton and came out here with him, and sometimes in the night I'd wake up and remember Broadway was five thousand miles away, and I'd cry so hard I'd wake him, and that made him sore ——"

She paused. John Quincy was impressed by the note of true nostalgia in her voice. He was suddenly rather sorry for her.

"Then Bill's plane crashed on Diamond Head," she continued, "and I was all alone. And these black sheep along the beach, they knew I was alone—and broke. And I was homesick for Forty-second Street, for the old boarding house and the old gang and the automat and the chewing-gum sign and tryouts at New Haven. So I gave a few parties just to forget, and people began to talk."

"You might have gone back," John Quincy suggested.

"I know—why didn't I? I been intending to right along, but every day out here is just like any other day, and somehow you don't get round to picking one out—I been drifting; but honest to God, if you keep me out of this I'll go home on the first boat. I'll get me a job and—and—if you'll only keep me out of it. You got a chance now to wreck my life—it's all up to you—but I know you ain't going to."

She seized John Quincy's hand in both of hers and gazed at him pleadingly through her tears. It was the most uncomfortable moment of his life. He looked wildly about the little room, so different from any in the house on Beacon Street. He pulled his hand away.

"I'll—I'll see," he said, rising hastily. "I'll think it over."

"But I can't sleep tonight if I don't know," she told him.

"I'll have to think it over," he repeated. He turned toward the table in time to see the woman's slim hand reach out and seize the bit of jewelry. "I'll take the brooch," he added.

She looked up at him. Suddenly John Quincy knew that she had been acting, that his emotions had been falsely played upon, and he felt again that hot rush of blood to the head, that quick

(Continued on Page 177)

*She Sighed. "Ever Since I Can Remember," She Added, "My Happiness Has Had an If in It"*

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## Money Without Work

NO BULL market in stocks is able to proceed far without producing a plentiful crop of new millionaires, real or imaginary. After about a month of continuously advancing prices, newspaper headlines begin to suggest that the well-known Mr. Smith has a paper profit of $2,000,000 in United American Cast Lead, or that Mr. Brown has cleaned up $1,500,000 in various stocks. If the reports are not true, they ought to be, in the interest of the reading public. Those of us who lead drab lives must have some spice, and one of the functions of the stock market is to provide relish.

It is well that most newspaper writers use the word "paper" so freely in describing these newly made fortunes. For those who keep what they "make" in the market are singularly few, and there is an air of fiction and unreality about the process.

Whether because of mental and temperamental defects, or on account of the high degree of amateurism involved, stock-market speculation is a strikingly unprofitable occupation over any considerable period of time. All may be rosy, with the goose hanging high, at the present writing; but it was quite another story a year or two ago, as it is sure to prove again.

Those who get clear of the market with their booty are not many. Often the gains do little more than offset previous and future losses. Even when a great killing is made, and cashed in, the fortunate owner becomes restless when obliged to live an inactive, retired life. He thinks he sold out too soon and that the other fellow is making too much money. So back he goes to his destruction. If history establishes anything, it proves that most large market operators are a class that die as well as live by the sword.

Bull markets, however much justified by basic conditions, usually bring with them not only excesses but excrescences of speculation. No degree of official vigilance ever serves to prevent the mushroom growth of bucket shops, in one form or another, along with all manner of fake speculative and investment schemes that are sure to come in the wake of rising security prices. The small speculator may catch the swing just right, but more probably he is caught wrong in one of the temporary shake-outs. Nor does he commonly take to heart the two cardinal principles of safe small-fry speculation—first, don't speculate unless you can afford to lose; second, don't speculate unless the sum involved is large enough so that if a profit emerges it will amount to something.

Critics of stock speculation often say that the nation is no richer because of a prolonged rise in share prices. Probably not. But if we put the horse of logic in front of instead of behind the cart, it may be said that a rise in prices often indicates that the nation is richer. Individual fortunes, however, are made for the most part by growing up with the wealth of the country, not by juggling with the mere indices and exponents of that wealth.

If every vague, unauthenticated rumor of stock-market opulence be accepted at its face value, the sum total still looks trifling in comparison with the fortunes made through industry and the holding on to good securities by those wise or lucky enough to invest in them.

Men grow rich in this country, not by speculation on the exchanges but through the ownership of shares in enterprises which expand from year to year. It is said that many years ago an associate of John D. Rockefeller wished to build on Fifth Avenue, in New York City, a mansion suitable to his station, and free from debt. He needed $50,000, and urged Mr. Rockefeller to take that much stock. He was advised to keep his stock and borrow the needed money, but refused. Today the stock is worth tens of millions.

It is the faith that Mr. Rockefeller had in his own enterprise, the faith in intrinsic values, that has made so many rich men in America. Such confidence may happen to rest in a great world-girdling corporation, or in a small local ice-cream or radio-parts factory. This sort of trust will not always be rewarded, for all enterprises do not prove successful. But as long as the country grows and men continue to believe in their own business endeavors, there can be no stoppage of fortune-making. The only way to prevent men getting rich is to put an end to business and human faith alike.

## Maps

AFTER the Armistice an American officer found himself quartered near a little village schoolhouse in France. In looking over the books which the children studied he found one which was called a *petite géographie*, the outstanding feature of which was that it told all about the things which could be found in the immediate neighborhood. Then it went on to tell what the department contained of historical significance, natural wonders, art objects, industries and agricultural activities; after that it told about France, and finally mentioned the rest of the world. The motto on the cover of the book was, "One loves best what one knows best."

"That motto I think carried a lesson for us all," said the officer. "I think that one explanation of the intense love of their country which the French display lies in the fact that the children of France have been educated in this way."

Just how far the local home element can be emphasized in education without making students narrow and provincial is a nice point to debate. But most people, adults as well as children, rarely master too many facts concerning their localities, although they may harbor too many prejudices. In the required educational process the map admits of indefinitely greater use than at present. To employ a hackneyed but indispensable phrase, its possibilities have hardly been scratched.

Millions of otherwise educated people appear to take no interest in maps; indeed, can hardly understand them. Yet one's enjoyment and knowledge are almost as much limited by inability to comprehend a map as by failure to read a language. Perhaps such persons regard map making as a completed art, a dead language, with no more fields to conquer, and thus devoid of romance. On the contrary, great areas, in this country at least, have never been accurately mapped.

Just as better babies have been prayed for, so better maps are desirable. There are too many cheap imitations of the real thing and substitutes for it. What is needed is popularization, without cheapness or inaccuracy. In the Ferry House in San Francisco, through which fifty-five million people pass in a year's time, there is a new state map, modeled with meticulous accuracy of detail, despite its six hundred feet of length. On such a scale there is not a hamlet that fails to show.

"There's where I live," is the pleased, involuntary remark of the passer-by. There are even individual ranch houses which show up.

Charts and maps are for various users—the navigator, the air pilot, the motorist, the city engineer, the camper and hunter, even the law-enforcement officer. But why should not every state, city and village have a map placed where all may see, and which even the youngest can understand, for merely educational purposes?

In gazing upon such a modeled replica of town or county or state, the resident would naturally look first for his own location. We all do that. But he might learn incidentally to look too for the other fellow's home, to see why he lives there and what he has there. We always think more of the adjoining hamlet after we have visited it. If every time we go shopping on Main Street we see the near-by town of Jonesville on the map, it won't seem like such a foreign country—and that is half of education.

## Home Life and the Radio

JUST about the time serious thinkers were beginning to think seriously that the home life of America had been destroyed by the automobile, the movie, the cabaret and all the other factors that keep people out and on the go, radio came into being. It has tended to restore the balance. People who formerly rushed out as soon as the evening meal was over, or before, are now staying in to share the unusual entertainment which the air carries right into the home. Music, lectures, the play, sermons, even the universally popular and seemingly necessary jazz are brought right into the family sitting room. Radio is helping to restore home life in America.

It is doing more than that. It is revitalizing home life. The dullness of the long winter evening has been banished. No longer need the farmer and his family, or the city man and his family for that matter, suffer the tedium that a long evening at home so often entailed. It is going to bring acquaintance with the best music and in time a general appreciation of the best. It is creating a closer sense of contact with important events which the individual could never attain before. Listening in on a presidential address from the White House and hearing the remarkably intimate and dramatic reports of a political convention or a world series that radio is achieving is very close, indeed, to personal participation. There was abundant evidence that people who had never gone to political meetings were listening in on rallies during the last presidential campaign. Every Sunday the nonchurchgoer sits through services that come by radio. The broadcasting of sermons may prove the weapon the church has sought to reclaim the attention of the straying portion of the public. It makes it possible for everyone to hear the best sermons, and per chance it will raise the standard of pulpit oratory.

This may seem like overstating the case, when one considers how unsatisfactory many radio programs still are. Indifferent talent and cheap jazz orchestras supply so much of the entertainment that the fullest benefits are not yet being reaped. When some method of control of broadcasting has been devised, and a source of revenue is evolved to pay for the very best talent, radio will come into its own. The possibilities are so great that it is to be hoped these developments can be brought about soon.

At present the fear is being felt that radio will become all-absorbing to such an extent that other interests and amusements will pass out of the picture. However, we need not anticipate any such revolutionary outcome. It was freely predicted at one time that the movies would completely swallow up the speaking stage. The legitimate drama has survived, however. The day may come when every roof will hold a hangar and air flivvers will blacken the sky, but when that day does come the automobile will be in more general use than it is today. And so with the radio. It will become an increasingly important feature of life, but it will not displace any of our earlier interests. By the time we have perfected it and developed radio service fully, we shall be ready for the next marvel.

# AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

## The Future of Russia—By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN THE preceding articles of this series an attempt has been made to disclose the panorama of Soviet Russia in transition. You have seen how, as in no other country, the economic is the political, and vice versa; how a small autocracy imposes its ruthless rule upon a vast populace, perverting and capitalizing trade, finance, industry and diplomacy for the consolidation of its poisonous power; how a nation-wide tyranny has been projected through fear and force; and how world revolution incited by insidious propaganda, and not sound regeneration, is the real objective of the oligarchy of fanatics intrenched at Moscow.

But the task is still unfinished. Various social, spiritual and educational features—in reality the lack of them—are essential to the completion of the picture. Most important of all is the necessity of unfolding some vision of the future. What is the ultimate destiny of those unhappy people bowed under the red yoke? Is the immense crucible into which the lives and fortunes of one-twelfth of the human race have been plunged to become a seething caldron of further fury and folly? Will Russia emerge from her trial reborn and purified through suffering and sacrifice? Obviously the experiment in Bolshevism, for such it remains, cannot continue indefinitely. It is with these features that the concluding paper will be concerned.

First in chronological order, and almost foremost in significance, is the war on religion, which is the counterpart of the offensive against capital. One seeks to destroy the spiritual life of the nation and the other to break down material initiative. The Bolshevik attempt to despiritualize Russia, with its attendant blasphemous assault on all that is sacred, constitutes one of the most damning indictments of the existing order.

### War on Religion

WITH the advent of Bolshevism, religion was proscribed. According to its tenets, "Religion and communism are incompatible both theoretically and practically." Membership in the Communist Party not only requires absolute disavowal of religious faith and of adherence to any religious system, but it also means expulsion from the ranks if marriage through the offices of the church or the baptism of children takes place. According to the decree separating church and state, births, marriages and deaths are registered and solemnized solely by secular authorities. Since marriages are performed without the authority of the church, so are divorces unhampered by legal process. The same soviet official who ties the nuptial knot can cut it in short order.

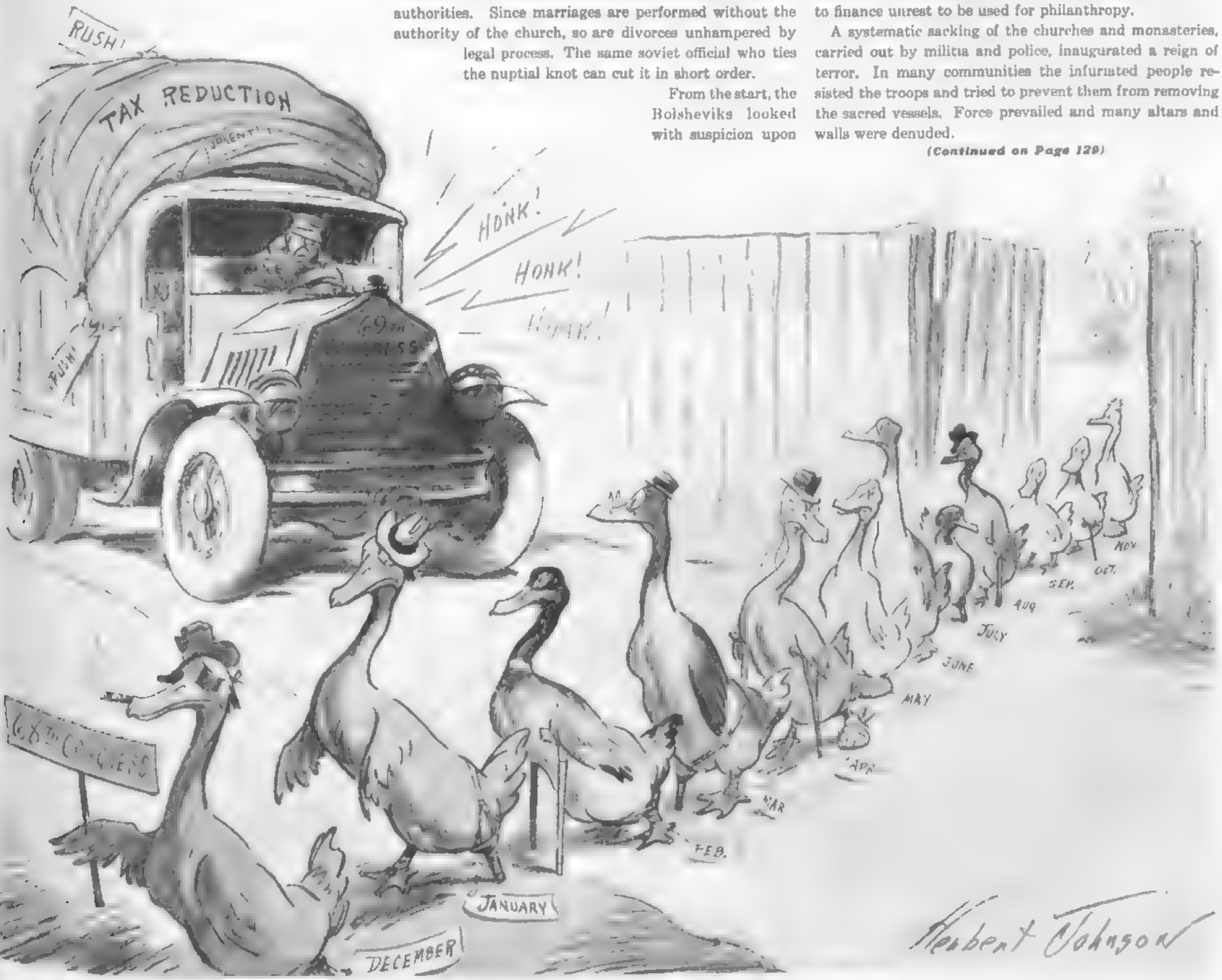
From the start, the Bolsheviks looked with suspicion upon the church, because they saw in it the agency that might weaken their bloody authority and possibly overthrow it.

Realizing the potentialities for backfire that lay in a ruthless destruction of the sacred edifice, the Bolsheviks moved warily; yet from the start they jailed and exiled priests, and confiscated all church lands, which were turned over to the state. The great famine of 1921 gave them the cue for action.

The arrangement made by the Moscow authorities with the American Relief Administration for child feeding and other benevolences involved the Russian Government in a considerable financial outlay. It included the expense of transporting and warehousing supplies, armed protection, and the native personnel. Then, as now, there were no national funds. The government therefore demanded the treasures of the church, including the jewel-studded icons and religious pictures. When the Patriarch Tikhon, head of the Orthodox Church in Russia, refused, they were seized and converted into money. The inconsistency of this procedure was that all the crown jewels, which I described in a preceding article, and which are worth hundreds of millions of dollars, were available. The royal loot, however, was considered too valuable an asset with which to finance unrest to be used for philanthropy.

A systematic sacking of the churches and monasteries, carried out by militia and police, inaugurated a reign of terror. In many communities the infuriated people resisted the troops and tried to prevent them from removing the sacred vessels. Force prevailed and many altars and walls were denuded.

(Continued on Page 129)




SEEMS LIKE A LONG WAIT

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

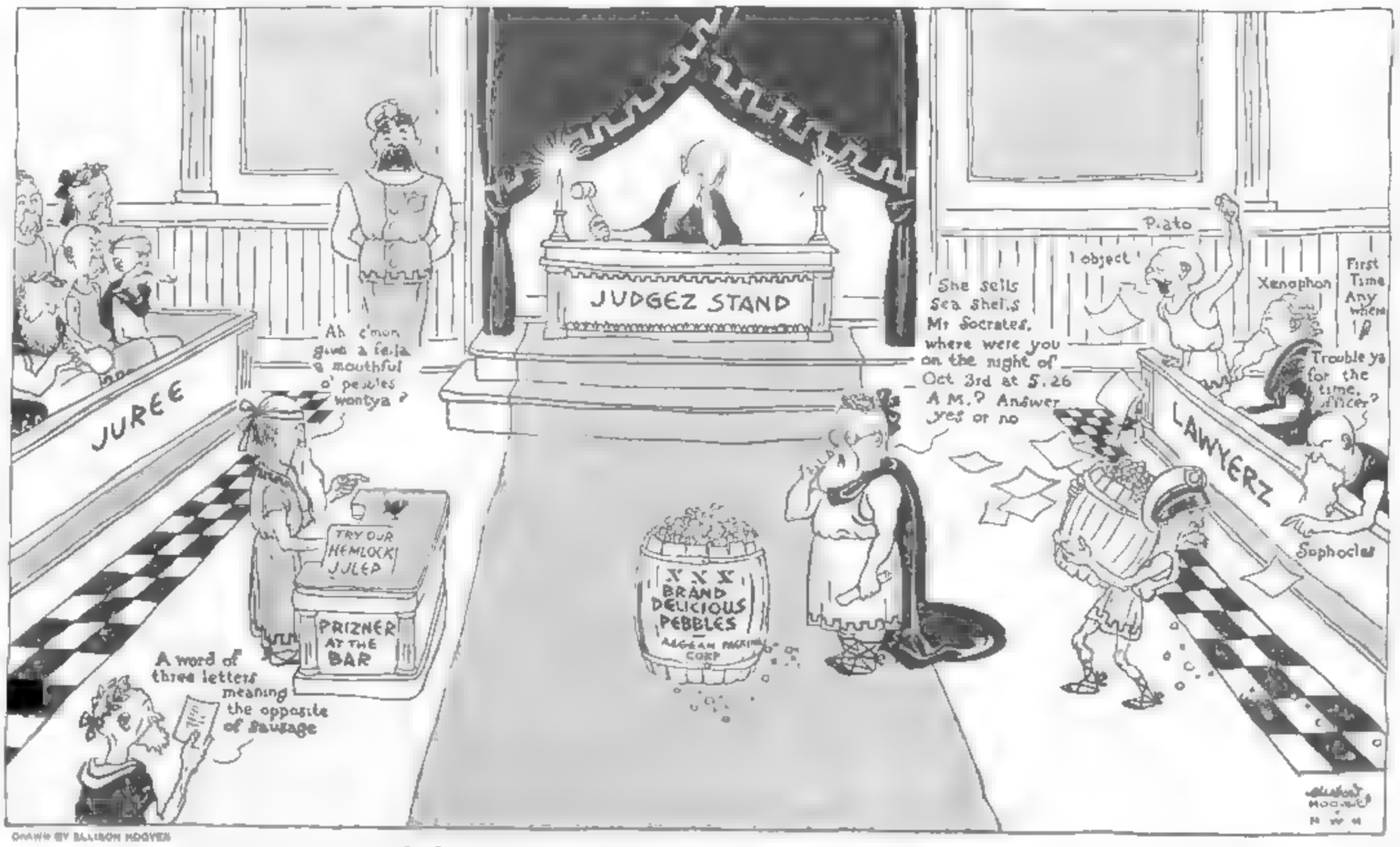
### Pop Corn

*OH, popular is pop corn when it hops!*
*Unpopular is pop-corn when it flops;*
*But there isn't any ration*
*For the pop-eyed population*
*More popular than pop corn when it pops!*
*—A. Gauterman.*

### Scrambled Remarks

*MY WIFE and her college chum*
*Sit by the hour and hum and hum*
*And giggle and giggle, and never run out*
*Of wonderful matters to talk about.*
*Neither one heeds and neither one harks—*
*All wrapped up in her own remarks;*
*This is the way that the chatter appears*
*All snarled up in the alien ears:*

*"——piping all around the neck,*
*Picot round the pocket ——"*
*"Have you seen The World Awreck?*
*How the critics knock it ——"*
*"Why, this shape is beautiful!*
*Wear it with a jacket ——"*
*"Panels just a trifle full ——"*
*"With a nine-inch placket ——"*
*"It was trimmed with monkey fur ——"*
*"Margie Newland saw it;*
*Said it made a hit with her ——"*
*"Run a dart and draw it*
*Round the waist and put a bow ——"*
*"Changed it into nickels;*
*But we weren't hungry, so*
*We just ordered pickles ——"*
*"Why, I think I'd faget here ——"*
*"Goldenblatt's have got 'em ——"*
*"Skirt and blouse of kitten's-ear ——"*
*"Mousetail round the bottom ——"*
*"Leave it in the jelly dish*


JUREE
Ah c'mon gimme a feela mouthful o' pebules wontya?
JUDGEZ STAND
TRY OUR HEMLOCK JULEP
PRIZNER AT THE BAR
A word of three letters meaning the opposite of sausage
XXX BRAND DELICIOUS PEBBLES
Plato
She sells Sea Shells Mr Socrates, where were you on the night of Oct 3rd at 5.26 A.M.? Answer yes or no
I object!
Xenophon
First Time Any when I?
Trouble ya for the time, officer?
LAWYERZ
Sophocles

*An Intimate Outline of History. No. 2—The Trial of Socrates*

### Recipe for a Dramatic Critic

*TAKE a cynic sad and mournful,*
*Add a blase roué, scornful—*
*Mix the twain well up together*
*With a tiny dash of pluc;*
*Add an ounce of ennui to it,*
*In a full dress suit then stew it,*
*Till it starts a giggle—*
*"Friday we forgot the fish,*
*So I made shrimp wiggle——"*

*Jumbled, scrambled to and fro;*
*Those girls never understand it though*
*How do they do it?*
*I don't know.*
*L. O. Reese*

*And a real dramatic critic will emerge for you to view*
*Most analytical,*
*Caustically critical,*
*Half parasitical,*
*Too! —Arthur L. Lippmann.*

### The Ballad of the Lady and the Dragon

*IN CAMELOT, that ancient town*
*Where Arthur's knights held sway,*
*There dwelt a maid of great renown,*
*Named Ada Ida May.*

(Continued on Page 71)

*Modern Business. Assistant of the Assistant's Assistant to the Assistant Business Manager: "Hello, Please is This Bryant 4310? I'd Like to Speak to the Secretary's Secretary's Secretary to the Secretary"*

*Mrs. Newriche: "Now, Mike, Before We Go to This Swell Party I Want Ye to Sit in That Chair an' Practice Lookin' Bored"*

# QUALITY

## has made these beans famous

## Quality has made the name Campbell's a household word

Slow-cooked
Digestible

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

# So tempting and so nourishing

# The Buccaneers of the Bahamas

## By Kenyon Gambier

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XV

THE hotels opened; cottages, rented or owned, filled up; visitors from the frozen North bathed in sea and sunshine until luncheon, slept till four, played bridge or mah-jongg until dinnertime, danced or played mah-jongg or bridge until bedtime. Roderica found a high satisfaction in paying one hundred dollars a day for a suite for her mother and herself. They could afford it, for Duane reported coded cables from Sutherland in the Gulf and Penterry in the North, saying that all cargo had been delivered. The estate of Uncle Jason was being liquidated; the golden shower had begun to fall.

Others gasped in a paroxysm of pleasure under the shower after a sea bath; but Roderica had her intensest thrills in her room. Her reveries were of bank notes falling all about her, piling up, covering her ankles, slowly mounting to her knees. The sudden change from a genteel poverty that had been forced to count dollars, to an income that permitted the squandering of thousands made life a delirium. Haughty before, she was arrogant now. The excitements of her life vividly animated her spirits; she became more beautiful than ever and was continuously eager for pleasure and change.

She found intense exhilaration in listening to the ignorant speculations of tourists about the liquor shipments. All of them were curious about this notorious Nassau occupation and they passed on one absurd rumor after another with an affectation of inside knowledge and a futile pledge of secrecy. When a cold business man told a group that Nassau was a small piker in the business, that its contribution to the Eighteenth Amendment was melodrama and Sunday editions rather than liquor, that its yearly shipments were not and never could be more than one per cent of the stuff illegally consumed in the United States, Roderica considered him a personal enemy. When he added that adulterated whisky was being shipped out, she coldly reeled off exact details—100 proof, guaranteed six years old at least, and pure. When he answered that Duane might be doing that, that Duane was unique, that he had the real thing and sold it as he found it, she was struck dumb.

"And so," her mother said calmly, "Mr. Duane is engaged in this strange business. I've met him—a bluff forceful person. What brought him into it?"

"He represents some heavy liquor interests, I understand," the cold business man explained. "He's liquidating for them and himself."

"We met him," Mrs. Vallander explained, "through Lord Uther Penterry. We wondered a little. I suppose liquor is the bond." She smiled. "Penterry makes no bones of what he is doing."

Thus Mrs. Vallander, a truthful woman, was forced into distasteful equivocations by her shivering fear of notoriety. But Lord Uther was now her support. For him to be a bootlegger was no more than a joke. His social status could not be impaired. Prohibitionists might write raging attacks, sensational articles might appear, hypocritical men in public life might condemn, but no one in his set in England would do more than smile, no hostess in the United States who counted would cut him off her list. If Roderica were married to him, notoriety, disgusting as it might be, would not overwhelm two women, no longer defenseless; they could live in envied splendor in England if Washington should prove censorious. What social future could be in store for Mrs. Vallander if pilloried as a bootlegger, and she had for son-in-law only James Duane the younger? And what for Roderica? Mrs. Vallander saw herself hurled from her Washington throne, even though she had refused to sell her old home and her garden; saw Roderica the queen of some little unimportant set in some Pacific Coast city only vaguely heard of in the East from time to time.

*"It's You," He Said, His Voice Tensely Restrained. "When I Saw You First, I Wanted to Break Away, to Creep Back to the Decent Past, to the Things You Meant to Me. And You—Did You Hold Out a Hand?"*

Ignorant that her enterprising daughter had foreseen all this and had most promptly and effectively taken action, she vainly sought a frank talk, but Roderica always eluded her. The latter knew all her mother's anxieties, but she knew also that her mother would not tolerate the double engagement. Duane would be thrown over just at the moment when his immense energy and great business ability were most needed. Roderica knew that Lord Uther had not these qualities; she honored him for his lack; and she was not prepared to run any risk of impeding the flow of whisky or the flood of wealth. Duane would certainly prove vindictive; oh, no, his enmity must not be incurred. Something must happen, must be made to happen, that should result in a broken engagement—broken by the Duanes without antagonism. If this could not be brought about, things must go on as they were until the last drop of liquor was sold. This meant months.

So everybody ardently desired a broken engagement, except Jimmie. Since he had sided with that little freak about the sale of the yachts, Roderica labeled him prig—and she was greatly relieved that he was so hopelessly commercial that she was compelled to see but little of him. He had made one round trip to Miami in the Roderica, and had been so strenuously busy while in port that she had seen him only once.

"The secret of shipping," he had said, "is turning 'em round fast. I've got to get out in twenty-four hours, and that means my working day and night."

Roderica, always impressed by his energy and enthusiasms when in his presence, had asked him why he must turn 'em round fast; he did not need the money.

"It's the game," he had answered. "I've just got to make a success of it until I can sell her."

"It's beneath your dignity," Roderica had told him.

He had laughingly kissed her, called her a snob, and said it was lots of fun.

One afternoon, pretending to rest, she sat alone on her high private balcony in the hotel, looking out over the bar. She had learned from her mother that Jack Sutherland was due, and the Roderica was known by wireless to have left Miami the day before. The two vessels were close to the bar. Without interest she watched the prosaic commercial yacht which bore her name. With eager eyes she inspected the romantic rum runner back from its mysterious rendezvous off Sabine Bank Lighthouse. As they passed up the harbor she could easily distinguish figures through her powerful binoculars. By Jimmie's side on the bridge deck was standing a woman who Roderica feared was Mamie Gardiner. Feared, because she was suddenly enlightened as to what friends might think who found a common little trading vessel bearing her most marked and unusual name and captained by a man whom she had introduced to Washington.

She had not thought of the possibility of Washington people putting their feet on the deck of the Roderica and their finger on this vexatious combination. It must be stopped immediately.

She was intensely annoyed when she turned her glasses on Jack Sutherland's boat, but her brow quickly cleared and she smiled. Jack, beautifully dressed as always, was leaning against the wheelhouse, his arms nonchalantly folded, his head thrown back, his attitude suggesting that he owned Nassau and had come to take possession. She had twice been alone with him for a moment, and, so far from apologizing for stolen kisses, he had threatened more when the chance came. Roderica, in a lawless world where each must protect himself, had so far relapsed from Washington standards and society manners as to answer that she would scratch his face if he dared.

She went down to the Palm Room, the appointed place for apparently casual meetings with Jimmie; but supercargoes of bootlegging vessels have nothing to do on arrival except to swagger ashore with a wad of money too large for the pocket, so Sutherland got there first.

"Tell me all about it," Roderica cried after greeting him. "Any adventures? Anything happened?"

Delighted by her ardent interest he sat by her side, looked this way and that, and flipped open the end of his parcel. "That's the answer, Roddy. Fifty thousand there—easy money, heigh?" He laughed. "I was tempted to go ashore and stroll off, just stroll, and laugh, and wonder how old Duane would take the knock."

"What, do you know too?" she asked unguardedly.

"Do I know what? About Duane? Of course. He was too deep in to hide. Besides, since Penterry's gone, he's been forced into the open. Don't go, Roddy. I'll be back in a minute. I want to put the stuff in the hotel safe."

"No, no, Jack; give it to me. Let me hold it for a minute."

He looked with surprise into her excited eyes as he handed her the notes. "You're a born miser, Roddy," he said, frowning; "you gloat."

"No miser, Jack," she laughed as she fingered the parcel. "Gambler, perhaps, yes."

"All right," he burst out with sudden bitterness, "as long as you do it over the tables; but this game stakes men's lives and —— Oh, well, the crew was pretty rotten, and there's lots of time to think, and remember."

"Morose again, Jack?"

"It's you," he said, his voice tensely restrained. "When I saw you first, I wanted to break away, to creep back to the decent past, to the things you meant to me. And you—did you hold out a hand? If you had, perhaps—who knows? I might have got back. A friendly hand; no

(Continued on Page 36)

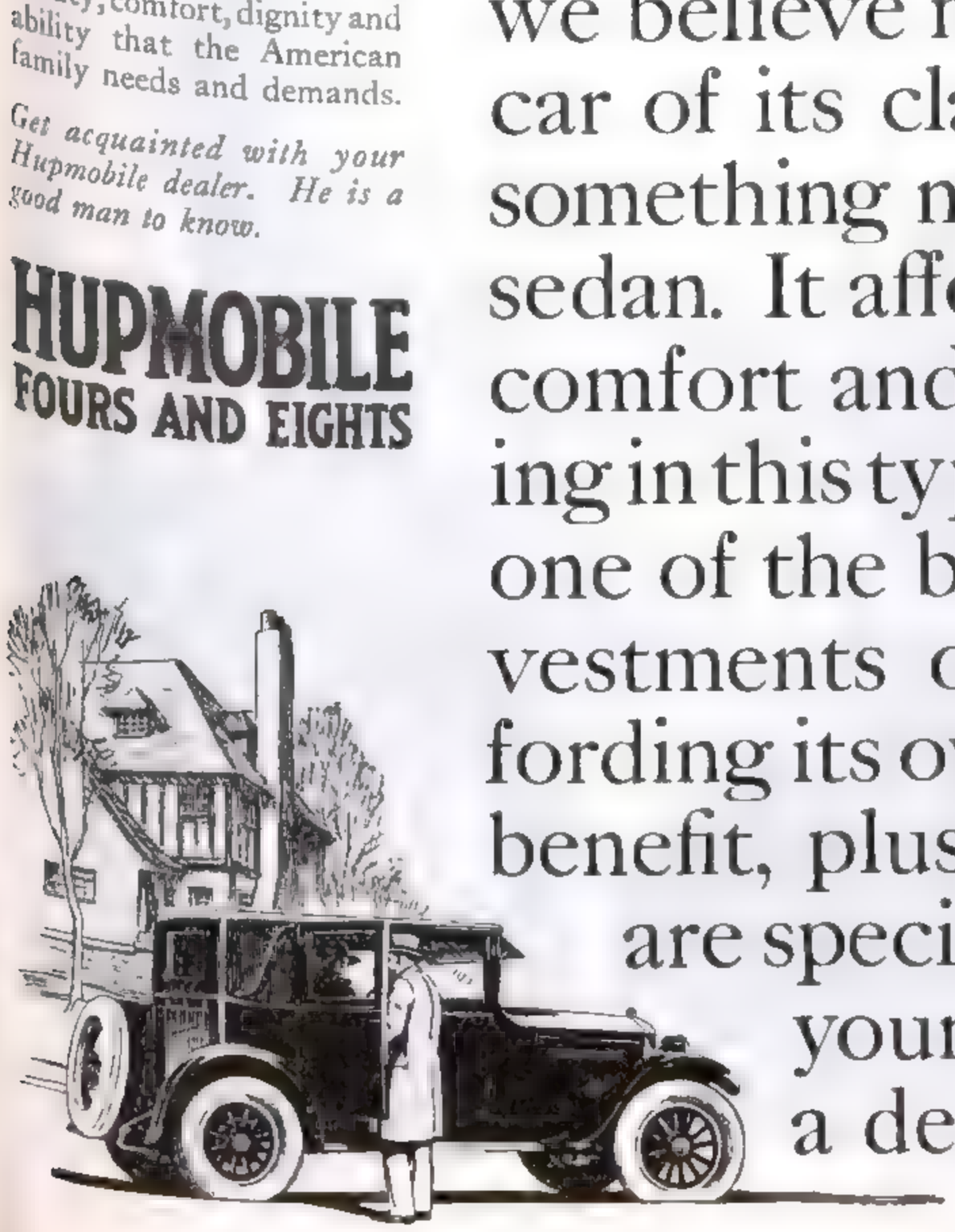
THROUGH sheer superiority of value, this Hupmobile Club Sedan has taken first place in the minds of thousands of families throughout America. Its new and lower price now brings full measure of closed car comfort, together with the superior economy, dependability, performance, and long life of Hupmobile, to those who formerly had to content themselves with an open car. At only slightly more than open car cost you can now enjoy real sedan advantages, plus all the special qualities which we believe make Hupmobile the best car of its class in the world. Here is something new and different in a club sedan. It affords convenience, seating comfort and smartness hitherto lacking in this type of car. It is undoubtedly one of the best possible motor car investments on the market today—affording its owners every wanted sedan benefit, plus valuable features which are special to itself. A phone call to your Hupmobile dealer brings a demonstrator to your door.

## Three Doors—Ample Room in This Sedan

In appearance the Hupmobile Club Sedan is one of the smartest cars on the road. Its three doors, two front and one rear, make it easy and convenient to enter and leave. Seating space and leg space for the comfortable accommodation of five passengers. The trunk at the rear is big. In length it reaches from one side of the body to the other, and it is wide and deep. The unusual luggage capacity is a great advantage in touring. Balloon tires; Duco finish in Hupmobile blue or beige; nickel radiator; nickel and enamel lamps. One of the most up-to-date cars, it gives you everything in beauty, comfort, dignity and ability that the American family needs and demands.

*Get acquainted with your Hupmobile dealer. He is a good man to know.*

**HUPMOBILE**
**FOURS AND EIGHTS**



(Continued from Page 34)

more—but you, you didn't help. You wouldn't lift me—you just let me drag you down to my level. I got drunk that night, the first time. Disappointment, that was it, in you. I thought of you so many times, and what I had lost, and what you were—and when I found you for a minute I seemed to understand that you—well ——"

"Well, what?" Her anger was not extreme; it was softened by his passionate repression; he loved her still.

"That you liked me more than you ever had in your life."

"True," she admitted. "Was that a reason for despising me and getting drunk?"

"Yes," he said explosively. "I told you what I had sunk to—and you—Roddy, if you had ever looked at me in Washington as you did at that moment you would have married me even if I was broke."

"Alas! My eyes betrayed me," she mocked; "but I was so thrilled to see that you had become a man ——"

"Bah!"

"We women ignore a jellyfish, but we respect a shark. You handed tea beautifully in Washington. Now you've no manners, Jack, but you don't fear the devil himself."

He bent a moody head, reflecting.

"Which is the real woman," he asked hotly—"the one I worshiped, or—or ——"

"The one you love," she finished for him calmly.

He nodded, eying her intently. "I don't break out except with you. It's not myself, or what I am, that makes me talk Sunday-school stuff. It's you. You've demoralized. You've chucked all your family traditions, your dignity, all the things I worshiped you for ——"

"That's enough, Jack." She rose, a red spot in each cheek.

"For your Uncle Jason's whisky."

"Oh!" She resumed her seat, staring at him from wide-opened eyes.

"That hits, does it?" he asked with a bitter smile. "I'm glad you can still be ashamed of something."

"You understand me, Jack," she said quietly. "You're not complimentary, but you're right; still, you've missed the point." She leaned forward and murmured a confession. "I have not changed. I was just the same in Washington, but I had no chance. I'm at heart a 216, masquerading among the 120's and 144's."

"Tomatoes?" he asked, perplexed.

She nodded. He burst into laughter.

"Who knows—everybody?" she asked quickly.

"No—not even I, until you just admitted it. 'Paducah' on the labels, one or two other trifles—I made a wild guess. I think you're safe, Roddy. Will you marry me?"

Utterly surprised, her first thought was hardily uttered: "Blackmail, Jack?"

"Looks that way, doesn't it? No."

"You're too late. There's a man stronger than you or me. He can be banker or bootlegger and never change a hair on his head nor a thought in his heart."

"A wooden Indian."

"No—bigger than his surroundings, that's all. Sorry, Jack." She rose. "Friends just the same?"

"Oh, yes. I suppose that money is yours, but still ——" She handed over the package with a sudden radiant smile. It thrilled her for an instant that she could forget this casually wrapped-up wealth.

### XVI

JIMMIE DUANE, master of the trading auxiliary schooner, Roderica, completed all formalities with the customs, then rushed to the office of Roserod, Limited.

"Immense luck!" he cried to the secretary as he closed the door of the private office behind him and looked into Rosamond's face for the eager response which he knew he should find there.

"Tell me, quick!" she cried, clasping his two hands and gazing up at him.

"Found the owner of the Rosamond. She was stolen, as I thought. He takes her back and pays us eight thousand dollars salvage."

"Hurrah! One elephant off our hands."

"Yes. A man recognized her in Jacksonville and wired to the owner; he came down from New York."

She pressed his hands, released them, pirouetted on her toes and danced across the room as no properly conducted secretary should. Part of a heavy load had been lifted from her shoulders; Jimmie, condemned to immense labor by her refusal to sell the vessels, was relieved of some of his burden.

"If you do that," hilarious Jimmie said, "for the Rosamond, what would you do if the other ——"

She ran to him breathless.

He nodded exultantly. "True. I've sold the Roderica."

She stood silent, staring, round-eyed, inhaling a deep sigh of relief. Jimmie bent swiftly. She ducked. He kissed her curly hair. She drew back, cheeks flaming, frowning.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It was just a kind of good-by."

"What? What's that?"

"To Roserod, Limited. The company will transfer its vessels, divide its assets, close its doors."

"Oh, well," Rosamond murmured, glancing about regretfully. "If it was only that ——" She flickered a smile of forgiveness.

"A little celebration tonight?" he suggested. "Just your aunt and my dad and us two? Dinner at the hotel, a dance afterward?"

"I should love it"

"Fine. We'll pick you up at seven." At the door he turned. "Rosamond," he said soberly, "this Roserod's been quite a successful little company, hasn't it? I kind of hate to give it up."

"Oh, so do I. And it's come through clean, too, Jimmie."

They stood eying each other, mourning over their dying company. Then he turned and went away.

She was brimming with joy. This wonderful Jimmie had so cleverly and quickly got out of the net which she had so unthinkingly spread for him. If he only was as clever with girls, but how could he be expected to understand black treachery? Was it only just exultation over his brilliant success that had brought that kiss? She clenched her fists and shook them in the direction of the hotel. Had he got there yet? Was he sitting now by the side of that black-hearted vamp? Rosamond stamped her foot, drew out her vanity bag, powdered her flushed face, and touched the spot on her head where his ill-aimed kiss had landed.

She went into the outer office, to be met with an intricate problem. A colored man, over fifty-five, wished to purchase a ticket for Miami; but he could neither read nor write. He was joining his son, it appeared, and could therefore be admitted, though illiterate. But he was a native of Jamaica and had been in the Bahamas for only eleven months. Was a passport necessary and could he take an orphaned child four years old who had been born in Barbados of a Portuguese father? She tried in vain to collect her scattered brains, and it was only after five minutes that she found the proper answer.

"The Roderica," she said, "is off the run. She will not go to Miami again."

At the parcel-post office she found the new evening dress ordered from a great New York house which had opened a seasonal shop in Miami. This was great luck. She drove home joyously.

Jimmie went, not to the hotel, but in search of his father, whom he tracked at last to the bottling plant.

"Is it fair, dad?" he demanded with a lowering brow, as he looked at the fountain of whisky and the armies of bottles rushing along on the traveling belt.

"Hello, Jimmie. Good trip? As how? What's not fair?"

The father led the way to the office. "Slide, Hank," he said. "The boy and me's in fer a business talk. Shoot, Jimmie." He lighted his big black cigar, imported in sealed tin cases from Havana, and leaned back in his chair.

"I can see how it happened," Jimmie said. "You've a brain that never stops and it cares only for business. You came down here for a vacation, a vacation with me—the first one together in our lives. You don't need money. You don't care for it; but you love the game; you love business power. And so you let yourself drop into this rotten liquor trade. Once you've dropped in, you've just got to be first. So here you are, a bootlegger up to your neck in whisky ——"

"If I'd foreseen how low-down it was ——" the father defended.

"Oh! You feel that. Then drop it, dad, quick."

"I'm in above my head, son. I gotta touch bottom before I stop swimming."

"Money's nothing to you. Close out at any sacrifice."

"Are you so set, Jimmie?"

"I think of Roddy, father, and her mother."

"By the sulphurous flames of Vesuvius!" the father exclaimed. Cornered! Should he expose them? "Would they object?" he asked, to gain time for a decision.

"Object?" was the surprised question. "Of course. I can't understand how you never thought of that."

"They're mighty liberal in their views on liquor."

"I know, but to be in it ——"

"Lord Uther's in it," the father said slyly.

Jimmie nodded gloomily. He could not say that that was different, but he knew precisely the point of view of the

(Continued on Page 38)

She Pressed His Hands, Released Them, Pirouetted on Her Toes and Danced Across the Room as No Properly Conducted Secretary Should

# The World's Largest Builders of Six-Cylinder Automobiles

Buick
VALVE-IN-HEAD MOTOR CARS

*When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them*

(Continued from Page 36)

Vallander set. An Englishman of established high position might do without criticism what a nobody could not attempt.

"D'ye think as much of her as ever, son?"

"More, dad."

"Very well, then. Here's my proposition: Put it up to Roderica. If she cares about it I promise you I'll be a quick quitter."

"That's fair, dad. You always are." His spirits bounded. He told of his good luck with his two vessels, of the involuntary departure of the arrested Sladen for California. "Hank knew he ran from a Los Angeles warrant as well as from his wife," he explained. "So I just handed him over at Miami. He's out of the way."

Duane laughed. "His vessel came in; no owner to grab the funds. Captain did a bunk with at least a hundred thousand. I advanced money to the crew and libeled her; so that's that, Jimmie. I'll own her in a week. You monkey with a buzz saw when you fool with the Duanes."

Jimmie mentioned the engagement for the evening and went away, elated. His father watched him out of sight with a grim smile as he reflected that it had cost him a million dollars a year to buy a peach for Jimmie; a peach that would never be plucked, after all, by Jimmie, and was rotten through and through as it hung on the branch. Duane always took the long view and possessed a vast patience. If the boy's dream of happiness were suddenly shattered now, the blow might be irrevocable in its effect on character, might lead to dissipation, might end in a long journey, in a separation, perhaps, of years; but if Rosie got quick action, if Jimmie should think himself partly in fault—the old man laughed with an unaccustomed cynicism.

An hour later, deliberate Jimmie, now the pink of tropic fashion, strolled casually through the high cool cañons which the hotel people called corridors, and peered among the potted palms in search of an eagerly waiting but carefully reticent sweetheart. His spirits bubbled. In a few days he would be once more a holiday maker like the rest of them, free at last to be happy in such secret hours as Roderica could arrange. His incredible success with the boats, his delightful talk with his father, infused him with a high exhilaration.

He found her, at last, and instantly felt her mood to be akin to his. She had, in fact, been a run-down battery until her encounter with Jack Sutherland; now she was charged to her finger tips. She was surrounded by a little court, all pretending to drink tea and watch the lawn tennis. Her marked personality and the vivid colors she had elected to wear forbade her doing anything unobtrusively, but she made a neat exit and presently she was strolling alone with Jimmie.

"I watched for you, Jimmie," she said with her provocative side glance. "And you, you never looked, never picked up your glasses. Mine are very good. Who was that pretty woman?"

Thrilled by her half-serious touch of jealousy, he begged humble pardon and mentioned a strange name. She drew a sigh of relief that Mamie Gardiner was not on the island. He thought it her sigh of regret that he ever had to speak to another woman. He must change the vessel's name, she told him, smiling; "Roderica" must not be permitted on the stern of a trading vessel.

He poured out his tale; he was no longer a trader, had sold both boats. She looked her pride in his success; and she felt it too. When with her he had always this physical influence over her. His boyish, ingenuous side had always brought quick response from an impetuous girl, thwarted, repressed, condemned to a tiresome round of gayety with correct conventional people. Amid the new undreamed-of excitements of this lawless life his domination over her was waning, but it was still sufficiently marked to be felt by her. She found it easy to be very kind to him. She was in truth a more perfect sweetheart since she had definitely arranged to discard him when the moment came. She was always on guard. When he told her that she must have heard that his father was shipping liquor but that his father had promised to drop it if she objected, she could only stare at him in perplexity.

"Left it to me?" she repeated sharply, perceiving instantly the sardonic humor which had placed her in this position, and deeply resenting it.

"Yes, to you. Mighty fair, don't you think? A sacrifice, perhaps a big one, for you and me; but he'll do it."

She felt herself pinched as in a cleft stick. Her impulse was to tell the truth, to say that the father was selling Vallander whisky. But if Jimmie should feel so strongly on the matter that a quarrel followed, the older Duane would surely withdraw at a ruinous loss to Vallander interests.

"I can't, Jimmie, I can't," she murmured, as she sat down in a secluded seat and drew him to her side. In the falling dusk she caught his hand and held it.

"Why not?" he asked, surprised.

She laughed lightly. "I don't mind telling you what to do though," she added with a touch of malice; "it doesn't seem to influence you a lot. It would be ridiculous, absurd, for me to try and boss your father."

"He asks it!" he cried eagerly. "You have every right. It's a big concession to you, a splendid compliment."

"I wouldn't dare," she whispered softly, her lips close to his face; but he would not be cajoled.

"For my sake," he pleaded earnestly. "You don't hate it as I do, because you don't see its rottenness with your own eyes. You just hear the stories, the dramatic stories. I want to see the dad out of it. For my sake say the word."

"He's joking, Jimmie; he must be. If he's not, he has no right to leave such a decision to me."

It was almost dark. She slipped off her hat and rested her head on his shoulder. He put his arm around her, but he would not change the subject as she wished it changed.

"He has every right," he said. "I told him you and your mother would object. He said if you did he'd drop it."

She raised her head, angry that that invitation had been ignored. "But, Jimmie, suppose we don't object? That mother and I think that Mr. Duane should do what he likes without our interference."

"For my sake, then, Roddy."

At bay, she told him the tale of Uncle Jason's will, but this is how she told it: "Your father came to Washington," she said, "and mother learned he was a multimillionaire. She's so proud, Jimmie. Oh, no, her daughter had hardly a penny; she could not give her consent. She gave him a drink. He saw the label on the bottle, knew about it. That brought the story of Uncle Jason's will, just an accident, like that. In the instant he offered to sell it for her, and for me. I'm half owner under the will."

"How long have you known this?" the astonished Jimmie demanded.

"Yesterday, Jimmie. They said in the hotel your father was a—was selling liquor, and I denied it at first, but I put two and two together, and then I went to mother. She owned up. She told me what I've just told you. She's glad about it. So am I, Jimmie. She's rich again, and I—I don't come empty-handed to you. I meant to tell you tonight." She nestled close again, but he did not even put his arm around her.

"Why didn't you tell me the first thing?"

"Your father's message astonished me, Jimmie. I couldn't think what he meant. Now I see it was no more than a joke in the worst possible taste."

"That's so," the reluctant Jimmie agreed.

"He wouldn't tell you he wouldn't give it up," she cried indignantly. "He wouldn't say he was dealing with my uncle's estate. He just grinned behind his hand and sent you to find out if I objected to selling my own property."

"That's so," said Jimmie in mournful accord. "It's not like him."

"Don't criticize him, Jimmie. Just say the Vallanders do not object, and let him think what he will."

"But doesn't your mother," he insisted, "see the seamy side now? You do. You could stop right now, you know."

"Jimmie," she demanded, "if that liquor was yours would you knock the barrels in the head?"

His answer was a hesitant no.

"You'd leave it, I suppose, in the warehouse until the barrels rotted?"

"I don't suppose I should," honest Jimmie admitted reluctantly.

"Ah! you'd sell it for half its value and let the other man take the risk?"

"Let the other man do the dirty work," he corrected.

"Well, that's not your father's way nor my way," she cried in triumph as she rose to her feet. "We do not ask others to do what we fear to do."

Stung to the quick he caught her arm and they stood in the starlight facing each other. "You've got it right," he said. "Knock the heads in, Roddy."

She stared at him, intently questioning his eyes. "Do you mean it?" she asked.

"I mean it."

"If you were poor, Jimmie; if that was all we had?"

"Oh, I don't know, I can't say. But it isn't."

"Thank you," she said, clasping his arm. "You are so rich you can afford to be quixotic. I—I—am poor. I have some pride. And I'm not coming to you dependent."

"You've won."

She held up her lips—a long kiss—she emerged from the shadows alone.

Jimmie watched her flying along the lighted colonnade, then dropped on a seat, thinking, thinking hard. When at last he recalled his evening engagement he leaped to his feet and ran to the telephone. The little party were gathered at his father's house and had been waiting half an hour, he was told.

"Bring them along, dad," he said, "and tell them I've been too busy to dress."

"Rosie," the father said with a chuckle, "is dolled up till she looks like a fairy queen."

Jimmie hid behind a pillar, saw them come into the crowded lobby, saw aunt and niece go to the dressing room to leave their wraps. He hurried to his father.

"Your little joke came off all right, dad," he said. "Roddy and I have cleared up everything. I must take my share now. I'll run the next lot up to New York."

"Oh, the hell you will!"

"Of course. Shall I leave the dirty work to you? Oh, no."

"Oh, if you're set. Don't tell little Rosie. You'll spoil her evening."

"She must know all about you, yet she thinks a lot of you."

"That's different. I'm only a wrong-headed old man, too old to change. But you—you are her idol."

"Rot!"

"Don't disappoint her, Jimmie."

"What do you mean?" asked the young man impatiently, struck by his father's earnest manner.

"That she worships you. You can't marry her, son; but you can live up to her belief in a clean straight gentleman."

Jimmie, hopelessly embarrassed, burst into a hollow laugh. "It is not her ideals you and I are living by," he said incautiously.

"I wish to heaven we were," was the blunt answer.

Jimmie glared; and then Mrs. Newcombe and Rosamond came, the latter with her proud little head held high. Her first Fifth Avenue dress fitted perfectly. It was just the right shade of pale blue, and her aunt's pearls were just right. She was bubbling over with an infectious gayety that compelled at least a pretense at response. She had never before been in a throng like that and felt that she belonged. She had been poor, dependent, too simply dressed; now she had what to her seemed a fortune, was no longer an unconsidered companion of a rich aunt, was an honored guest at a celebration of successes which she had helped to achieve. The brakes were off, but not as Duane had meant. They were off because joy was in her heart and the zest of youth for pleasure uncontrolled.

Many heads were turned as the quartet threaded its way through the crowded dining room. Their table, marked by its lavish decoration of flowers, was close to that of the Vallanders. Rosamond bowed graciously and never looked to see how it was returned. Her seat faced Roderica. This helped to make her unflagging. She made even Jimmie forget that he had food for thought; it was certainly a merry party. Roserod, Limited, went to its grave amid laughter and jollity.

In the ballroom later, partners thronged. Rosamond was a success, knew it, thrilled to her little triumph. Duane, coming up from the barroom, which he preferred, stood in an archway and surveyed the scene in tolerant good humor. He chanced to see Jimmie and the Vallanders together. He strode over.

"Mrs. Vallander," he said, "Jimmie is wise to everything."

Very erect, resenting his blunt manner, his open approach, she was coldly gracious. "It's just as well, no doubt. But need we discuss it here?"

"Why not? He says he's gotta be in it. He insists on taking the next load up to New York."

"Yes? Are these details necessary now?"

Roderica turned her head sharply and questioned Jimmie with her eyes. She broke into a smile. This was triumph beyond her hopes.

"They are," Duane said dictatorially. "What I want to know is, if Jimmie loses out—gets caught, arrested, and the papers are full up with it—where do you stand?"

The man was becoming impossible, was Mrs. Vallander's thought. It was hard for her to answer with restraint. "Jimmie," she said, shaking her head, "that is not work for you."

"I can't leave it all to my father."

"He does not run risks of degrading incidents. Some gossip here, perhaps, but arrest, notoriety, would be disgraceful."

"What do you say, Roddy?" the father demanded.

The girl, as incensed as her mother and welcoming any victory over Duane, promptly answered in the words of the afternoon: "Neither you nor I, Mr. Duane, ask others to do what we would not do ourselves."

"Yes, yes; but what does that mean?"

"That if Jimmie was caught I would go to New York, announce the engagement, and run to his cell." She flashed her brilliant smile on Jimmie.

"You see, dad; I could have told you. Settled!" He rose and danced away with Roderica.

Duane was so angry that he strode away without a word to the mother. "The black liar!" he muttered as he retreated to the bar. "She'd like to have him jailed. She'd like that excuse to throw him over."

He sat in a corner alone, drinking Vallander rye, which he had taken care should be supplied to the hotel. He still but made up his mind to explode the truth on Jimmie and get away from this silk-stockinged lot who double-crossed him at every turn. The liquor soothed him; he could not deal his son the blow; patience—Rosie was blossoming.

### XVII

"RODDY, you will not let him go?"

"Of course not, mother."

"But you said ——"

"What else could I say, and Jimmie there? The father challenged me." (Continued on Page 78)

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# Keeping Faith With the Veterans

## By FORREST CRISSEY

NO NATION can shoulder a more sacred trust than the obligation of caring to the uttermost for the men disabled in its defense and for the dependents of those who died for it. Next comes the obligation of doing the square thing by all the others who left their families, their jobs and their opportunities in life to join the battle array.

There has been endless and bitter discussion as to whether this supreme trust has been well or ill discharged and whether Congress has been niggardly or generous with the veterans.

Ever since the Armistice, the ranks of the American Legion have volleyed and thundered like the battle front in Flanders with this discussion. In the last year, however, there has been a marked lull in the bombardment from Legion posts, due partly to the fact that veteran relief conditions generally have much improved and partly to the Legion's better knowledge of what actually has been and is being done.

Toward the other peoples of the earth we are the world's greatest creditor nation; if we have failed in our duty to the disabled men, to their dependents and to the dependents of those who gave their lives in the World War, then toward our veterans we are the world's meanest debtor nation.

The veterans and the taxpayers are the principal parties in interest in this matter. Outside of those officially or professionally concerned in the work, I have yet to find either a veteran or a taxpayer able to give more than a vague idea of what has been and is being done for the relief of veterans and dependents. The most savage critics have been those with the least definite knowledge of the facts.

Whether we have adequately discharged our responsibility to the nation's defenders is primarily a question of fact. After that comes the divergence of individual views as to what are the limits of adequate relief.

Without finding the facts and measuring them by the foot rule and calipers of common sense, the nation's discharge of its greatest responsibility cannot be intelligently or fairly dealt with either from the veterans' or the taxpayers' viewpoint.

The final straw which determined me to go after the facts was a challenge flung at me by a Legionnaire.

"What has the Government actually done for us that really counts anyhow?" he demanded. "If you ask me, I'll say it has done rather a neat job of side-stepping its duty to the boys who fought for it."

If the Legion's opinion is that Uncle Sam has been a piker in his treatment of the veterans, the taxpayers appear to be equally unanimous in the conviction that the Government has spent enough money to do a mighty generous job of it. Back of that opinion is the feeling that probably a lot of this relief money has been fooled away and perhaps grafted. Neither veteran nor taxpayer is satisfied or informed.

### The Bureau Fundamentally Sound

MY FIRST quest for facts brought me face to face with Gen. Frank T. Hines, director of the Veterans' Bureau at Washington. After listening to my request, he replied:

"Good! You are not more anxious to procure the facts of the bureau's administration than we are to give them. Anything is open to you. To have an article published telling comprehensively what the bureau has actually done and is trying to do will be refreshing.

"Certainly it has made mistakes, and it will continue to make them; but not of the sort which, earlier in its history, made it an object of general suspicion. It is not for me to discuss the public scandal attaching to a previous administration of the bureau; but I am privileged to repeat what I told the American Legion Convention—that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the Veterans' Bureau now; that it is whole-heartedly devoted to the job of doing its utmost, under the law, for the veterans and doing it promptly; that it is equally devoted to its responsibilities to the taxpayers to prevent fraud and waste of the vast funds which it handles as a public trust.

"The mistakes which it will make will be those of individual judgment, mainly in the handling of personal cases and of details. Every precaution we can think of is taken to hedge both small and large decisions about with precautions to prevent errors of judgment and to give individual justice to every claimant. But the 27,000 members of the bureau organization are all human—just as human as the claimants.

"More than half our male employes are themselves ex-service men. This is something for veterans to think about in judging the natural attitude of the bureau toward claimants. Again, what possible motive can any bureau employe have for giving any claimant less than all he is entitled to under the law? The natural thing for bureau employes to do is to go the limit for claimants and give them the benefit of the doubt wherever possible. That is what the law and the regulations require.

"True, the personal financial responsibility to the Government of every bureau employe may influence those lacking in strong character and decision to resolve doubts against a claimant rather than in his favor, but we try to overcome the leaning-backward attitude.

"I repeat, the attitude and the morale of the bureau are sound; its work is done conscientiously and energetically. When the truth of this is nationally recognized the usefulness of the bureau will be greatly increased. I know of no reason in the world why any claimant cannot obtain full and prompt justice at the hands of the bureau except the element of human frailty. The door of appeal is never closed against him. However, justice is not automatic and never will be."

In formmg a fair judgment of how well or ill a task has been done, something more than the mere size of the job must be considered. Conditions surrounding the work must be weighed. It is one thing to sail a well-charted sea in a staunch ship manned by an experienced crew, and quite another to navigate unmapped waters in an emergency craft hastily knocked together and with a green crew.

Unlike human beings and most business enterprises, this undertaking was not born small. It leaped into being full grown. There it was, a mountain of responsibility, crying to be shouldered and moved without delay. Public sentiment demanded that it be done at once—regardless.

### Unavoidable Waste

THE urgency of the situation offered no excuse for graft, but it did cut out the caution in spending money that well-organized private industry would have used. The cards were stacked against the bureau by the necessity for quick action as far as close businesslike buying was concerned. In short, it was in position to be rather mercilessly exploited by conscienceless private citizens who were strictly on the job to take advantage of that opening. The courts have yet to determine to what extent graft entered into early expenditures for hospital sites, hospitals and other large purchases. But the fact remains that the situation itself made thrifty buying virtually impossible in the days when shiploads of disabled men were arriving and had to be hospitalized without delay. As a result unreasonable prices were paid for much that had to be bought. There was undoubtedly a technical waste of the taxpayer's money, but the business man who could have avoided this waste altogether would have been a miracle worker.

Consider the size of the job. The Veterans' Bureau is one of the biggest business institutions in America. Probably only three or four of the greatest industrial corporations of the country have larger financial operations. Its current disbursements run considerably above $1,000,000 a day; it has, roughly, about 1,000,000 customers on its books and it has handled more than 6,500,000 applications for relief and insurance.

Its main lines of business are: Providing medical care and hospitalization for disabled veterans; providing vocational training for handicapped veterans who are disabled; consideration of claims for compensation, insurance and vocational training; maintaining insurance records for veterans; issuing adjusted service certificates and adjusted-compensation payments—soldiers' 1924 bonus.

This looks simple, but wait for a close-up of any one of these jobs! As a hospital enterprise, the bureau overtops all others. It operates the greatest vocational-training enterprise the world has ever known. Life insurance is one of the most intricate forms of business evolved by modern civilization; the Veterans' Bureau conducts one of the largest life-insurance businesses in the world. As a mail-order house, it does a huge business, handling 1,200,000 pieces of out-going mail and 900,000 of incoming each month, involving $4,800,000 of premium remittances.

Now for a quick glance at what has been accomplished. The bureau and the agencies now a part of it have disbursed altogether more than $2,700,000,000, nearly all the payments being in relatively small amounts; it has handled nearly 1,000,000 disability and death compensation claims, awarding almost half of them. It has made more than 150,000 disability and death term insurance awards, averaging about $9000 and totaling $1,300,000,000.

The bureau has in force more than 350,000 United States Government converted life-insurance policies, totaling $1,375,000,000, and 209,385 term insurance policies amounting to $1,609,000,000. It has trained, rehabilitated and put back into occupations about 70,000 men, establishing and maintaining eighty special schools for this purpose and using more than 2000 colleges, universities and schools to that end.

Operated directly under the bureau are forty-nine hospitals, having more than 19,400 beds—other government hospitals, the facilities of which have been made available to the bureau, increase its hospitalization capacity to 28,500 beds; more than 27,500 patients are now being cared for in these hospitals and three new hospitals are under construction. Also the bureau operates seventy-nine dispensaries, which now give about 140,000 treatments a month.

These are a few of the high spots of performance.

The intended job of the Veterans' Bureau is to administer all benefits, of every sort, authorized by law for the veterans of the World War. It was created by an act of Congress, August 9, 1921, and its director is responsible directly to the President of the United States. Before its creation, its responsibilities were scattered among various governmental agencies. Congress consolidated all these jobs into one and called the Veterans' Bureau into being to shoulder the entire responsibility, thus theoretically precluding the possibility of passing the buck among various government agencies.

Actually, Congress has not fully carried out this intent, having left, besides the Veterans' Bureau, the United States Public Health Service, the Army, the Navy, the National Soldiers' Homes and the Comptroller General very much in the field.

Before the country began to receive its disabled veterans in large numbers, the reports of the Surgeon General of the Army pointed out just what the problem would be and what would take place if adequate provisions were not made to handle the load. The country failed to act accordingly. We were as unprepared for the after-war problems as for the war itself.

From time to time new tasks have been assigned to the bureau as Uncle Sam has developed new phases of liberality for veterans. The latest is that of handling the Adjusted Compensation Act of May 19, 1924. This is some job in itself, as it will require the adjustment of possibly 4,000,000 claims, involving about $2,280,000,000. Of cases certified to date, the cash payments average $33.70 each; and where cash is not to be paid, adjusted compensation certificates average $1024.

### The Law in a Nutshell

RESPONDING to my request for the simplest possible statement of the Adjusted Compensation Act, the director furnished the following:

"The act provides for an adjustment in pay for veterans of the World War of one dollar a day for each day of home service and $1.25 a day for each day of overseas service after April 5, 1917, and before July 1, 1919, except that no credit is allowed for sixty days of service or less, and there are classes of service, described hereafter, for which no credit is allowed.

"If the amount due the veteran in such adjusted compensation is fifty dollars or less, he will be paid in cash in one payment, or, if the veteran is deceased, the amount will be paid to his dependents. If the amount due is more than fifty dollars, the veteran will receive an adjusted service certificate, or if the veteran is deceased, the amount of the veteran's adjusted service credit will be paid to his dependent or dependents who have made valid application within the prescribed period in the order named in the law, in cash, in ten quarterly installments.

"The adjusted service certificate will be in the nature of twenty-year endowment insurance, payable to the veteran in cash at the end of the twenty-year period or to the beneficiary designated by him, or to his estate in the event of his death within the twenty-year period. This certificate will be of a face value equal to the amount in dollars of twenty-year endowment insurance that the amount of his adjusted-service credit, increased by 25 per cent, would purchase at his age on his birthday nearest the date of the certificate.

"The veteran has the right to name the beneficiary of his adjusted-service certificate and may change the beneficiary subject to approval of the director of the United States Veterans' Bureau."

The livest line of American Legion activity today ties directly into adjusted-compensation disbursements. This is a drive to raise a $5,000,000 endowment fund as a permanent foundation for the rehabilitation and orphans'-relief work of the Legion. Though the greater part of this will be procured by popular subscription, those veterans whose financial circumstances render them indifferent to

(Continued on Page 42)

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# FISHER BODIES

(Continued from Page 40)

their adjusted-compensation benefits will be asked to assign them to the Legion endowment fund. President Coolidge and Vice-President-elect Dawes have sponsored this huge Legion enterprise by accepting membership in its honorary committee; but its character and importance should be understood instead of merely inferred, because the whole fabric of veteran relief is involved in it.

Many, perhaps most, citizens believe that the Veterans' Bureau is the only relief organization which the buddies have or need. Well, it isn't. On this job Uncle Sam has an unofficial but not silent partner in the person of the American Legion. The rehabilitation organization of the American Legion is structurally a precise duplicate of the bureau. It checks the bureau organization at every point, both at Washington and in the field. Literally, it audits almost every phase of the bureau's performance, day by day.

The bureau has its director and its central organization at Washington and its fourteen regional offices in the field. The Legion has its chairman of the National Rehabilitation Committee and his central organization in Washington and a district secretary and liaison officer in the field at every regional office of the Veterans' Bureau. Touching all veteran relief matters, the chairman of the Legion's rehabilitation committee is the official interpreter to the President of the United States of Legion attitude on both legislation and performance. He is, perhaps, called to the White House quite as frequently as the director of the Veterans' Bureau.

Out in the field, the Legion's rehabilitation secretary and liaison officer checks against the bureau's district manager, gives him the Legion viewpoint on everything from rulings and interpretations to the treatment of individual cases. Also he keeps the Legion's rehabilitation chairman at Washington closely informed as to how relief matters are going in the district.

These Legion liaison officers' hands are upon every phase of relief; they fight for individual justice for their veterans and at the same time administer discipline to the unruly; they inspect hospitals, attend court hearings, umpire family quarrels, act as advocates for veterans before rating and appeal boards and as emergency custodians for mentally disordered veterans under observation, and do any other odd jobs that the exigencies of quick and practical relief may require.

According to Watson B. Miller, chairman of the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, his organization has recovered substantially $10,000,000 for veterans—in most instances where recovery was unlikely without this Legion service in properly developing the cases of the veteran claimants to compensation, insurance and other benefits.

### Homes for War Orphans

Not a law has been enacted involving veterans' relief which has not to a large extent been developed by the rehabilitation committee of the Legion, and it is on duty at all congressional and other important public hearings. Its purpose is to obtain collective and individual justice for the veterans, to guard the flock, to work with the administration of the bureau whenever possible and to criticize and go after it whenever and however it seems necessary to do so. In developing liberalizing and progressive legislation for veterans' relief, it would appear that honors are about even as between the heads of the Veterans' Bureau and the American Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee. They have done good teamwork. Other service organizations and the Congressional Investigating Committee, headed by Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, helped in clearing the way for the Reed-Johnson bill, passed last June, whose provisions have greatly assisted in liberalizing veterans' relief.

The bureau and the Legion are agreed in estimating that there are about 35,000 war orphans, of whom 5000 need immediate attention. The only institution now devoted exclusively to war orphans is the Legion billet at Otterlake, Michigan. It is now caring for thirty-five orphans. Land and funds for buildings have been subscribed in Kansas. New Jersey citizens also have offered land, and a building and land in Tennessee has been donated. A billet in the Far West is needed. It is believed that the five will be sufficient for the present. All this is the work for which the big endowment fund is intended to provide a permanent foundation.

Another important line of new business lately undertaken by the bureau is cleaning up the guardianship mess. This job was originated to meet a difficult and unsavory situation involving the most helpless of the war's victims—the veterans who are mentally incompetent and their minor dependents, and dependents of veterans who made the supreme sacrifice.

The Veterans' Bureau states that there are about 38,000 minors of this kind under guardianship, and more than 22,000 mentally incompetent veterans. The permanent-total-disability list alone shows 9519 guardians of minors and 15,000 guardians of incompetent veterans in the background. These guardians were appointed by the state courts. Until recently the bureau's only connection with them was to remit money to them.

But sinister indications of guardianship irregularities came to the surface as guardianships began to expire. For example, a man who had been appointed guardian of his insane son became conscience-stricken and confessed that he had misappropriated more than $5000 of his son's money. His confession contained the sworn statement that he was ready to make restitution to his son's estate.

### Guardians, Good and Bad

Although the bureau's power to interfere in the administration of these guardianships was hedged about by legal hazards and uncertainty, the director determined to exert every ounce of its influence, legal and moral, to correct this situation. A special guardianship subdivision was organized and the foundation for a sharper and more systematic scrutiny of guardianships was laid.

This service has been operating for six months and has accomplished startling results. The first task was to compile, from 500,000 records, lists of guardians and of minor dependents. Specific information covering the stewardship of about 30,000 guardians came in by mail to Uncle Sam on the first roll call. The inquiries necessary to the building up of this list have exerted a wholesome effect upon guardianship morale generally. Guardians have awakened to the fact that Uncle Sam is watching them. When the bond furnished by a guardian is not sufficient to protect the accumulating funds of the beneficiary, the guardian is notified through the court that appointed him. Several fake bonding concerns have been uncovered.

Probably the most numerous cases of guardianship irregularity occur among the stepfather guardians. Thousands of war widows have remarried and the children of men who died in service now find themselves under stepfather guardianship.

Not all these stepfathers are unfaithful guardians, but a regrettably large number of them are. In many cases it has been found that the sums paid for the benefit of these war orphans have been used as family funds by their stepfather guardians. Frequently the beneficiaries do not know that the Government is sending money each month for their individual benefit.

Numerous cases of the grossest neglect of war orphans have been unearthed by this special-service agency of the bureau. For example, a little girl, the daughter and dependent of a soldier who was killed in France, was found on a county poor farm, where she had been placed by her guardian, who had not applied to her care the funds received for her from the bureau. The excuse was that the child was undeveloped. The guardianship subdivision dug into the case of this little unfortunate. The physical interference which had obstructed her normal development was easily removed by proper surgical attention. This is only one of many cases equally outrageous and pathetic.

At this writing, a professional guardian is in jail in the East awaiting trial for embezzlement of $50,000 of soldiers' funds. This type of guardian had comparatively easy sailing until guardianship accountings revealed the buzzards. The bureau is now following the policy of going the limit and using all Uncle Sam's moral and legal force in protecting incompetent veterans and minor dependents of dead or incompetent veterans from crooked guardians. When inspectors from regional offices unearth evident guardianship fraud, payment from the central office is promptly stopped. This new power to stop payments when reports are unsatisfactory is the smudge by which Uncle Sam is able to help state courts in smoking crooked guardians out of their holes. The Legion's rehabilitation organization has helped. Its national chairman says:

"Many thousands of dollars have voluntarily been returned to the Government that had been received by guardians on guardianships which had expired by death or the coming to legal age of minors, and for other reasons.

"Usually this restitution has taken the form of returns of government checks which had been received and hoarded, but which the guardians had been afraid to cash. Restitution amounted to $2000 a day the first fifty days of Uncle Sam's guardianship investigation."

A big advance in bureau administration, under the act of June 7, 1924, is the policy of having veterans' ratings made by boards in the field, before whom the veterans may appear in person, which in part are made up of physicians who conduct their physical examination. This cuts out red tape and delay, taking the bureau to the veteran and giving him direct action on the ground. It permits a closer understanding of the personal equation and gives a better average of individual justice than the old paper plan of making disability ratings at long range.

This decentralization gives real authority to bureau men out in the field and reduces the number of hands through which a claim must pass before the relief is actually granted. Relief on the Ground is the slogan of the reorganized bureau. Even the Central Board of Appeal is now being decentralized for the purpose of finally passing on claims of disabled veterans whose cases have not been handled by the regional or state boards with satisfaction to the claimant. However, the claimant will always have his appeal to the director if he wishes to exercise it.

To make a vast governmental machine so flexible, so unmechanical that it can adapt itself to myriads of human problems and give them quick and individual adjustment is about the ultimate achievement in organization building. This purpose has already wrought remarkable results. It is perhaps the most encouraging element in the present veterans' relief situation. It will not work miracles, but for a government bureau policy applied on a vast scale it is showing speed.

Perhaps the only public policy on which all citizens of the United States are agreed is that all veterans needing hospital treatment should be given the best obtainable, by any person, anywhere, at any price. This feature of veteran relief outranks all others in the popular regard.

### Director Hines' Statement

Realizing the extent and intensity of this feeling, I asked Director Hines for a statement of the hospital situation as is. It follows:

"There are now in operation under the direct jurisdiction of the bureau forty-nine hospitals, with more than 19,400 beds. Other government hospitals are open to World War veterans, so that there are now available in government hospitals a total of more than 28,500 beds. There are now being hospitalized in government hospitals more than 23,000 patients, including 9165 cases of tuberculosis, 8900 neuropsychiatric cases and 5000 general cases.

"At present 336 civil and state hospitals are being used for some 4250 beneficiaries of the bureau, including 1637 cases of tuberculosis, 2400 neuropsychiatric cases and 200 general cases. These facilities are used largely for emergency hospitalization and for diagnosis and observation.

"As the bureau hospital-construction program develops, the number of cases in civil and state hospitals will proportionately decrease. More than $40,000,000 has been appropriated for the development of bureau hospital facilities, and the present Congress has provided and the President has approved a further sum of $6,500,000 to be expended for additional hospital construction. Since July 1, 1923, ten new bureau hospitals have been opened and three other hospitals are being completed new from the ground up.

"As a result of the World War Veterans' Act of 1924, making government facilities available for all disabled ex-service men, regardless of service connection or disability, a sharp increase in the number being hospitalized has been observed. Already, since June 7, 1924, when the new act became effective, there has been an increase of more than 2000 cases, and this increase is expected to continue for some time. It costs the Government approximately $4.00 a day to care for patients in hospitals under its own jurisdiction.

"For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, appropriations for medical service, not including salaries, total $42,000,000; and there has been appropriated to date for all medical services, which prior to the fiscal year 1924 included salaries of physicians and hospital personnel, more than $30,000,000.

"In the forty-nine hospitals under the immediate jurisdiction of the Veterans' Bureau there is a total of more than 11,400 personnel, including 554 full-time physicians, 75 dentists, 157 attending specialists and 1320 nurses.

"In the district medical service there are now on duty 923 full-time medical and dental officers and 609 part-time physicians and dentists. During the fiscal year 1924 all hospitals reported a total of 64,053 admissions, averaging 5338 a month."

Cold figures, however, utterly fail to sketch the picture of the unstinted provisions for the care and treatment of patients in Veterans' Bureau hospitals. Graft or no graft, the new hospitals constructed by the bureau and their equipment are admirable. A high Legion officer made this laudatory comment:

"Their equipment is probably the best and most complete known to medical and surgical science today."

### The Hospital Situation

Regarding the general hospital situation, the director's answer is this:

"Certain of our hospitals, especially in the West, are being utilized to maximum capacity. This indicates the extent to which the bureau is discharging its obligations. Our hospital facilities in certain crowded areas are too limited, due to conditions inherited from the war.

"The hospital situation is admittedly unbalanced. When the wreckage of the war swept back upon our shores, there was no adequate system of hospitals ready for it. A very large share of it had to be cared for in an emergency manner. The Army and the Navy, acting separately, used their existing hospitals and built others where the demands of the moment seemed to dictate. This was the legacy which the bureau inherited at its birth.

"Then pressure for hospitalization became so great that hospitals were acquired not because they were ideally located, near large centers of population, but because they were the only ones available. They would house the unfortunate victims of the war and that was the supreme consideration of the moment.

"In developing hospital facilities under more recent construction legislation, every effort has been made to place the hospitals properly. In its last session Congress authorized certain hospital construction, in accordance with recommendations of this bureau, which to a great extent rounded out the bureau hospital-construction program; and this money is just now available."

John A. Hartman, secretary and liaison officer of the Eighth District Rehabilitation Committee of the American Legion, has just completed an official inspection of veteran hospitalization in Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. This hard-hitting official Legion critic of government relief for veterans declares:

"The hospital situation is this: These built and operated by the bureau are almost ideal, but they are altogether too few. The ghastly mistake was made right after the war, when the potential size of the veteran insane problem was almost wholly unappreciated.

"The situation as to insane veterans in Illinois is probably worse than in some other states, and perhaps better than in some others. However, let it serve as an example. Right now 500 insane soldiers are being hospitalized in state and county institutions in Illinois, and a fourth as many in one government hospital in the state. Commitments of ex-service men now average more than fifteen a week.

"The situation for tubercular patients is almost as bad in Illinois. True, more than

(Continued on Page 64)

On the floor is shown Pattern No. 534. In the 6 x 9-foot size, it costs only $9.00.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE

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Pattern No. 556

Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 386

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Pattern No. 544

# For the Children— a sanitary playground

You never saw a child that didn't love to play on the floor. But you've seen lots of floors covered with rugs that were "too good" or too dusty—for the children to play on! To be sure, those rugs weren't Congoleum!

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You can see for yourself how pretty this rug is. What you can't see are still more important points. A *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rug saves time and work. The lightest of moppings removes every speck of dust and leaves the smooth, waterproof surface fresh and spotless. Then, too, it is seamless and lies perfectly flat without tacks, cement or any fastening.

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| 9 | x 12 | ft. | 18.00 | sizes only | | | |

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"*Things Every Woman Should Know About Congoleum Rugs*," a very interesting illustrated folder, shows all the beautiful Congoleum patterns in their actual rich colors. Our nearest office will gladly send you a free copy upon request.

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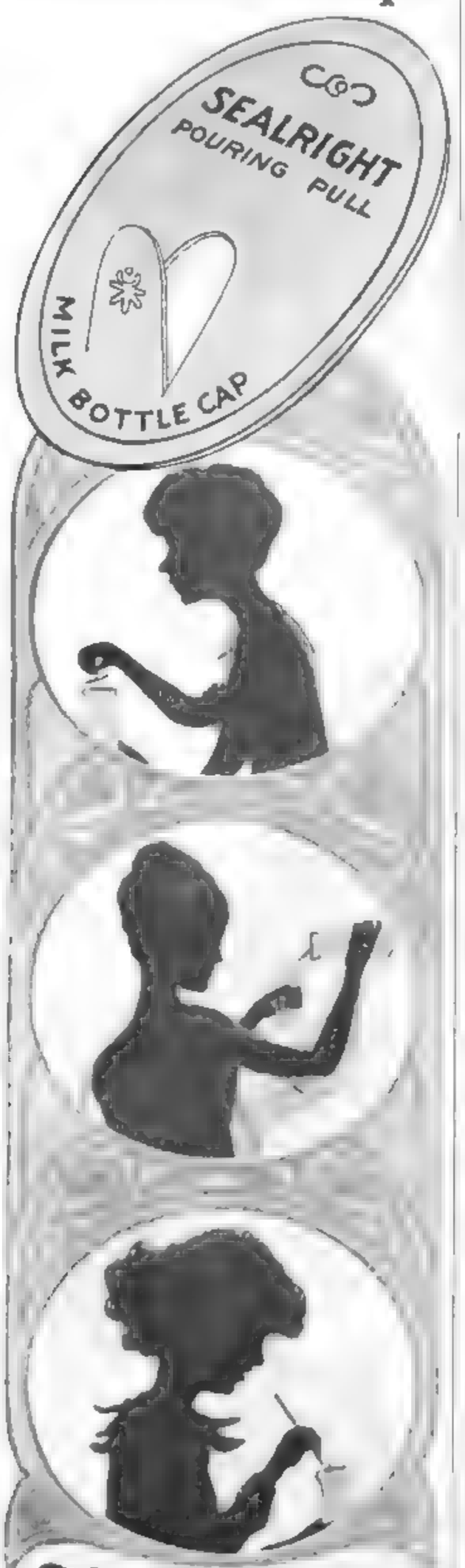


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Sealright Pouring Pull Caps are actually three times more useful than ordinary milk bottle caps:

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Ask your milkman to use Sealright Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Caps.

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Largest Plant of its Kind in the World


# THE WOW FINISH

(Continued from Page 16)

In the original version, at this point the drivers both began salving the officer, the man flashing the high sign of his lodge and a ten-dollar bill, the woman frankly and earnestly vamping the policeman. With a great show of solicitude they rolled back the cars, extricated the limp lump of humanity and held him up until he regained enough vigor to demand justice and reparation. But the woman took the officer's arm and smiled him off the stage with her; and the man, proceeding to a baseball game, left the victim flat, as the saying is. Even on paper, this finish was seen to be weak, devoid of a kick.

So another was written and rehearsed. While the drivers, after taking the jay walker out from betwixt the Juggernauts, tried to coax the lifeblood to course again through his veins, the officer engaged himself with writing out a ticket, charging going the wrong way on a one-way street, obstructing traffic and endangering the lives and property of others. When finished, the officer gave it to—the victim.

Try-out audiences found this twist amusing, but nothing to get excited over. Several modifications and alterations were tried. But after running wild, after drawing tremendous laughs in a steady rapid stream from the moment the curtain rose until shortly before it descended, the act died away at the finish.

Watching the audience for their reactions at one performance, the worried author thought he detected something. Lest it be a phenomenon due solely to that particular audience, he watched the audience closely at the following performance, and saw the same thing; he discovered the exact point in the act at which the interest of the paying customers relaxed. From that point on, though they laughed, the tension was gone, the suspense dissipated. And that point was the moment when the two cars were rolled back and the victim stood up on his feet. As long as he was in danger and ignored the audience loved it. As soon as he was rescued they lost interest.

So a new finish was tried, one that would give the auditors a chance to emit their enthusiasm while it was still at its height.

"The trouble is," the policeman explains, "you were trying to go three ways on a one-way street. This is a one-way street every day except Sunday between four and five, and today is not Sunday."

"My Gawd!" wails the victim under the wheels. "Do I have to stay here till next Sunday?"

Quick curtain—on a wow from the delighted audience.

Before taking up the mechanics of the five different types of finishes with which vaudeville is concerned in building its acts, it is rather important that some attention be drawn to the conditions an act must meet as it roams the country.

### *Peculiarities of Audiences*

Considering the big time only, an act finds the audiences in nearly every house it plays distinguishably different from almost every house on the circuit. The Palace, Chicago, will howl at a wise crack, a nifty, that Duluth audiences won't even flag as it flies over their heads. Boston and Lowell, perhaps an hour apart, might be on different continents so far as their vaudeville tastes are concerned. Before the war, Washington, D. C., was one of the best audiences in the country for a classy, clean clever act.

The location of a theater in any city, the nature of the city's principal industry—steel-ribbed Pittsburgh could not be expected to enjoy the same things in similar fashion with rose-grown Portland, Oregon—the personality of the house manager and staff, these and fifty other elements contribute to determine the quality of an audience. There are certain well-known good audiences and certain tough ones. Detroit is soft for comedy acts, either classy or hokum, but tough for highbrow musical turns. Youngstown—try to make 'em laugh there, that's all! A comedian playing Baltimore will sometimes insert a suggestion of the *risqué* when he would not think of pulling the line in Minneapolis.

But the vaudevillian knows that from every theater he plays a report of his act goes into the main office of the circuit. This report states how his act was received by the audience, whether it was liked muchly, or not so much, and the quantity and quality of the applause it elicited. Keen & Cutting may get a bad report from New Orleans. The office, however, knows that New Orleans does not usually go crazy over that type of act. So its lack of success there is discounted. At the end of the season, if Keen & Cutting have a high percentage of good reports to their credit it is fairly certain that the office will reroute them the following season.

The necessity of procuring good reports increased an evil that lately managers have been fighting hard to destroy—the evil of stealing bows. One theory of applause is that it indicates that the audience wants more of what it has been sampling. "Always leave 'em wanting more," is axiomatic. On the other hand, an audience must be afforded an opportunity to denote its appreciation of the actor in rousing the pleasure, excitement or whatever other emotions it comes to the theater to have resuscitated.

The natural, at least customary, reserve of an American audience is comparable to the cement work damming a river. If the performer can open a sluice gate or spillway the tide of applause will rush out—we hope—in a strong compact stream. If through lack of fitting climax or showmanship no outlet for the pent enthusiasm is provided, it is very apt to trickle thinly over the top of the dam or swash around weakly in backwater bayous.

### *The Art of Stealing Bows*

The artifices of less talented performers for stealing bows and applause were many. Leaving one hand in sight on the proscenium arch when exiting; standing on the stage with an innocently inquiring expression as though asking the audience, "Do you really want another song from modest little me?" Tricky manipulations of the spotlight; bringing a musical instrument on for a bow to suggest that if the applause was strengthened a trifle a beautiful saxophone solo would be the reward; changing hats or—comedy—coats for each bow, thus stringing them out till the wardrobe was exhausted—these were but the more obvious stalls to enable the perpetrators to bow numerous bends at the close of their acts. Such doings went into the manager's report, willy-nilly, as six bows. It read well, but actors and managers knew that it was not the real gravy, the expressive term used in referring to a sincere, spontaneous, long-sustained volume of enthusiastically genuine applause.

No one blames a vaudevillian for wanting to stop the show. To create such a storm of applause that the next act cannot go on until the riot is quelled by a speech of thanks—that is indeed highest gratification and reward. But to do so illegitimately was fair neither to audiences nor to following acts.

Managers began curbing the nuisance. Today in some of the better-class theaters there are so-called ground rules governing the number of bows an act may take before the thanks speech, and also the manner of their taking. It is still possible to stop a show in these houses; a nut violinist with a gorgeous gift of clowning stopped the Palace, New York, show twice during his stay on the stage one recent Monday night. But deprived of the old hokum and Old Glory, it is harder than ever before to achieve a wow finish.

These finishes fall naturally into five groups or types—the dancing finish, the singing finish, the effect finish, the surprise finish and the trick finish. There is no law against combining two or more of them into one. And for them all, the orchestra almost invariably plays fast and *forte*.

"Go into your dance!" is a cynical bit of advice oft heard, similar in significance to the "Louder—and funnier!" that was shouted at Louis Mann from one corner of the room during a speech he was making at an actors' banquet. Many a performer, struggling with an unresponsive audience, consoles himself with the reflection, "I'll get 'em when I go into my dance at the finish."

He knows that an audience which is sitting on its hands, as the phrase is, will warm up and applaud dancing when nothing else will stir it from its lethargy. Why? Your guess is as good as anyone's. Human nature, perhaps.

Certain it is that the rhythmic movements of more or less graceful limbs attached to a body of more or less beauty, when accompanied by more or less music, has a universal appeal. Neither intelligence, education nor culture is any bar to an appreciation of dancing. Former President Woodrow Wilson, who counted vaudeville among his valuable relaxations, was known to actors playing Washington as a great audience for a song-and-dance act.

A dance at the finish—it need not be a routine of difficult steps, provided it be well done and well sold—is the surest method known of releasing the appreciation of an actor's worth and transforming it into tangible applause. These finishes depend somewhat upon the setting an act uses, whether it be a full-stage turn—one using all or most of the available stage space—or an act in one. One is that strip of stage extending from the footlights to a drop curtain hung directly behind the tormentors. Tormentors? Oh, they are the stationary wings that jut out from both sides of the stage to frame the picture of the stage setting proper.

The full-stage act has the advantage of a curtain to close in on it. The very descent of a curtain prompts applause, and if it descends on a pretty picture, an effective grouping or a stageful of lively stepping dancers, it constitutes a climax. But the act in one has to get off the stage. He may dance off, or he may finish his dance near the entrance on one side, wait until the applause starts—if ever—and bow off

More concretely, the always effective split may be used for the finish of a dance in full stage. The shapely limbed dancer pirouettes dizzily, leaps blithely and carefree in the general direction of the roof and lands on the stage in a perfect split, smilingly. Curtain!

But that cannot well be done in one. Whatever effect the full-stage dancer produced by her spectacular split timed to the last climactic chord of the music would be spoiled for the dancer in one by the necessity of gathering herself together and erect in order to get off the stage. Even most graceful dancers feel awkward in recovering from a split. There are certain rather unwieldy portions of the human anatomy—try it yourself and you will understand. So the act in one does her splitting earlier in the routine, when she has music and preferably a partner to assist her to rise from the floor, and she concludes her dance with a low curtsy or a seemingly difficult, captivating step that carries her out of sight just as the orchestra reaches the final bar of music.

Josie O'Meers, now retired and happy, was one of the first to apply the advantages of the dancing finish to a wire-walking act. She introduced the stunt of singing a song and tripping the light fantastic toe while remaining at the same time on both tight wire and pitch. It served this little English artist as a more than satisfactory finish for many years, and was a great boon to other gymnasts in improving their offerings.

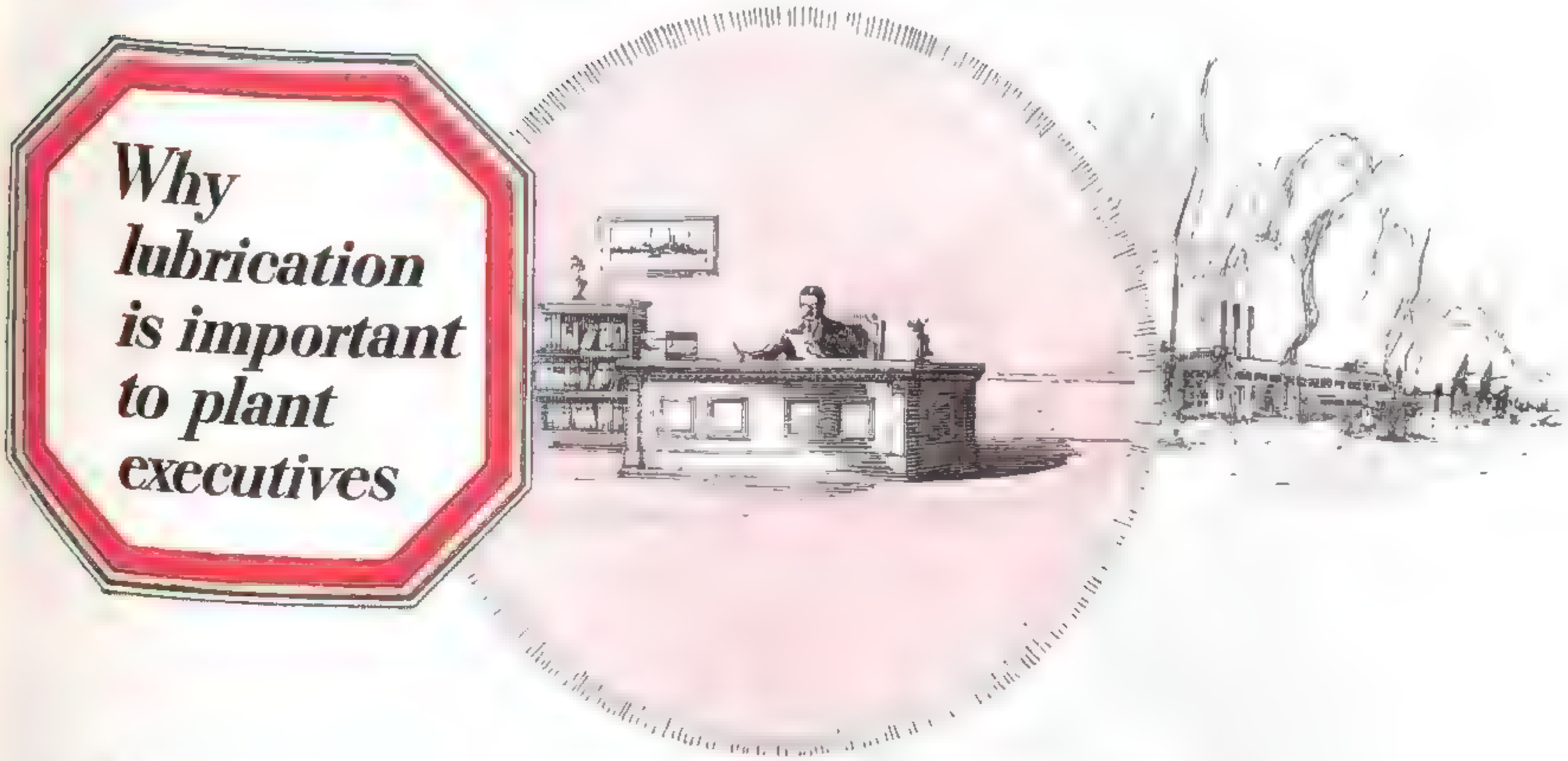
### *Madame Gadski in Vaudeville*

Next in popularity and effectiveness is the singing finish; not necessarily a top note, though that is a valuable prop to possess. But like everything else, the song must be put over, must be sold.

Madame Gadski signed recently for a few weeks of vaudeville appearances. At a Saturday matinée at the Hippodrome she found the going rather tough, though doubtless the grand-opera star did not express it so, despite some children's songs she specially interpolated and announced. For her first encore she sang the famous Call of the Valkyrie with which she is inseparably associated in the memories of countless grand-opera lovers. At the Metropolitan, at Carnegie Hall, in almost any place except a vaudeville house, that electrifying bit of music would have brought a storm of applause crashing down upon the diva. But to the majority of Hippodrome habitués it was only an unfamiliar song They applauded, and fairly generously, because it stirred them.

Had Madame Gadski been more familiar with vaudeville, or better advised, she would have announced that number. She would have told what the song was "by

(Continued on Page 47)




# Management control

***How some burdens can be lifted from executives' shoulders***

*What is the chief problem of industrial executives today?*

Too many problems—too many "troubles" of the business, some large, others small but irritating, that are constantly or frequently pressing for attention. It is the time spent on "keeping things running" that keeps most men from the big and constructive part of their jobs.

*Is lubrication one of these problems?*

It may be a problem—it is in some plants. But in other plants it is not—it is an *insurance against problems*. Executives are discovering the relation of lubrication to "plant troubles"—breakdowns, repairs with consequent shutdowns, halted production, interrupted profits.

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The Vacuum Oil Company will place before you the facts about correct lubrication, which are the result of their 59 years of experience all over the world. Their representatives are trained to present this information to chief executives in the form that most directly meets your lubrication problem. We will, if you wish, make a complete survey of the lubrication needs of your plant with our recommendations. We call this our Lubrication Audit. It places no obligation upon you and it may be the means of removing some of your operation problems. Please address our nearest branch.

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# Vacuum Oil Company

NEW YORK

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**INSPECTION:** A thoroughly experienced Vacuum Oil Company representative cooperates with your plant engineer or superintendent in making a careful survey and record of your mechanical equipment and operating conditions.

**RECOMMENDATIONS:** We later specify, in a written report, the correct oil and correct application of the oil for the efficient and economical operation of each engine and machine.

*This report is based on:*

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2. Your operating conditions.
3. Our 59 years of lubricating experience with all types of mechanical equipment under all kinds of operating conditions throughout the world.
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*THE blue eyes, the smile and the sunny hair belong to Kirkham Cornwell, son of Dean Cornwell, dean of American illustrators and artists of note. This portrait, painted by Cornwell pere, was hung "On the Line" at the last exhibition of the National Academy. . . . We have it direct from headquarters that Kirkham eats Post's Bran Flakes regularly because he likes them and because his mother believes in easy ways of insurance*

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Unless digestive waste is carried off at regular intervals, poisons are generated in the intestines and the growing body falls easy prey to the many ills of childhood.

*Drug laxatives should rarely be administered to children except at doctor's orders.*

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everybody every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES
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(Continued from Page 44)

that great old master, Wagner"; she would have explained briefly the situation of the play in which it was used and she would have identified herself with the excerpt. In short, she would have built up the number, interesting the audience in it before she sang it, preparing them in anticipation for a fuller appreciation.

Dorothy Jardon, originally of musical comedy, latterly with the Chicago and San Carlo grand opera companies and at present in vaudeville without the slightest loss of dignity, announces and explains an operatic selection which she sings in Italian. The folks out front listen; even those familiar with the aria do not object to being reminded of the story in its lyrics. As Miss Jardon sings the number they follow it with interest, and their hearty applause at the finish is a sincere tribute to the artist's all-round showmanship.

Mention of song finishes recalls Belle Baker and the veteran Eddie Leonard. Belle Baker started singing songs in a tencent movie theater in the ghetto when she was twelve years old. She hasn't stopped singing since. Comedy ditties, ballads, character songs—Belle has her own individual way of putting them across.

### *Effective Musical Finishes*

Some years ago, when she was appearing in a big-time New York theater situated in a Jewish neighborhood, she received a request to sing the beautiful dynamic old Hebraic lament, Eli, Eli. It was something more than just a number to Belle, reared in an orthodox Jewish family. She put all she had into the singing of it, and Belle had plenty. The resulting applause nearly raised the roof off the theater.

The news spread. The next theater Belle went into insisted that she sing Eli, Eli. Within a few weeks they were calling for it from the audience while she took her bows at the close of her regular act. There followed years when certain New York audiences would not let a show go on until Belle had obliged with Eli, Eli. It will be years before another artist will dare use that song for a flag-waving finish.

In like fashion, Eddie Leonard, the last of the old-time minstrel men, the lone soldier left from that light-footed regiment to which George Honey Boy Evans, Primrose, West and Lew Dockstader belonged, can bow and bow and bow and bow at the end of his act, but audiences will not let him get away from them until he sings his famous Roly-Boly Eyes.

A medley of old-time familiar songs is often productive of a wow finish. This fact constitutes one of the strongest arguments against those cynics who advise the complete extermination of the human race as unworthy to live. For it is loyalty and sentiment that make us applaud the songs of our youth. And no people with lasting loyalty and tender sentiment deep-rooted in their hearts, as audiences all over these United States daily prove they have, can be considered hopelessly unworthy and despicable. Now there's a fine flag-waving line for you!

A certain couple, man and wife, tried out an act which eventually became their life's work. It was a sketch dealing out large chunks of bathos in the retailing of an incident in the lives of two elderly characters. The usual grief with the finish was encountered and was solved by the introduction of an old song. While the little old lady played upon a little old melodeon, and the appealing old gentleman quavered that appealing old melody, When You and I Were Young, Maggie, the curtain very slowly descended, to reach the floor on the last note of the song. It was very pathootic; the audience used to wipe their brimming eyes with one hand while applauding with the other. And so the act played consecutively, in both big and small time houses, for more than fifteen years! It might have been playing yet, with the original actors' grandchildren as the cast, had not the war put the final crimp in the liking of audiences for that once popular style of sob sketch.

The effect finish is limited in large degree to full-stage acts, implying, as it usually does, mechanical assistance. Some seasons agone Langdon McCormack produced several acts that were inspired by and depended upon purely mechanical effects. The setting of one of these acts depicted a section of the forest primeval, with the addition of some railroad tracks traversing it. The plot of the sketch was lurid melodrama, but not nearly so lurid as its final effect. This concerned the heroic efforts of a handsome greaseless engineer to run his locomotive through the forest, which had been set afire by the evil-minded villain in a moment of pique. Smoke and flames—red lights thrown on jets of escaping steam piped to the prop trees and stumps—roared fiercely all over the stage; trees burned off at the roots and fell with thunderous crashes across the tracks. Altogether it was no place for a nervous woman—such as the heroine. It was so realistic that other nervous women in the first row or two of the theater sometimes hurriedly left their seats to get a longer perspective on the spectacle.

In this class of applause inviters fall most of the acrobatic and magic acts, as well as the so-called flash acts, in which eight or more people present a miniature revue or musical comedy.

There used to be an Arabian acrobatic act billed as the Ten Toozouns. It was composed of Arabs from Arabia, Germany, the Bowery and intervening points. It was a tumbling act, so good—and expensive—that it frequently was spotted third on a bill instead of the traditional opening or closing position. Its impressiveness lay in its speed and action. With ten gymnasts to work with, the man who routined the act left not a second when some stirring stunt was not taking place. Each swiftly executed series of flips and ear spins called for applause. Consequently the audience was working almost as hard as the gymnasts.

The finish of the act was, in the phrase *du jour*, the darnedest thing you ever saw. With the orchestra playing a quickstep fast and *forte*, all ten of the Arabs for no apparent reason at all suddenly and simultaneously went crazy. Twenty legs and twenty arms began flying, projecting the twisting bodies to which they belonged into space, twirling, tumbling, rolling them about the stage. Literally the air was full of animated and highly agitated humanity. While the frenzy was at its height the curtain descended upon a perfect wow finish. That pulse-raising effect stopped many a show in its day.

But—an important distinction—unlike most show-stoppers that milk an audience dry of enthusiasm, the Ten Toozouns' act was an easy one to follow. It left an audience exhilarated rather than tired, satiated.

### *Tricks and Surprises*

The disadvantage of the effect finish lies in the fact that it may be copied, improved upon, or used as the foundation of a newer and better effect. Acrobats, magicians and stage directors of girl acts spend many of their leisure moments in thoughtful efforts to evolve new effects. It was with genuine sympathy that the profession heard of the accident which befell a top-lining strong woman some weeks ago which necessitated the canceling of one or two weeks of profitable booking.

The lady in question decided to improve her admirable routine of biting the heads off nails, bending iron bars into bracelets, employing her arched chest as the middle span of a bridge over which walked a couple of healthy truck horses, and other awe-inspiring exhibitions which reveal the debt that man owes to the individuals who made popular the restraining corset and the weakening French heel. She figured out a new effect, or rather trick, and began practicing it. For lack of more complete information, it may be guessed that the stunt consisted in juggling the two truck horses. Her physician's report to the booking office stated merely that while rehearsing a new trick the lady had slipped and broken two of her ribs. A dangerous or risky trick is often rehearsed for six months, until its timing and execution become almost automatic, before it is incorporated into the routine of an act.

The surprise finish is a discouraging thing to build toward, because often—oh, so often!—the audience surprises the act by not being surprised at all. It is seen in its simplest, most naive form in the conventional finish of the male or female impersonator who snatches off his or her wig and reveals short or long hair and a manly or girlish smile, whichever it happens to be. From these persons in the audience whose instinct or intelligence, experience or eyesight is slightly below par, this self-revelation always draws expressions of "Oh, she's a man!" or "Oh, he's a girl!" and similar paradoxical ejaculations in which sometimes a degree of biological truth is not entirely absent.

In a sketch the surprise may consist of a turn of plot or situation. Oftentimes the surprise finish is used in conjunction with a trick finish, as in the Hayes Piano Movers' skit already noted.

The trick finish is the most interesting to observe, because it generally affords an insight into that most coveted of qualities—showmanship. By trick is meant, not a gymnastic feat or an example of sleight of hand or legerdemain but the legitimate artifices devised to trick an audience into applause. When an otherwise good act, an act that audiences like, fails to hold up at the finish, when written climaxes fail to open the sluice gates of earned applause, actors say "We'll have to trick the finish," and thereupon they settle down to a period of experimentation. Among the more outspoken of the profession the process is called hoking it up. That word "hokum" you will find in the newer dictionaries defined as theatrical slang meaning an act, business or property used by an actor to win an audience.

### *A Kiss for a Blow*

A bit of hokum is being used successfully to trick the finish of an act new this season, though the two boys playing it have long been established as a team of vaudeville comics. In the skit, a talking act in one, they enact an American and—smaller—an Englishman. A *mélange* of legitimately funny gags and jokes is built on the thread of a plot. But the climax of the story, the spoken point of the fifteen-minute joke, so to speak, proved to be neither a terrific laugh nor an applause getter. The two boys realized that they would have to trick a finish.

Throughout the last portion of the act, to build up the approaching finish and to keep the comedy boiling at the same time, the American keeps jocularly annoying the Englishman, turning him about, roughing him, jamming his hat playfully over his eyes. Even the merry old kick in the trousers is thrown in for the good laugh it always gets everywhere. Finally, at the very end of the act, the long-suffering chappy walks up to the laughing American and deliberately, though rather punily, slaps his face. While the audience howls, the American looks at the Englishman, puzzled. Then quickly, without a word, he pulls the little chappy to him and kisses his cheek.

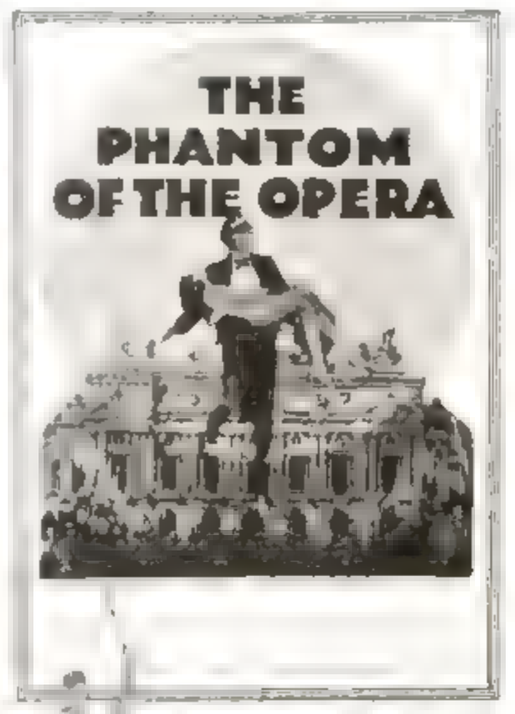
Doesn't that read funny? No? Then perhaps you have not the imaginative, precreating vision of a real showman. For the bit takes the two boys off the stage to hearty laughter and brings them back for two solid bows.

A talking act in one, such as above described, is the hardest of all acts for which to build a finish. Lacking ability to sing or dance, what is there to take a monologist or a team off the stage to applause? Sometimes a comedy talking act will use a plant in a box seat, who will continue and finish in ringing voice the song which the actor has croakingly started on the stage. Another trick is the bringing on of a child, or otherwise, to perform a rousing dance. Sometimes—"Ladies and gentlemen, if you will permit me to go from the ridiculous to the sublime"—a serious poem will be seriously recited. The Kid's Last Fight, Gunga Din and The Shooting of Dan McGrew are by way of being jokes now, so often have they been used in vaudeville. Once gravy getters, they're apple sauce now, only to be used as a new act recently took advantage of audiences' familiarity with them.

A young man whose ordinary appearance in no wise indicates the many facets of his curious brain comes out upon the stage and proceeds to refute the ancient maxim concerning the impossibility of doing well more than one thing at a time. Upon a blackboard he writes, upside down and backward, the headlines of a newspaper he is reading, at the same time adding up numerous wide columns of figures, previously dictated by the audience, which total in the billions. While so dually engaged he furthermore answers rapidly any and all questions hurled at him from every corner of the theater concerning the population of Winnemucca, Nevada, the proper spelling of the capital of Jugo-Slavia, the middle initial and birth date of the fifth lama of Tibet and any more intimate, personal inquiries the gallery feel impelled to ask.

For the finish of the act the young man combines three such equilettered words as San Fernando, Chattanooga and Mississippi, writing them on a blackboard in one


# Watch This Column

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REGINALD DENNY in ***"Oh, Doctor,"*** is delighting motion-picture circles—so also are PAULINE FREDERICK and LAURA LA PLANTE in ***"Smoldering Fires."*** Have you seen Our Boy HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Hurricane Kid"?*** Don't overlook any of these—and write me your opinion.

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*President*

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long scrambled mess which later will reveal San Fernando written as a normal person would, Chattanooga written upside down and backward, while Mississippi, in the manner of type face, will need to be read in a mirror. While writing this amazing hodgepodge the young man hangs suspended by his ankles, and to make it even more intrickit he spouts with a deal of inverted emphasis the stanzas of any well-known poem suggested by the audience before they really know what it will mean to them. Always some several among the customers request Gunga Din, Dan McGrew or the Kid. It is reported that one night a studious immigrant asked for The Star-Spangled Banner, and even the musicians in the orchestra pit joined in the indignant cries of "Throw him out!"

An ideal example of a dramatic finish tricked to enhance its value is the one which brought the curtain down on Kick In, the vaudeville playlet which Willard Mack afterward elaborated into the successful play of that title; much in the manner that George Kelly lengthened a successful vaudeville sketch of his into the tremendously popular play, The Show Off.

Kick In was melodrama, tense, gripping, stripped clean to the bone, written at a time when crook plays were much in vogue. Two high-class crooks, man and wife, have pulled their last job, a diamond robbery. With the proceeds they plan to begin in South America the regular honest lives, with kiddies and everything, they have often dreamed of. Their boat sails at midnight, for no other reason than that the action of the skit begins at eleven P.M.

### Clever Showmanship

Suspense, see? With police and detectives watching them closely, will they make the boat? Oh, I hope so! Such really nice people in spite of their slang. Just two folks who got started wrong and never till now have had a chance to go straight, but really honest at heart. You can tell that by looking at them. She—it was Marjorie Rambeau—is so appealing when she cries and talks about the k-kiddies they're going to South America for.

Anyway, a bull comes into the apartment—a detective. He announces that he has the goods on the pair.

"Give me them sparks," he demands, meaning the stolen diamonds, which have been appropriated to finance their tango and tabasco tanged future.

"You lie!" says the wife, not right then, but later, when as a consequence of her tears the detective promises to let hubby and better half go their way if they will deliver to him the stolen jewelry.

But the hero husband falls for the villain detective's smooth words. He thinks the officer is on the level until, putting the precious glitters into his pocket, the detective flushes a set of handcuffs and tries to put them on the gentleman crook's wrists.

Too late the dismayed wife cries "Double-crossed!"

There follows a terrific struggle. While the two men writhe and wrestle around the room, in imagination the audience hears the chugging of the taxi waiting on the street below to convey them to the steamship.

The struggle between the two men steadily goes against the husband. In vain he tells his wife where his revolver is. Molly—that's the jane's moniker—Molly virtuously puts aside the temptation to drill a hole in the detective's dome. Also the furniture in the apartment is too pretty to think of wrapping it around the low-minded fellow's neck. Distraught, she suddenly sees on the table, where she has laid it earlier, the hypodermic syringe employed by her younger brother—the black sheep of the family—to supply morphia to his depleted system. Her eyes soft and tender with innate mother instinct, Molly picks up the loaded gun, inserts the needle in the busy detective's hairy wrist and presses the trigger. Some shot!

In another few seconds the detective staggers, loosens his grip on the hero, drops in a sound slumber upon the unprotesting rug. Quickly the freed couple don coats and hats and pick up their suitcases.

It must be understood that up to this point the action has been incredibly swift. Terse dialogue and rapidly varying moods have been effectively used to work up a terrific straining tenseness. The sympathy of the audience is strong for Molly and her husband. Now, to the complete satisfaction of the thrilled, palpitating beholders, the pair have emerged triumphantly. How bring down the curtain to capitalize this gratification? By walking off the stage? That would take time, leave a bare stage, let down the tension before the curtain reached the floor. A noble speech? "At last, sweetheart, under bright Brazilian skies, with the soft rustling of the nuts overhead murmuring in our ears, you and I ——" Apple sauce. After all that action—and that thrilling fight—audiences would laugh at any such artificiality; impossibly artificial because everybody knows that the waiting taxi will be hard pressed to get them to the boat in time.

So how did a clever showman trick the curtain for a wow finish that all over this country was productive of as many as nine and ten curtain calls at every performance?

Coat over his arm, suitcases in hand, the husband hurried to the door of the room.

"Come on, Molly!" he cried impatiently.

Womanlike, Molly hastened to the table to extinguish the lamp on it. But before turning the switch she suddenly bent over the prostrate detective.

"Sweet dreams, you big dub!"

Then darkness! In the dark the curtain quickly descended. Not for two or three seconds, until the footlights, thrown on, revealed that the curtain was down, did the audience know the act was over. That device released simultaneously the appreciation of everyone in the audience.

All of which strengthens the argument that showmanship, which often overcomes the handicap of only middling acting ability, is the greatest single asset of the vaudevillian. And as showmanship is developed by a study of audiences, it is, in a sense of the word, a workable knowledge of human nature.

Perhaps you have been too busy to think of it before, but it is the inherent kindliness, and something else, to be found in human nature that is responsible for applause. For instance, a man pays his money for an evening's entertainment. He relaxes in the seat assigned to him for that purpose. The curtain rises. Whatever subsequent entertainment there is, is his. He has bought it. If he chooses, he may indicate his approval by creating a more or less vehement succession of minor detonations arising from the contact of one palm against the other. But he is not obligated so to exert himself, so to put gravy on the actor's bread. The show will go on whether he does or does not.

### Applause Analyzed

On the other side of the foots, the first duty of the actor is to entertain his audience. To that end he bends all his efforts—efforts which but dimly reflect the salary figures on his contract. If the actor dislikes his audience, if its appearance or unresponsiveness irritates him, he cannot give freely and joyously. His service is hampered. He works best and most successfully who works because he loves his audience and hopes to make it love him. Many stars and lesser lights of vaudeville express it in exactly those words.

So, if you please, rather than as a mere commodity, applause may be regarded as possessing a deeper, even æsthetic, significance. It may be interpreted as an act of giving, and at the same time a manifestation of gratitude. Convention and tradition partially account for the readiness of theatergoers to applaud, but no audience will applaud to any extent an act it does not like. Conversely, it always will applaud when the actor strikes a responsive chord, when he has delighted the curious mixture of desires that prompts attendance at a theater. And because the actor has given it something it desired, the audience—such is human nature—wants to give something in return. In other days women would throw flowers from their corsages to the stage; men would throw money. If sufficiently displeased, the gods in the gallery would shower decrepit hen fruit and hoary relics of the vegetable kingdom. Altruistic as this view of applause may appear, no one may associate many years with vaudeville actors and audiences without recognizing a degree of its verity.

The illusions of the legitimate stage are lacking to a great extent in vaudeville. Actor and audience are closer together, know each other better. Swank, foundation flushing, noticeable affectation, the attitude of superiority that plainly results from thinking "I'm good, whether you know it or not," all are usually absent from the vaudevillian's performance, because from his study of audiences—human nature he knows that an exhibition of those qualities irks the beholder and militates against a sympathetic understanding. Therefore he aims to be as simple, as direct and as genuine as the medium of his art permits. Some of the older philosophers used to extol the same qualities.

### The Acrimonious Acrobat

But what has all this to do with the wow finish? As suggested already, it is kindliness and something else which generate applause. That something else, it is hardly necessary to say, is the old Oliver Twist "I want more!" Of course everybody in an audience does not like every act. No act can please everyone. It is doubtful if any act ever had everybody in the theater applauding at the same time. There are people who boast that they never applaud brag about it. Unquestionably it is their privilege to sit on their hands if they wish to. They have paid for a seat on which to do so. But to admit that they are beyond enthusiasm or devoid of the giving instinct or even just afflicted with congenital or acquired inertia—is that anything to boast of?

If an actor's sincere efforts to afford a pleasant quarter of an hour to his fellow men out in front have been successful in the eyes of a majority of them, if he starts to leave them just as everybody is having a wonderful time, because nobody likes to see the life of the party depart before the party is over, the audience is very apt to protest and to beg him to stick around a few minutes longer. Hence the wow.

The next time you attend a vaudeville show it might interest you to look for evidences of good showmanship. There will probably be many to be found. Looking for them will not diminish your enjoyment, and a recognition of them will certainly increase your appreciation—if any.

Even the acrobats who close the show have spent weeks working out a finish to their offering in the hope that it will please. How often frustrated is that hope is revealed in the despairing retort of one gymnast a few seasons ago.

His act had been closing shows for two seasons. Night after night, about the only faces he ever saw belonged to people walking up the aisles on their way out, looking back to see if they had dropped their gloves or something. At the beginning of the third season he one day inquired of his agent why he had not procured better bookings for the act.

"Well," stalled the agent, trying to evade the responsibility of his neglect, "I could get you a better route if you'd build up a new finish. That's what your act needs—a new finish."

"A new finish!" howled the acrobat. "Nobody's seen this one yet!"

# My Mash Notes

PROBABLY no other man in the world gets as many mash notes as I do. Operatic tenors, princes, cinema sheiks and heavyweight champions get mail assaying more perfume per pound than my correspondence. But their billets-doux can't equal the wild enthusiasm, the perfervid praise, that the postman brings me every day.

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From offices, clubs, Y.M.C.A.'s and homes, the avalanche of eulogy pours in. Many even resort to verse to express their feelings. For a new thrill and shaving emancipation, get a 50c tube of Mennen Shaving Cream at the drug store today.

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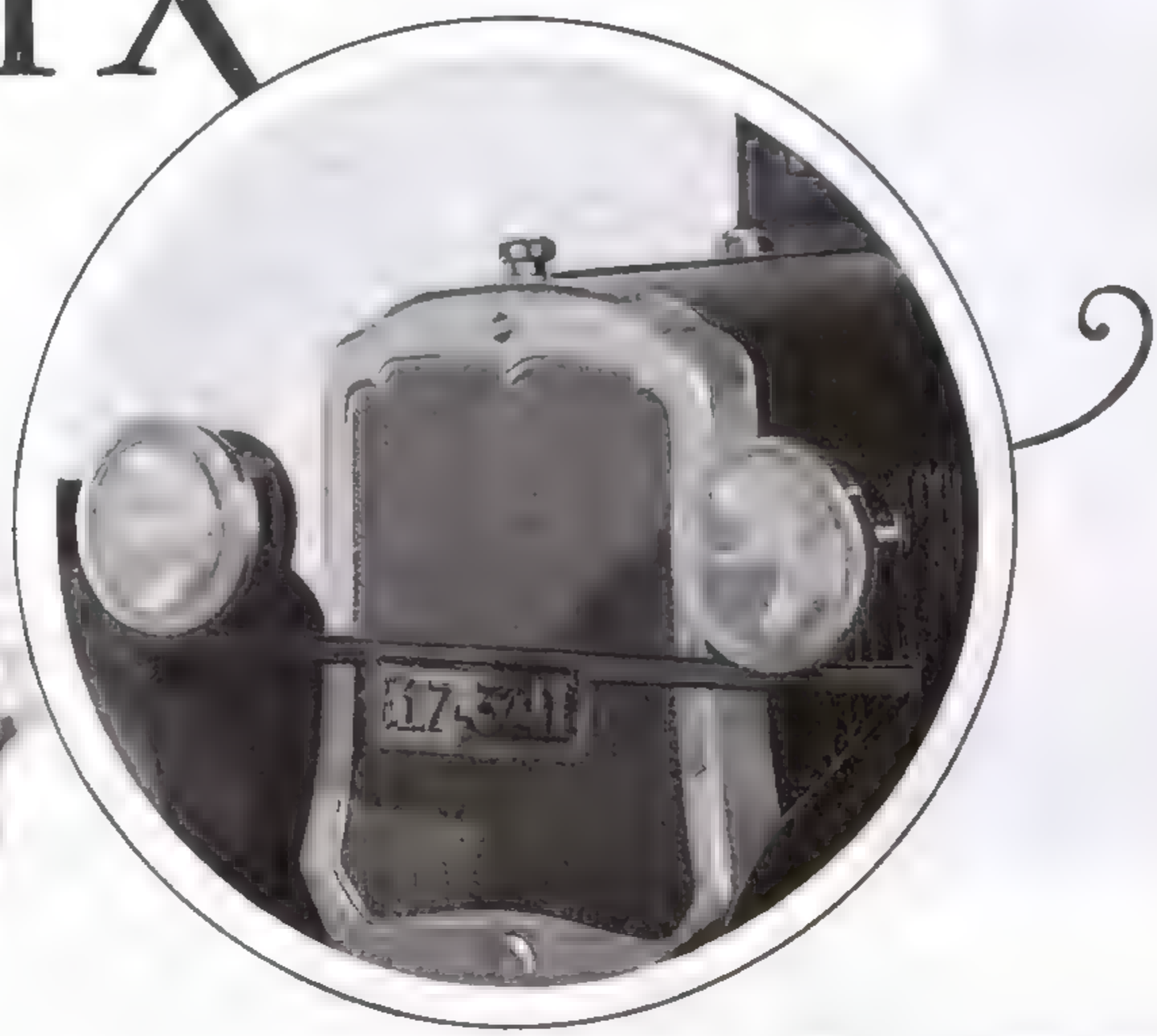

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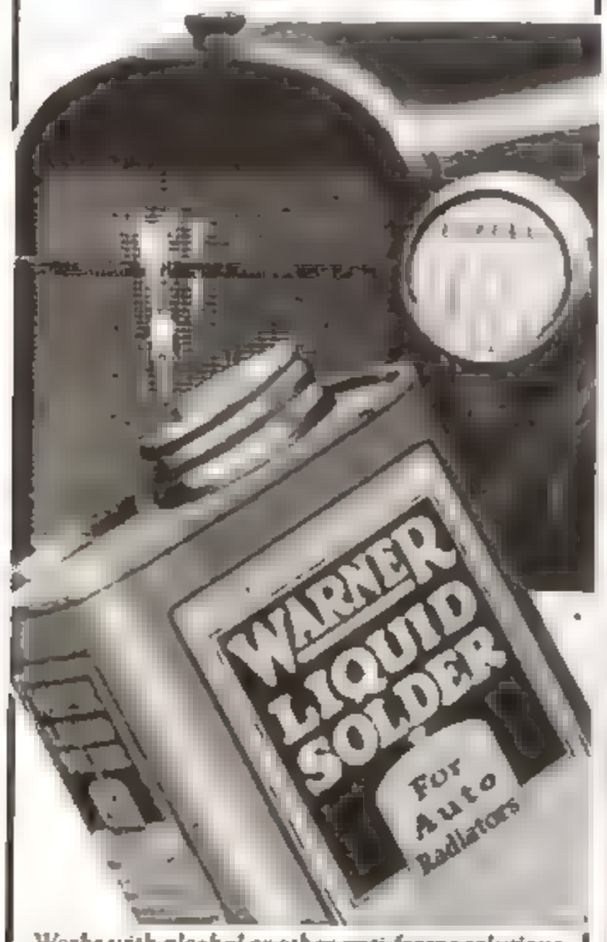


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# THE STORY OF IRVING BERLIN

(Continued from Page 27)

But the song was not published, and presumably there was never any notion that it could spread fast enough by word of mouth to set the convention a-humming it. Indeed, it looked at first as though that convention were in no mood for a tune. In vain the stupendous Anna Case, all white garments and a picture hat, stood on the platform, singing into an amplifier and waving her arms with would-be infectiousness. She tried The Star-Spangled Banner; but though the delegates were willing to rise for it, they would not—or perhaps could not—sing it. They even seemed to resent vaguely the ease with which Miss Case assaulted the song's inaccessible high notes.

She tried then to arouse them with the magnificent Battle Hymn of the Republic. But it was not homely enough for so ornery and so shirt-sleeved an assemblage. Finally, after she had given it up as a bad job and it began to look as though no song would be adopted by that convention, some preposterously unofficial person—a reporter perhaps or a messenger boy—began to hum a tune which spread as flames catching in dry grass: "East Side, West Side, all around the town."

It moved across the acres of hot, coatless, delegates. It agitated even the pretentious people in the boxes. It swept the galleries. The listening streets heard it and carried it across the city. One had the illusion that an old song had come down out of the garret, lifted Al Smith to its shoulders and borne him triumphantly through his town.

And while this song was making this unheralded return to the streets it celebrated, it occurred to some intuitive city editor to look about for the man who wrote it. Charles Lawler was the name given on the original copy. Was he still living? Did anybody know? A reporter went forth and found him. He was over in Brooklyn, a buck-and-wing dancer, a hoofer of the five-a-day, waiting for his turn to go on in an out-of-the-way music hall.

In the dressing room, as he bent to fit on his clogging shoes, the reporter told him all about his triumph. It was news to him, for he had no associations with any such newfangled contraption as the radio and he had not read the newspaper accounts of his second blooming at the convention across the river. In fact he could not read them. He was blind.

One of the reasons why Lawler was still dancing a breakdown in his declining years was the circumstance that he received only one hundred dollars for the song that made him famous. Of course all such figures of any bygone day must be read by one who keeps in mind the changing value of money. If you hear merely that Milton received the sum of twenty pounds—in installments—for his Paradise Lost, you know little about that celebrated transaction unless you also know how much food and raiment twenty pounds would buy in the Cromwellian London of his day. If you recall merely that the white settlers induced the Indians to part with Manhattan Island for twenty-four dollars and another valuable consideration in a bottle, you have a somewhat too high idea of Nordic shrewdness unless you figure out with paper and pencil just how many millions that purchase price, had it been banked at compound interest, would amount to after an accumulation of three hundred years—to say nothing of the rise in the value of whisky.

### *Our Age of Innocence*

But aside from such merely coloring considerations, a perceptible change has actually come over the song world since the days when The Sidewalks of New York sold for only one hundred dollars. Such outright sales were far more characteristic of that time than this. It was a vagrant time, a sketchier, more innocent time. Your actor who was minded to tour the country would saunter in the afternoon sunlight of Union Square, booking his troupe with the manager from Louisville, Kentucky, say, or the manager from Montgomery, Alabama, if he chanced to meet either worthy on the curb. He might come home at sundown with his entire tour roughly sketched out on the back of whatever envelope had happened to be in his pocket. The song writer went to market as informally. He would prowl the bars where the publishers might be taking their ease, and was not always above suggesting that he would write a world-shaking hit for the first one who proved enough of a plunger to buy him a long Tom Collins.

It was a big day when Jimmy Thornton received thirty-five dollars for writing When You Were Sweet Sixteen. Such successes as Von Tilzer's My Old New Hampshire Home, You'll Get All That's Coming to You and The Stories That Mother Told Me were published in the years when he and Andy Sterling used to peddle their songs down Union Square way, sometimes parting with them at the rate of two for five dollars.

Since then a royalty basis of payment has grown more common, and the composers' guild is vigilant to keep a standard contract in vogue even for the defenseless beginners. But the greatest change is not in the scale of living, nor in the melting hearts of publishers. It is rather the slow growth in an appreciation of the fact that when a man makes a melody he is making something that is definitely his. It belongs to him almost as completely as the shoes belong to the cobbler or the cake to the baker. The baker cannot eat his cake and have it, too, but that is the only restriction.

### *Literary Property Rights*

A recognition of the rights which the author, the poet and the composer have in the imponderable commodities which they fashion is a comparatively recent step in the history of private property, and the gradual growth of that recognition is still in progress. The composers have maintained such rights as they have only by fighting stubbornly against recent assaults. It was not until 1910, for instance, that a statute was finally passed acknowledging some small part of their natural interest in the phonograph records and piano rolls which can their melodies as factories can tomatoes. It was not until then that the corporations involved were duly instructed to pay down two cents for each record, over the division of which magnificent booty the publisher, lyricist and the composer must quarrel in private. Under the same law the motion-picture houses are supposed to pay something for the use of the music wherewith they make bearable the unfolding of the silent drama. They are supposed to pay ten cents a year for each seat in the house as a sort of tribute to the muse of melody, and, under this law, something is also due the composers from the cabarets—a source growing negligible since the Volstead Law drew the curtain on candid night life in America.

It was to the defense of this statute that the composers rallied in the spring of 1924, when an effort was made to amend or interpret it in such a way that the phrase "for profit" would not compel the radio stations to pay anything for the use of the tunes with which they thread the sky. The rallying took the form of a trainload of musicians—everyone from Berlin and Kern to Victor Herbert and Charles K. Harris—who advanced on Washington armed to the teeth with statistics. With such reënforcements the assault was repulsed for the time being.

In an article in the American Mercury which gave tactical details of this skirmish, Harry B. Smith, the librettist of Robin Hood and a hundred other comic operas, quoted one senator as exclaiming to a composer:

"Why, Mr. X ——, you should not expect to be paid for your music! God gave you your talent and your work belongs to the world.

"You should be proud to have your songs sung by the people. You should be above asking for payment for them."

In that same article Mr. Smith painted a somewhat impressionistic portrait of Victor Herbert dying from overwork in his sixties, continued the old legend about Paul Dresser and a pauper's grave, and wound up by saying:

"There are just two composers in America who are making large incomes at present. One happens to have several successes in the musical-comedy line. The other is part proprietor of a theater and has his own publishing business."

To anyone at all familiar with the fortunes of melody in American today, even if he did not share Mr. Smith's exalted notion of what constituted a large income, there could be no doubt as to the identity of the two composers meant. The first was Jerome Kern, composer of Sally, Oh, Boy! Very Good Eddie, Good Morning, Dearie, Stepping Stones, and many another of the most charming scores written in America in the last ten years—or, for that matter, ever written in America. The second, of course, was Irving Berlin.

All Mr. Smith's lament runs directly counter to popular legend, for it is one of the fixed notions in the creed of the man in the street that all song writers are men of colossal fortune, matched only by the titanic sums popularly accredited to the Morgans and Mr. Henry Ford. Thus you have two legends—one that all song writers die in the poorhouse and the other that they all make millions. The truth lies somewhere between. Perhaps it might be better to state explicitly that Berlin, the most successful of them all, even in the period since he took control of the conditions under which his songs are marketed, has never received in a single year more than one hundred and sixty thousand dollars as a song writer. That income, to be sure, does not include his royalties from his revues as they accumulate weekly at the Music Box and on the road. Nor does it include his third of the profits of the publishing house that bears his name.

As a contrast to the tales of other days that have been tucked here and there into this chapter, and as a clew to the proportions between the various sources of royalty which a latter-day song can depend upon, I give here a table of figures which roughly outline the life history of some of the more recent songs selected at random from his long catalogue:

| TITLE | DURATION OF SALE (WEEKS) | SHEET MUSIC | PIANO ROLLS | PHONOGRAPH RECORDS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| You'd be Surprised . | 50 | 783,982 | 145,505 | 888,790 |
| Say it With Music . | 75 | 374,408 | 102,127 | 1,239,050 |
| Nobody Knows . . | 70 | 1,143,690 | 62,204 | 843,062 |
| All By Myself . . . | 75 | 1,053,493 | 161,650 | 1,225,083 |

As you see, some scattered numbers in the song books of the world have outsold anything ever written by Irving Berlin; but the total sale of his melodies has unquestionably exceeded that of any other song writer of our time or any other time. His royalties, for instance, on the four chance songs listed above must have come to more than one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. The dimensions of any one success of his have been exceeded by such favorites as The Rosary or The End of a Perfect Day.

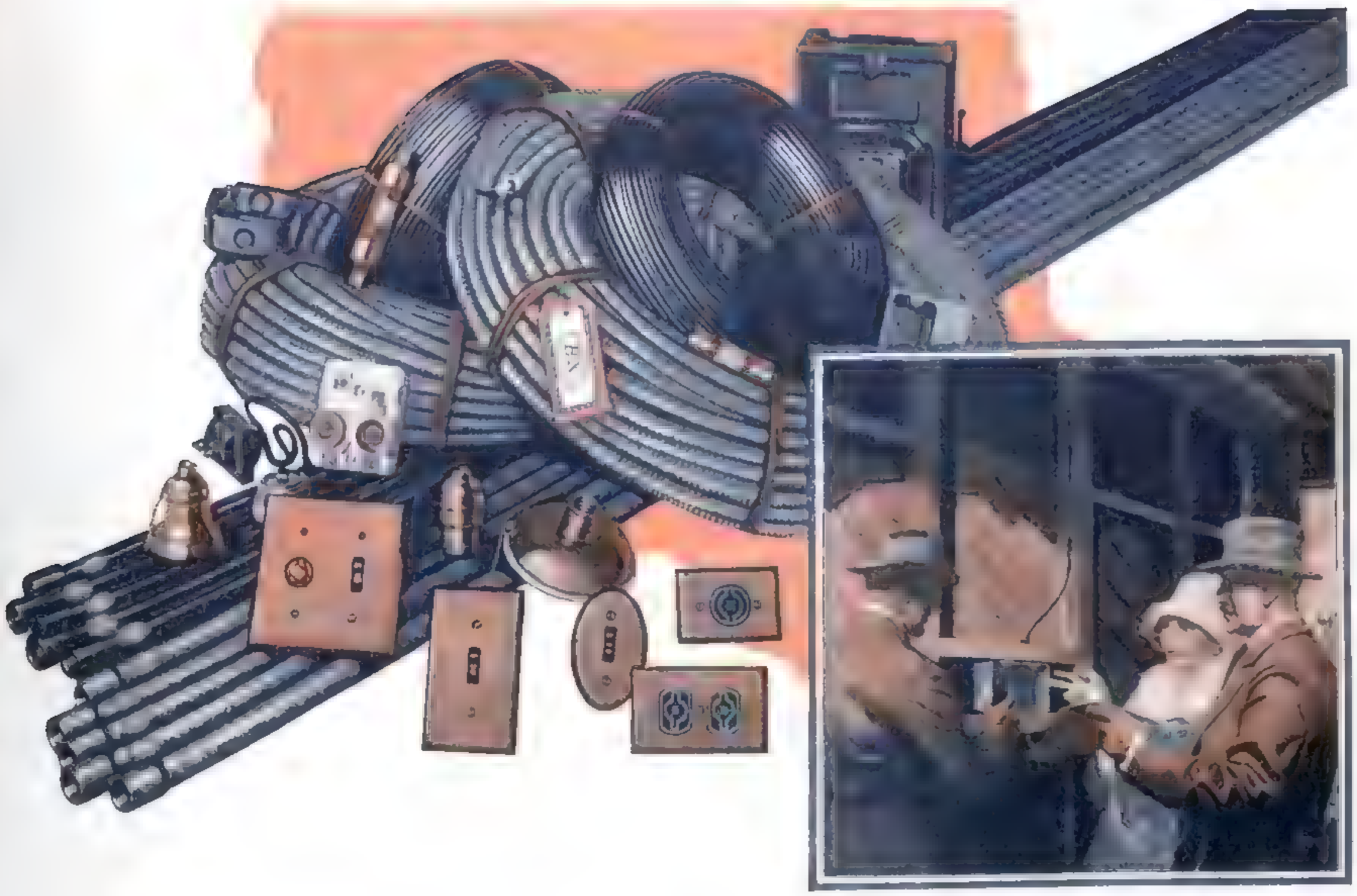
### *Hit After Hit*

The arresting factor in his story is rather the great number of his successes, his shining contrast to the youngster who wrung the heart of his time with a song called The Long, Long Trail, and then was obliged—or perhaps merely content—to let it go at that. The striking thing about Berlin, from the viewpoint of his wondering neighbors in Tin Pan Alley, is not the fact that he wrote Alexander's Ragtime Band but that he followed it with a long succession of equally far-spreading songs, the fact that thirteen years later—a good ten years, by the way, after it had been generally predicted that he must be writing himself out—his What'll I Do? was selling faster than any other of his songs.

That plaintive wail was published in the early spring of 1924, and by the end of September, when the peak of its popularity had not yet been passed, the number of copies sold had already exceeded nine hundred thousand. More than three hundred and eighty thousand records of it had been made. Probably if you could look into that secret part of his heart where he keeps his well-concealed vanity, you would find that his pride is not that he can set the feet of his generation a-tapping but that he can keep on doing it—again and again and again.

Berlin, whether considered as a phenomenon of Broadway or as a force of Nature

(Continued on Page 52)



# A few cents *saves* dollars

Save on the wiring system built into your walls, by *specifying known quality.* You may have to pay a little more for General Electric wiring materials than for unknown goods. But the difference is less than a tenth of a per cent of the cost of the house, and records show that the ultimate saving is many times as great.

When you are planning a new home—or wiring an old home—study your electrical bid carefully. Study the arrangement of outlets for comfort and convenience. And be sure that G-E wiring materials are specified for the entire wiring system. Then you will know that you have the same guarantee for your wire, switches, and outlets, that backs the huge generators in power houses: *they are made by General Electric!*

If you are planning electrical wiring, send 25 cents for the illustrated book, "The Home of a Hundred Comforts."

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Conn.

GE WIRING SYSTEM
*—for lifetime service*

GENERAL ELECTRIC

*Conversation*

is a peculiar thing—sometimes it needs words and sometimes it doesn't!

The occasional sympathetic silence is best filled by the consideration of a box of Romance Selections. They keep the mind from wandering!

Romance Chocolates are made *especially as gift-chocolates.* That is why their centers are filled with only the choicest ingredients—why such pains are taken that only the richest and smoothest chocolate is used in their coatings.

Cox Confectionery Company
Boston, Mass.

*Romance Selections come in 1, 2 and 5 lb. packages.*

ROMANCE CHOCOLATES

*(Continued from Page 50)*

or as a spring of melody or as a master of rhythm, is best understood by one who realizes that he wrote not one but all the following songs: Alexander's Ragtime Band; Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning! When I Lost You, Say it With Music, What'll I Do? This is the Life, Mysterious Rag, Ragtime Violin, Snookey Ookums, When the Midnight Choo-Choo Leaves for Alabam', You'd be Surprised, He's a Devil in His Own Home Town, I Want to be in Dixie, At the Devil's Ball, When I Leave the World Behind, He's a Rag Picker, I Want to be in Michigan, Somebody's Coming to My House, The Grizzly Bear, They Were All Out of Step but Jim, In My Harem, My Wife's Gone to the Country, Call Me Up Some Rainy Afternoon, That Mesmerizing Mendelssohn Tune; Sadie Salome, Go Home; Dorando, Wild Cherry Rag, Sweet Italian Love, I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now, All by Myself, Nobody Knows and Nobody Seems to Care, Mandy, A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody; Tell Me, Pretty Gypsy! Girls of My Dreams, Some Sunny Day, Everybody Step, They Call it Dancing, Pack Up Your Sins, Crinoline Days, Lady of the Evening, An Orange Grove in California, Waltz of Long Ago, All Alone, Lazy, and the lyrics and music of Watch Your Step.

"Oh, Mr. Berlin," cried a pretty girl at an afternoon tea into which he had strayed by mistake. "I guess there's no one who has written as many song hits as you have."

Probably his mind ran back to the days when he used to dash off several songs a week. Probably he thought, too, of the long catalogue which contained so many efforts of his that never made any impression whatever.

At any rate, he smiled at the pretty girl and answered, "I know there's no one who has written so many failures."

Nowadays he writes fewer pieces; but his work is surer, truer, visibly the better for all the tunes that pop into his head only to be thrown away without ever reaching paper. In the year 1924, for instance—the fifteenth year of his reign on Broadway—he carried only three songs up the stairs of Irving Berlin, Inc. But those three were Lazy, What'll I Do? and All Alone. And no publishing house which receives three such manuscripts in a single year can reasonably complain if its chief composer spends more time than he used to lying

*Out in the sun,*
*With no work to be done,*

supine on the baking sands of Palm Beach or Biarritz.

If, as has been suggested here, there is an immemorial antagonism between the man who writes a song and the man who publishes it, you can guess something of the inner struggle which goes on in the bosom of one who plays both rôles. Amusing signs of that struggle mark all Berlin's days in the world. It is the artist in him that writes the songs, but it is the publisher in him that drags his lazy, sick, reluctant body to the piano and tyrannically bids him write them.

### Publisher Versus Artist

It may be a shock to the ingenuous to learn that scarcely a song in all his long, eventful catalogue was written because his heart was singing and the song could not be kept from bursting out of him. Nearly all of them were written deliberately and a little sulkily by one whose business associates stood around him in a reproachful circle and assured him that if he did not give birth to something at once, the dear old publishing house would go on the rocks.

The artist in him may be tickled mightily by some neat, unexpected phrase in the chorus he has just written; but the publisher in him will ruthlessly strike it out in favor of some quite routine, threadbare word with no disconcerting unfamiliarity about it to stick in the crop of the proletariat.

Indeed, one can see both forces playing a tug of war within him in the very throes of composition. The artist in him is bloated with pride when a Puccini or a John Alden Carpenter applauds the technical brilliance of an Everybody Step; but the publisher in him is looking rather for some measures more within the grasp of the multitudinous piano-playing fingers of America.

I saw evidences of the struggle when I chanced one afternoon into his quarters at the Ritz Hotel in Atlantic City, to which he himself had just ascended, brown and sandy and rested, from the beach below. At daybreak that day he had just completed the chorus of All Alone, and the final version of its lyric, scribbled on the back of a menu card, was propped against a siphon which served for the moment as a music rack. The old busker was uppermost in him and he was possessed to sing it forthwith. If I had not passed by at that moment, the nearest bellhop or chambermaid would have been thrown into a flutter by being pressed into service as audience. His accompanist had come down from New York to work with him on the new Music Box numbers and was already drowsing at the piano over a rough penciled lead sheet of All Alone. As I recall that first rendition, it ran, either in words or glances, something like this:

*All alone,*
*I'm so all alone.*

The old Russian stuff, you see.

*There is no one else but you.*

I'm growing a beard now.

*All alone*
*By the telephone*

Winslow will like this part.

*Waiting for*
*A ring-*
*A-ting-*
*A-ling.*
*All alone every evening*

Now listen, this is the part you'll like.

*All alone, feeling blue,*
*Wondering*
*Where you are*
*And how you are*
*And —*

Can't you see them buying it?

*— if you are*
*All alone*
*Too.*

I do not know whether it was the artist or the publisher that was uppermost in Berlin when he was asked once what song in all the world he would like most to have written. He said The Rosary. It was a refreshing answer to one who had grown a little weary of those cultural parvenus who consider it a showy sign of sophistication to achieve an attitude of disdainful superiority toward that world favorite of Ethelbert Nevin's. But every publisher's ear is strained to catch the first notes of another Rosary. For they all doff their hats to a song that is still in great demand at the beginning of its second quarter century.

### The Banner Song

It was in 1898 that Nevin wrote the melody on the inspiration of a poem by Robert Cameron Rogers which he ran across in a Washington newspaper. Since then the tune has carried the words into eight other languages. Doubtless you have heard ample Rhineland contraltos clasping their hands in a lyric agony over Mein Rosenkranz or listened apprehensively while some slim French tenor started out with "*Nos heures intimes, ah, ma chérie!*" Rogers made a present of the words to Nevin, who, in turn, made a present of The Rosary to Mrs. Nevin; and since then its sale of more than four million copies may be guessed to have brought her in something like two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

It is certainly the publisher in Berlin that glows contentedly even when the statistics of Irving Berlin, Inc., show that the banner song of that house was none of his own writing, but a ballad entitled Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old 'Tucky Home. That song sold more than two million copies, and if you are one of those who never heard it, probably you are also one of those who have never seen Abie's Irish Rose or read a novel by Harold Bell Wright. You belong, that is, to a kind of aristocracy. For just as it was found, in a censorship of the British Army during the war, that the Tommies' favorite writer was neither Kipling nor Arnold Bennett, but one Nat Gould, of whom few people in America had ever heard, so there are certain books and poems and songs that achieve less fame, but reach more homes than their celebrated rivals.

It may be the inheritance of his tribe in Irving Berlin that tinges so many of his songs with the mournfulness of solitude and self-pity. But somewhere within him the voice of the publisher also whispers reassuringly that sadness is rather apt to sell better than gayety in the song market. It may be the artist in him that sings of how he wants to be in Dixie and relates methodically the nature of his feelings when "that midnight choo-choo leaves for Alabam'." But since that is a commonwealth to which any boy from Cherry Hill would have to be taken by main force, one suspects rather the active influence of the publisher who knows, by the sales records of a hundred years in the song market, that since the days of Home, Sweet Home and Suwanee River no subject—not even young love itself—has quite such a wide appeal as the thoughts of home and mother and the nostalgia for the scenes of a misspent youth.

It certainly was the publisher in Berlin who leaped to the wireless house in mid-ocean one summer when he heard a ship's orchestra play a crazy tune that affected the other passengers as catnip affects a cat. To his partners back in New York he began flinging urgent pleas that they hunt out the composers and learn—too late, as it happened—if the song had yet been bought by any other house.

### The Birthplace of New Songs

That song was the lackadaisical tune with the lunatic, vegetarian chorus, Yes, We Have No Bananas. It was written by two members of a jazz orchestra in New York, and it may well be that the publisher who brought it out did so as part of a general policy of endearing himself to all jazz orchestras. At least he had such misgivings about it that he did not publish it under his own name. Doubtless he was as surprised as anyone when it swept the land like a medieval calamity. It is probable that no single phrase in a popular ditty has taken so firm a hold since the "What never? Well, hardly ever" phrase all but unseated the reason in the days when Pinafore was new in America nearly half a century ago.

The new song crossed the Atlantic more rapidly than any airship. Paris was rocked to its foundations by the passing cyclone of "*Oui, nous n'avons pas de bananes,*" and across the channel a very rash of paragraphs in Punch testified to the virulence of the infection on the Strand. It is the dark suspicion that they would have rejected this foolish song if it had been submitted to them; it is the agonizing fear that its like may, for all they know, be under the arm of the next shabby stranger who seeks a hearing for his masterpieces, that keeps the partners of Irving Berlin, Inc., nervous and makes them old before their time.

Something of the nervousness of the new music, something of the jumpiness and excitement of jazz itself is in the very air of such a publishing house. This one occupies a loft in a low building of transitory aspect that stands at the corner of Forty-ninth Street and Broadway. It is a stone's throw from the vast Capitol Theater, where its new melodies are often heard for the first time, and just a step from the Palace, that headquarters of vaudeville, where an Elsie Janis or a Nora Bayes may be the first to sing them.

It would be pleasant to be able to report that the new songs are prepared in a marble temple, framed against a bank of black cypresses, that velvet-footed servitors lead you respectfully along stately corridors and that the plash of fountains plays a soft accompaniment to the new melodies poised for their first flight into the world. It is necessary, however, to report that Irving Berlin, Inc., is housed in an office building of such ordinary aspect that a passer-by would be more likely to look on the signboard by the elevator for the firm name of Potash & Perlmutter.

You no sooner step out of that elevator when it reaches the Berlin floor than you are immediately trampled underfoot by something that suggests a crowd in front of a baseball score board, a mob scene perhaps, in a William A. Brady melodrama, or a busy day at the gates of Ellis Island—anything, indeed, except a cluster of courtiers in the anteroom of melody.

These are the professionals—these the song writers with ballads in manuscript, each confident that his unheard opus will sweep the land if the natural jealousy of Berlin himself does not strangle it at birth. These are the minstrels from the two-a-day drifting in to hear whatever is new in the world of song as stockbrokers drift toward a ticker. Slim-waisted, pasty-faced lads with incredibly nimble feet who stand askew and litter the floor with the nervous butts of their half-consumed cigarettes; small, squeaky actresses of ten or twelve

*(Continued on Page 55)*

# To invade Slumberland—*use your flashlight!*

In the children's bedroom, in the dark of night, use your flashlight! No blinding glare in its soft, reflected rays . . . no clicking electric switch to wake the sleeping one. Keep an Eveready upstairs for night duties and emergencies. Keep another near those dark cellar stairs. And another in the automobile. Silent sentinels of safety, with countless uses in and around the house, the car, the garage. Improved models meet every need for light—indoors and out. There is a type for every purpose and purse.

Reload your flashlights and keep them on the job with fresh, strong Eveready Unit Cells. And if you haven't a flashlight, see the nearest Eveready dealer at once. Buy the improved Eveready Flashlights from electrical, hardware and marine supply dealers, sporting goods and general stores, garages and auto accessory shops.

*Manufactured and guaranteed by*

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**EVEREADY**
**FLASHLIGHTS**
**& BATTERIES**
*—they last longer*

# What next will be made of Pyralin?

WHO will be next to benefit from this wonderful material of countless forms and uses? What manufacturer will find in the sheets, rods and tubes of Pyralin a new source of economy, beauty and greater saleability for his product?

Pyralin takes on countless forms and colors. It may be buffed into brilliant lustre or left in light-absorbing dullness. The makers of thousands of different articles have replaced wood, metal, ivory and scores of other materials with Pyralin. In so doing, they have given greater beauty, greater usefulness, and longer life to their products—at lower costs.

When the Chemical Engineer gave Pyralin to American industry he wrought one of his greatest achievements. But, just as a diamond is only stone until cut into multi-faceted brilliance, so the universal usefulness of Pyralin was unknown until engineers in the du Pont Development Laboratories found ways to work it.

. . . how to blow it as easily as glass; how to saw it and turn it and tool it, as wood or metal is handled; how to stamp articles from it at one drop of a die.

### *New things are made of Pyralin daily*

The du Pont Development Laboratories are maintained to assist manufacturers in adapting Pyralin to their products. Just write for an interesting book "What next will be made of Pyralin?" and describe your product to us. We will make a study as to whether or not Pyralin can increase its saleability. Write today

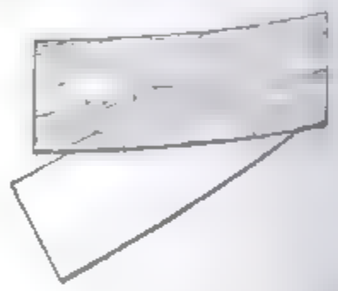
E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc. ▾ *Pyralin Division* ▾ ARLINGTON, NEW JERSEY

DU PONT Pyralin

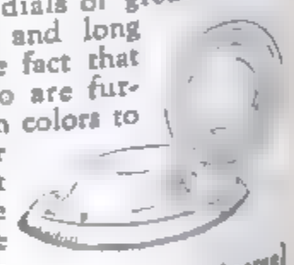
THE usefulness of Pyralin is still unplumbed and covers so wide a range that a description is almost impossible.

***The radio industry for instance***

The wonderful new du Pont panel material called PyRADIOlin—*can be worked as easily as a piece of soft pine*; so easy to drill and cut that you can actually drive a woodscrew through it without splitting. Yet, once in place, PyRADIOlin holds instruments with permanent rigidity and gives a new beauty to radio cabinets. PyRADIOlin is made in brilliant black or in mahogany.



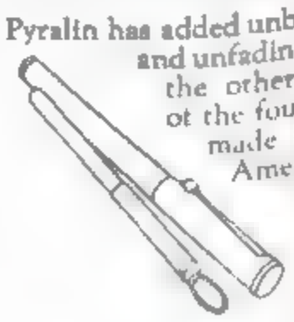
Pyralin is now also used for making dials of great beauty, strength and long life. The fact that they also are furnished in colors to match or contrast with the rest of the set is an added reason for their universal adoption.



For making horns, Pyralin marks a remarkable new development of practical benefit to loud-speakers. Its acoustic value is unusual and it has a characteristic beauty unobtainable in any other material.

But radio is only one branch of industry in which Pyralin finds universal adaptability. Buttons are made from it, and toiletware and tooth brushes. Toys and bird cages are others of the multitude of its uses. Shoe heels and unsightly plumbing pipes are covered with it; jewelry is embellished with it; shoe soles are waterproofed with it; modern office appliances would be lost without it.

Pyralin has added unbreakability and unfading beauty to the other attributes of the fountain pens made by leading American manufacturers.



What next will be made of Pyralin?

(Continued from Page 52)

towed by their belligerent mothers—these are the unknowns who rub shoulders with the great folk of minstrelsy in the clamorous outer office. Probably the Al Jolson or the Nora Bayes of tomorrow is somewhere in the group. Bits of their prattle separate out from the general hubbub.

"And I says to him, just like that, I says, 'What I want is a song with a tear in it ——'" "And after me getting as healthy a send as ever they saw over in that old graveyard in Newark ——" "Well, dearie, it certainly knocked Albee for a row of center-door fancies. I was a riot, I tell you, a wow ——"

Back of this, providing a kind of thorough-bass for the composition, is a strange, unending blur of sound, bits of music seeping out from the supposedly sound-proof studios in which a new Berlin from Chinatown may be eagerly showing what melodies are in his sheaf, or a new favorite from vaudeville may be having the latest ballad adjusted to her immovable voice. On the other hand, the voice you hear sifting through the keyhole may be one you recognize fondly as the voice of Grace La Rue, or the deep boom-boom of Nora Bayes. And as like as not, that plump and pleasing person elbowing his way through the crowded anteroom will be none other than the lord of jazz, Paul Whiteman. In summertime, when the doors and windows of Tin Pan Alley stand open all day long, the sidewalks underneath are clogged with stray listeners to the favorites of the coming season as they leak from the rooms where orchestras and pianos and quartets are trying them.

It is a ramifying and stupendous business—this far-flung enterprise which, in the complicated fashion of modern American life, has come into existence just because that waiter down at Nigger Mike's had so many tunes in his head. Saul Bornstein, the general manager, who is also one of the three partners, has charge of some two hundred employes scattered through offices from Boston, Massachusetts to Sydney in Australia. He is the dynamo of the house and it is he who is responsible for seeing that the overhead does not run more than $75,000 a month. If out of the hundred and twenty-five songs the house may publish in a year, four of them prove to be hits, such an overhead can be absorbed and forgotten. No easy job, Mr. Bornstein's, to keep his head when all about him folks are bursting into song or departing temperamentally for Miami. It must be like keeping books in Bedlam.

There is so much unsuspected work to be done after Berlin, or any other composer, has brought the words and melody of his latest song into the office and left it nervously on the desk of the partners. Its accompaniment must be adjusted by the musicians who are retained for the purpose. It must be translated into the symbols that will make it playable by everything from the piano in the front parlor to the clarinet in the road house. It must be pitched to suit all the voices that ever break into song. All this, mind you, before the first copies are stacked in the music stores and before, through infinite intrigue and cajolery, the first records have been made for the phonograph.

### Releasing a New Song

Now it can be sold. And songs are sold to you as deliberately and as grimly as beans are sold to you. If you are under the innocent impression that the tune you whistled in your bath this morning got into your head by chance, it is only because the advertising of a song is more subtle than the advertising of baked beans and the propaganda by which you become familiar with it is less visible to the naked eye. When a new song is ready to assault the public—one, let us say, that the publishers think may turn into a second What'll I Do?—thousands of copies are printed and stacked in readiness. Preliminary hearings are vouchsafed behind closed doors to the vaudeville singers who have been selected to sing it. Paul Whiteman has listened to it privately and decided, perhaps, to transmit it through the phonograph with such added wails and antic trills as he alone knows how to impart to a composition. An orchestral arrangement has been sent to the Capitol Theater, whose great orchestra, an old friend of radio enthusiasts, will, when the signal is given, make it known overnight in Jersey farmhouses and Adirondack lumber camps and fishing smacks along the Chesapeake. Then, too, in Chicago, in Detroit, in San Francisco, like greyhounds straining at the leash, the pluggers of the branch offices are waiting for the word to carry the song to every cabaret and movie orchestra in their city.

Finally the signal is given. The conductor at the Capitol lifts his baton. The song begins. The new tune drenches the country with the suddenness of a cloudburst. In an hour, a day, it fills all the air around you. The orchestra plays it when you go out to dinner and the newsboy whistles it as he fumbles for your change. The demand at the music store begins and mounts and mounts. A thousand copies a day—five thousand copies a day—ten thousand copies a day. By the end of the first week you feel as if you had known that song all your life. By the end of the first month you begin to wish you had never heard it at all. By the end of the sixth month you think you will die in horrid agony if you ever hear it again.

Sam H. Harris, Who With Irving Berlin Planned the Music Box

Then, quite suddenly, the very next week, perhaps, you find it missing from the street. The orchestra accompanies your soup with something else. There is a new tune on the lips of the newsboy. And so no more. Conceivably the composer, asking by wireless from the Riviera for the latest tidings of its sales, will receive such an answer as that which disconcerted the London playwright on the first night of his comedy's production in New York. He cabled Charles Frohman for news of how it was going. C. F. cabled back, "It's gone."

To Winslow, sitting back exhausted after such a campaign, there must sometimes come the ghost of a disquieting wonder—a vain speculation as to whether, had he not sold the song so vehemently, it might not have lingered longer and in the final analysis reached more piano racks and phonographs. On such occasions he would recall that no one ever plugged The Sunshine of Your Smile, that The Rosary and The End of a Perfect Day were never sold to America. He knows that certain publishing houses—T. B. Harms, for instance—have no professional department at all. He knows, of course, that there are certain songs which fare better if left to make their own way in the world. From such songs, when he recognizes them, he keeps hands off. And when a popular favorite has just gasped its last at his feet he can hardly help wondering if this had not been one of those.

Yet the very selling method is as much a part of the pace and rhythm of Berlin's music as that music itself is part of the pace and rhythm of America in the third decade of the twentieth century. Such sales are musical journalism. It is the modern way.

Faster, faster, faster—it is the tempo of a time which seizes upon a song, worries it to death and throws it away—all in six months. On to the next and the next. Perhaps, after all, it takes just such a taut, high-strung, panting mechanism as Irving Berlin, Inc., to make it possible for a latter-day jongleur to keep pace with the breathless people to whom he would sing his lay.

As you move through the crowded and turbulent passageways of such an office, you pass quickly by the shipping room, where the thump-thump-thump of the packages being wrapped recalls nothing quite so much as the rolling base of Dardanella. So many copies of Everything is Rosy Now for Rosie, so many copies of Tuck Me to Sleep, so many copies of I'll Always Keep a Corner in My Heart for Tennessee, so many copies of Red-Hot Mamma—wrapping, stamping, shipping all day long.

You are likely to pause longer on the threshold of a smaller room, bleak and unadorned. Here sit the arrangers, men who, when Berlin was born, knew more about music than he will ever know. They were learned in the symbols of melody and trained in the theory of harmony when he was just a busker on the Bowery. You can imagine their sentiments. You can even guess that sometimes they smolder a little with the feelings that roil the faded copy-readers of a newspaper's city room when they must needs pass their nights whipping into shape for publication the stories which the dressy helter-skelter young reporters bring in from the teeming streets.

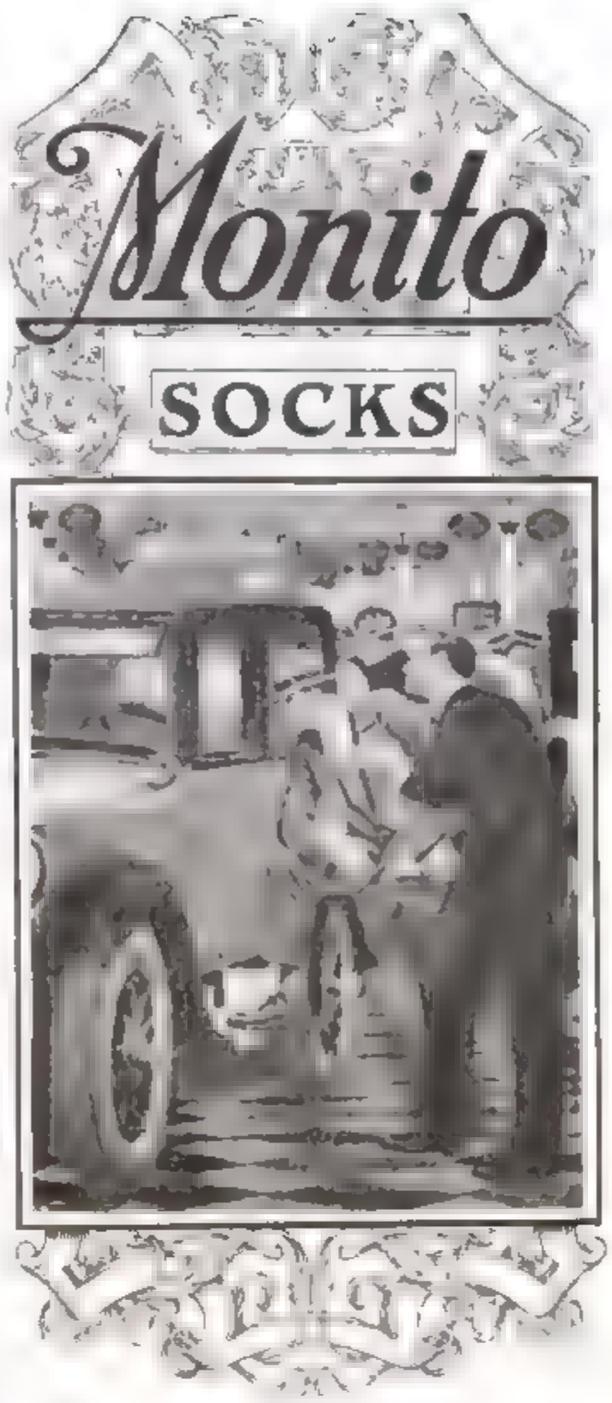
### The Vacant Throne

The progress from that dreary domain to the outer offices of the temple constitutes a dizzying ascent in elegance. You pass from the kind of quarters assigned to the men who merely know everything about music—except, perhaps, how to create it—to the suaver regions dedicated to commerce, to chat of overhead and fiscal year and net return. Winslow, sitting at his mahogany desk, might be mistaken for a bank president, if it did not seem uncharacteristic of a bank president, in the midst of a conference, to throw back his head and clinch an argument by bursting into song.

And in this ascent in luxury—as sharp in its contrast as the difference between steerage and promenade suites aboard the Mauretania—you come at last to Mr. Berlin's own office, a region of opalescent lamps, thick, yielding rugs and submerging divans. The magnificence is so monstrous that you would either laugh outright or give way to a dawning resentment were it not for one saving fact. He is not there. He never is. Life has prepared a throne for Irving Berlin, but he is too vagrant, too self-critical and too humorous a person ever to be caught in the act of sitting on it.

Indeed, a week, a month, a season may slip by without ever the sound of the young master's step being heard at the gate of the old estate. But his tunes linger there and work for him, while something in the air of the place recalls vaguely the pleasing visit to the home of Ellis Parker Butler recorded long ago in the old New York Sun by the irreverent Frank Ward O'Malley. O'Malley told how, as he approached the Butler cottage on Long Island, he learned from the man who was mowing the lawn and the postman who was delivering the mail and the cook who was hanging out the dish towels that Mr. Butler was locked in his study. They all knew he was at work on a new short story. And they all glowed with a confidence that it would prove to be just as funny as Pigs is Pigs. So, too, the intuitive passer-by in the offices of Irving Berlin, Inc., can tell from something in the air when the absentee is in the throes of a new tune. At such times the very twang of the telephone girl's response, the very tilt of the messenger boy's cap, proclaims the local belief that it will be another What'll I Do?

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Woollcott. The next will appear in an early issue.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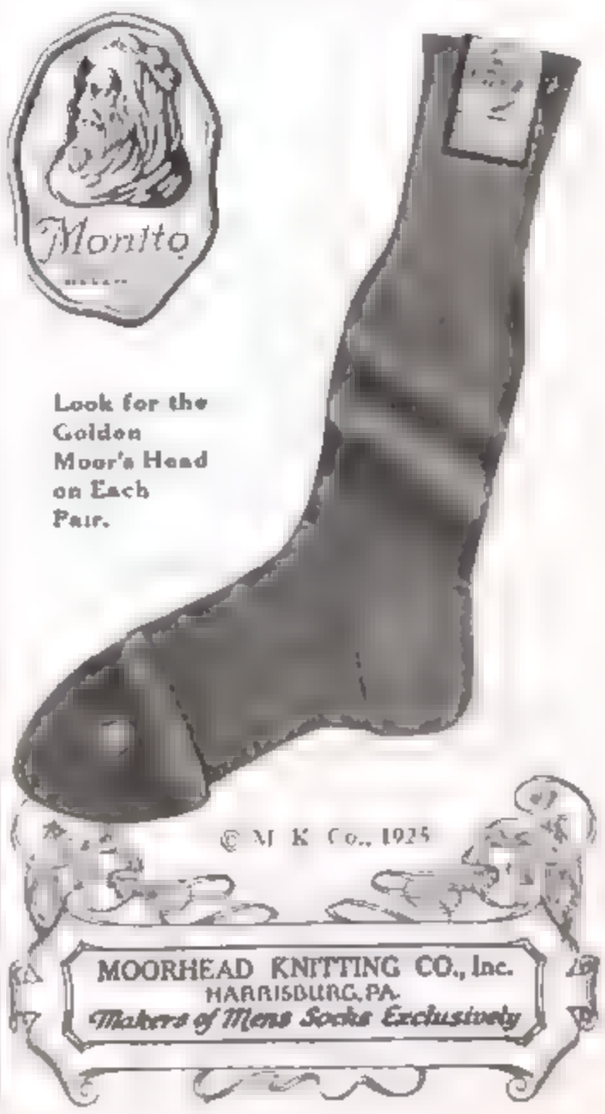
Better Wear!

TRIM, snappy styles! Perfect fit! Snug comfort! Long wear and little mending! That's what you get when you ask for Monito.

Monito Style No. 660—a distinctive wool sock—is a wonderful dollar value for daily use.

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Pat. Dec. 25, 1923

Eyesight suffers when glasses wobble

EYE-STRAIN, annoyance, weariness—these result when the delicate and precise adjustment of spectacles is upset by wobbling end-pieces. Yet most spectacles have been weak at these vital points. But not Twintex Shur-ons, the newest and most comfortable and safest of spectacle frames. The strong, patented Twintex end-pieces mean not only relief from the eye-straining wobble, but a minimum of breakage and repair bills. The best in spectacles costs no more than ordinary frames. Ask your optical specialist for Twintex Shur-ons.

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Shur-on
ALL TYPES OF
SPECTACLES & EYEGLASSES

# THE EDUCATED MONEY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Mister," said William cordially, "I'm wise. I don't know who you are, but you're a hot sport underneath."

"Boy," said Mr. Jones, "it makes me young to hear you, but tell me—tell me who owns the stables now, and give me the jockeys' names."

And then they were off to Mr. Jones' country. William forgot the little hotel room. Perhaps they both forgot. Mr. Jones was leaning forward with a strained, pathetic look, listening, always listening, and now and then giving a little sigh.

"Think of it!" Mr. Jones said now and then. "The ponies are still running, and the band's still playing, and they're still making up the books. Oh, dear me! Oh, dear, only to think of it!"

"And there's new ones coming on," said William. "You can take it from me. I know. I've got my eye on the nicest three-year-old, for instance, that nobody knows about. Personally, if you get me, I never bet unless I ride. I want to have the riding myself, and then I know it's right, if you understand. I've never had the benefits of a college education, but I can ride. Say, listen—if I wanted I could tell you something!"

Mr. Jones was sitting doubled up in his chair with his eyes pathetically wide. There were signs on his face of wrestlings of the spirit. His brow was wrinkled and his hands were moving restlessly. Suddenly William felt a lump rise in his throat. By some sympathetic second sight he had a vision of thwarted desires and of a barren, wasted life.

"Mr. Jones," said William suddenly, "Mr. Jones, I don't do this except to friends, but it's a pleasure to talk to educated folks. Do you want me to put you next to something? Is that why you asked me here?"

Mr. Jones leaned forward and placed a trembling hand on William's arm.

"Boy," he said in a queer shaken voice, "I love you for it, but please don't. I'm not as strong as I thought, and after twenty years "

His voice trailed off. Again he was looking from William toward the cloak on the back of the chair.

"Think of it," he muttered half audibly, "the ponies are still running."

"Listen here," persisted William in a burst of kindly charity. "I don't know why it is, but I like you, Mr. Jones. Now listen—we're letting loose a three-year-old from old McKitrick's stable, which is who I'm riding for—the smoothest thing with hair on it, and he's good for fifteen to one!"

"Don't!" groaned Mr. Jones. "If I get started —— Oh, dear me, if I get started ——" Mr. Jones wriggled in his chair. "Oh, dear"—his words were wrung from some unfathomed depths of woe—"I promised I never would again after the last time. I should never have gone. That's it! I should never have looked at a running horse!"

William could not tell then, nor did he ever understand exactly what it was that stirred him, but he found himself on his feet, patting Mr. Jones gently on the shoulder.

"Come on now," he was saying. "Don't take on like that. There's nothing finer in this world, now, mister, than a good horse when he's running!"

Like a man awakening from a dream Mr. Jones sat up and adjusted his spectacles.

"Oh, dear," he said, "I knew I couldn't stop. I've got to go the limit, and bet on something now!"

Slowly Mr. Jones was coming to himself, and an obstinate combative light was kindling in his eyes.

"And after all," he added, "why the devil shouldn't I? Just because I got cleaned out once by accident, does that mean my judgment's bad? Not by a long shot, it doesn't!"

William lowered his voice as though the room was filled with a crowd of anxious listeners

"You take your money," he said—he had to pause to admire the calm prophetic way in which he spoke—"and wait till Monday for the seventh race. Just you follow me, and I'll see personally there won't be any accidents!"

An added touch of color appeared in Mr. Jones' cheeks, and his hands moved, as though beating time to some distant music.

"Listen," said William. "I'm not spilling inside stuff. I'm not that kind of a bird. Nobody's taking my word for it, not even Mr. McKitrick, which is the name of the old stuffed shirt I ride for, but I'm riding in the seventh race Monday, and my horse is going to win!"

"May I ask," inquired Mr. Jones, "how you know already?"

William waved his arm indignantly and thrust out his bony jaw.

"Didn't I say I'm doing the riding? They laugh at me and say I'm a kid, but I know better than Mr. McKitrick, which is the name of the old stuffed shirt, as I said, I'm riding for—when a horse is ready. It's the way he looks at his oats. Up at the stables they all say he's a flivver, but I know Mommer's Boy!"

"Mommer's Boy!" murmured Mr. Jones. "Mommer's Boy and Mr. McKitrick—dear me! The ponies are still running!"

"Yes, Mommer's Boy!" repeated William belligerently. "They call him that because he shakes before he runs. Yes, they kid me about him down at the stable, because I say he's never been rode right. Just because he hadn't won a race, don't I know he can when a man is on his back? I can feel him wanting to win! He says it to me!"

Mr. Jones sighed and blinked behind his glasses.

"The seventh race," said Mr. Jones. "Dear me! I saw it in the paper—a three-year-old handicap. Aren't there any favorites?"

"Sure they're favorites, but what do I care for that?" The love of sport was vibrating in William's voice. Again he forgot the hotel room, and perhaps they both forgot. "There's White Hope, and Prince Charming, and they've both got old boys up, both of 'em hard boiled ——"

"Dear me!" sighed Mr. Jones. "And you're just an apprentice!"

"Yes!" cried William. "You wait till I'm up, and I'll show 'em, though! Wait till I walk Mommer's Boy! Wait till they pull up the gate!"

A curious change had come over them both.

William was staring into space, and Mr. Jones with his face set and expressionless was holding the arms of his chair.

"They're off!" said Mr. Jones. "They're off!"

"And I'm holding him in!" cried William. "I'm holding that baby in! I'm keeping him back with the bunch!"

Unconsciously William's arms had grown taut. Unconsciously his shoulders became stooping.

"They're off!" repeated Mr. Jones, holding to his chair. "They're off!"

"And he's going," said William. "And he's got his head down. He's boring. That's what I figure throws him off. He's boring, but I'm holding on. I don't start him too quick. He wants to get his wind. And then at the turn I ease him off, just a little—I ease him off. He doesn't like the rail, but still I'm holding, and I'm saying 'Easy, boy! You ain't been rode right, but you're coming!'"

"They're turning!" cried Mr. Jones, just as though he saw it all. "They're turning!"

"And I'm right there!" cried William. "Right with the bunch. White Hope's ahead. He always takes the lead, but I'm holding Mommer's Boy, just letting him flatten out a little. His wind is working, and he's going—he's going like a little dog!"

Though it was a theoretical race on some invisible mental track, they both had forgotten.

"He's going," continued William, "and I ease him on the stretch. I nose him up a couple of lengths. He wants to go, and I put him through a hole at the turn, and leave a little give to my wrist!"

Mr. Jones had caught the spirit of it. His voice boomed through the narrow sitting room.

"Here they come!" he cried. "Here they come!"

And William, too, had caught the infection.

"He's going!" cried William. "Oh, boy—he's going just like a little catnip mouse. Young Levi's hitting Prince Charming, but he's folding! Mommer's Boy's got the stuff left. I know he's got it. I'm giving him his head!"

"Give it to him!" shouted Mr. Jones. "Give him the whip!"

"He don't need it!" William's words were like the rattle of hoofs. "He's coming up! He's coming up! I'm talking to him. He's nosing out White Hope. Pat Harrison's trying, but he's carrying too much weight. Mommer's Boy's nosing him out!"

"Come on!" cried Mr. Jones. "Come on, you little devil! Give it to him! Oh, my stars! Come on!"

III

AND then it was all over, just as though a spell had snapped. Mr. Jones with his gray hair disarranged was standing with his mouth half opened. William was also standing up, but he had stopped talking. The look on Mr. Jones' face had made him stop. Mr. Jones was staring at the door. The knob was turning with an impatient rattle, and then there came the sound of a firm hand on the panels.

Mr. Jones gave a panicky start, and stared helplessly about him.

"Oh, dear me!" he whispered in a scarcely audible tone. "Oh, heaven help us now!"

"Say," gasped William, "what's the matter?"

"Be quiet!" whispered Mr. Jones. "You don't understand! It's it's my wife!"

But no one could help understanding. With those few words the tragedy of a thwarted life seemed written on Mr. Jones.

"Boy!" he whispered. "Tell me you won't go back on me! Tell me you're with me now!"

"Henry," came a voice outside the door. "Don't you hear me, Henry?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Jones. "I—I'm coming!"

His eyes rolled beseechingly toward William.

"Don't breathe a word!" he whispered "Oh, dear me!"

With a speed beyond his years, with the noiselessness of despair, Mr. Jones leaped toward the bottle and the glasses. There was a firmer louder knocking on the door.

"Yes, my dear," cried Mr. Jones haltingly. "I—I'm coming. Please don't be impatient, dear!" His lips were close to William's ear. "Don't breathe a word!" he whispered, and then he turned the latch.

There was a moment, scarcely measurable, before the door was opened, and yet it stood out like an atoll in the sea of time. William was aware of an electrical suspense, and though his life was one of daring, he felt the contagion of fear. Mr. Jones was making a dozen little gestures, putting at his hair, pulling at his necktie and brushing at his coat, and then, as though someone had pushed a button, he gave a slight shiver and his lips curved into the semblance of a smile.

"Good evening, dear," he said. "How how nice you're back!"

But there was no immediate answer to his greeting. His words fell back hopelessly into a futile space. The door had opened and had closed with an incisive sound, and Mrs. Jones was standing before it. She was antiquated, about the age of Mr. Jones, but she stood very straight, as though her back scorned support and ease. She was little. Her hands and feet were small, and she must have been pretty once, and even then, as William stared at her profile, it seemed like the head on a piece of change, as clearly stamped and still. She was dressed in black with white frilly cuffs, and on her head was a frilly contrivance with ribbons that fell beside her ears, but William saw it all with only half an eye. It was Mr. Jones he was looking at, and she also was looking at Mr. Jones.

"Henry," she said, "Henry!"

She said nothing more, and yet it was enough.

With measured accurate speed she began pulling off a pair of dull black gloves, and though she was small, and though her hair was white, that homely action gave an impression of subtle power.

"My dear," began Mr. Jones with a little cough. "I'm so relieved you're back!" Mr. Jones' voice, however, lacked a note of deep conviction. "I'm so relieved you're back. I was dreadfully nervous you'd get cold, when I saw you'd left your cape. Ha, ha! I found it so chilly that I only just stepped out myself, and—just stepped out and ——"

"Be quiet, Henry," said Mrs. Jones, not sharply but with an infinite weariness.

"Certainly, my dear," agreed Mr. Jones hastily. "I was simply going to say I just stepped out, and—and ——"

"Be quiet, Henry," said Mrs. Jones.

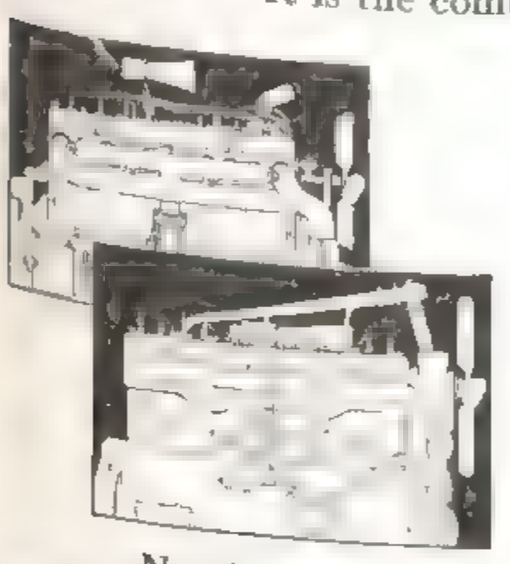
(Continued on Page 58)

# Why NEW PAIGE and NEW JEWETT

## Have New Smoothness—New Ability—New Comfort—New Silence—New Dependability

There are reasons for these new qualities in the New Paige and New Jewett. And there are reasons why these new qualities are *permanent*. Certain brand-new features have been added. Certain old features—proved satisfactory in our years of use—have been retained, with improvements where possible for even finer service. We did not sacrifice proved goodness to cry "new." It is the combination of these features, new and old, that makes a new engineering achievement possible—and that new achievement is Permanent Perfected Performance. Besides this we have created twelve new beautiful bodies—with new grace of line and finish and equipment.

Paige and Jewett prices have not been increased as they might justly be to cover these improvements. Judged by comparable cars—the New Paige and New Jewett are today actually underpriced from $150 to $200.



### New Motors

New Paige and New Jewett motors are sixes—perfected in smoothness and simplicity. More cylinders would just add complicating parts.

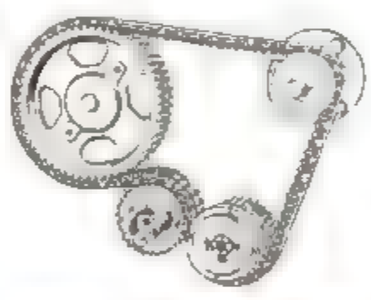
This new ability is produced by piston displacement adequate for the weight of the cars. They are not skimpy-sized motors that must run at wearing speed to get enough power. So they last more miles, years.

And they give a sure ability that cannot be produced by other engineering means. A range of ability in high unmatched for hill-climbing, quick getaway, hard pulling.

All this without ever even taxing these powerful motors.

### New Balanced Crankshafts

Balanced crankshafts give new smoothness to Paige and Jewett. Vibration cannot be detected—regardless of speed. Silken smoothness at all speeds.



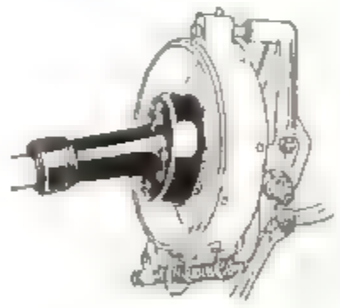
### Silent Chain Drive

Paige and Jewett motors are built with silent chain drive for pump and timing shafts. Chains wear, stretch after a while. So we provide an *automatic* take-up sprocket that keeps a constant tension on the chain, completely offsetting the effects of wear (stretch), preventing back-lash and retaining timing accuracy. Silence is permanent.

This chain drive was successfully used for two years in Paige. Now, refined, it is in the New Jewett.

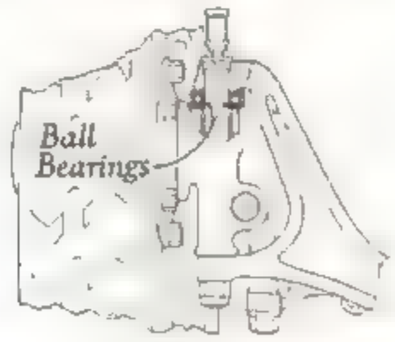
### Clutch that Smooths Gear-Shifting

The saw-blade steel clutch, used in Paige and Jewett, engages so gently that even a novice will rarely jerk or stall the car. Never a "miss" or gear-clash. The reason is a driven member so light that it stops spinning almost instantly when you throw out the clutch. It quickly adjusts itself to speed changes. With this clutch and the perfected transmission in the New Paige and New Jewett, you can shift quietly and easily from high to second at 30 miles an hour. Millions of miles' fine service for Paige-Jewett owners prove this feature "right."



### All-Steel Universal Joints

Paige and Jewett universals are all-steel. Lubrication, good for 15,000 miles, is *sealed in*. Wear—back-lash—is postponed indefinitely. A hundred thousand Paige-Jewett owners know the advantages of these universals. Owners of New Paiges and New Jewetts are learning them.




### Ball-Bearing Steering Spindles

Paige and Jewett have been noted for remarkably easy steering, thanks to ball-bearing steering spindles. With the advent of balloon tires, Paige-Jewett engineers completely redesigned steering to offset increased road friction. So in the New Paige and New Jewett, ball-bearing, special-geared steering lets you have the benefit of balloon tires without the usual hard steering.

### Extra Strong Frames

Frames of the New Paige and New Jewett have four heavy cross-members and special bracing for diagonal stresses. They are built to handle the cars' ample power without strain and to stand up under the punishment of bad roads. They are heavy—for pounds of steel mean pounds of strength, life. These are typical of construction throughout the New Paige and New Jewett.

### New Spring Design

To get the *fullest* comfort from balloon tires, our engineers completely redesigned spring suspension. Paige's rear springs are more than 5 feet long—Jewett's practically half the length of its wheelbase! This length of springs, with newly-designed suspension, balloon tires, and weight of cars, give unsurpassed riding comfort in the New Paige and New Jewett.

### Two Cars—One Quality

If you wish these new qualities in a moderate-size car—then buy the New Jewett. If your desire runs to a big car with all the added advantages of larger size—then the New Paige best suits your needs. But *both* are alike in this—Permanent Perfected Performance. (508)

*Hydraulic four-wheel brakes (Lockheed type) optional on all models at slight extra cost.*

PERMANENT PERFECTED PERFORMANCE

# "Through thick and thin" writes Mrs. Whitney

*"Through thick and thin I have used your materials (and no other) and cannot imagine how I could get along without them. Indeed I am only too glad to testify to their worth."*

MRS. PAYNE WHITNEY

NOT often does a personage like Mrs. Whitney write a letter of recommendation. And this letter becomes even more remarkable when you stop to consider its indorsement was wholly unsolicited. Mrs. Whitney's letter is but one of hundreds written to Jane Curran because of keen appreciation of what Jane Curran's methods and preparations do for hair.

For more than forty years, Jane Curran has cared for the hair of New York's most prominent society leaders—men as well as women. And so successful is she—so thick, gleaming, and attractive does hair become under Miss Curran's hands—that her patrons are steadily beset for her name and address.

Now, so insistent is the demand, Miss Curran has put into a little book, "The Secret of Beautiful Hair," a full description of her preparations, and methods for their use. If you would have beautiful hair—abundant, lustrous, and youthful—write for Miss Curran's book today. Send no postage. Just your name and address in the coupon (below) or write on your regular stationery.

If all scalps were exactly alike, it might be easy to prescribe treatment for all hair difficulties. But—as scalps and hair, like people, differ widely, it is necessary to have different remedies for different conditions in order to successfully relieve them.

*And this is exactly what Jane Curran does.*

But—please do not write for Miss Curran's book unless you realize fully that, to have fine hair, you must give it attention—regular, steady, continuous. Your scalp is part of your skin. And must be so treated. Your scalp and hair must have as much attention as you give to face and hands—to preserving your teeth, your nails, or your complexion

## *Modern Methods of Hair-dressing*

The increasingly popular "bob," with all the attractive wave effects, put unusual requirements upon the hair and scalp. And heat and irons cannot be successfully withstood without unusual care. It is now more than ever necessary to give your hair and scalp attention—regular, steady, habitual. Only in this way may you expect your scalp to keep its vigor, and your hair to retain its natural beauty—the sheen and softness of perfect health.

If your hair is coming out, or getting prematurely grey—if it is dull and lifeless or the ends are split—if you have dandruff (a parasitic disease) or other scalp irritation—if your scalp is too oily, or not oily enough—or, if your hair is, in any way, unnatural, then this is of interest to you. For it leads to hair health and beauty.

Write for Miss Curran's book today. It is yours for the asking. Send no postage. Use the coupon.

# FREE

Jane Curran, 1022 Curran Laboratories
130 William Street, New York

Please send your book,
"The Secret of Beautiful Hair," to—

Name _____

No. _____ Street

City _____ State _____


(Continued from Page 56)

"Yes, my dear," assented Mr. Jones. "Of course—of course ——"

"Henry," said Mrs. Jones, "don't go on. Don't try to wriggle out!"

"But, my dear ——" began Mr. Jones, and William wished he could get away. There was something so steady in the look of Mrs. Jones that the very room grew chill. In pity he tried to keep his eyes from Mr. Jones, but he could not.

"Don't try, Henry," said Mrs. Jones. "You might spare me that."

It was a pitiful sight to see him with his shoulders stooped and all his buoyancy gone like the wind from a blown-out tire.

"Henry," clear and cool Mrs. Jones' voice went on, "have you been to the races?"

"My dear!" gasped Mr. Jones with an appealing negative gesture.

"Don't you deny it," continued Mrs. Jones with a little weary sigh. "You can't deny it. Why did you tell me you must come here to rest your nerves? Why did you tell me you couldn't stand the New England climate?"

"My dear," expostulated Mr. Jones, "if you'd only listen ——"

"After you've gambled away one fortune," continued Mrs. Jones, "must you take the few dollars you have left? Oh, Henry, are you up to your tricks again?"

If ever stark despair had marked a man, its mark was on Mr. Jones, but still he struggled on.

"But, my dear," he said, "if you'll just remember, I only came because you wanted to attend the church conference, and you didn't want to leave me."

"Henry," interrupted Mrs. Jones, "you know well why I didn't!"

"My dear," cried Mr. Jones in a pained voice, "please don't go on. We have company in the room!"

Mrs. Jones turned, and William could feel her looking at him. He saw her forehead wrinkle beneath her bonnet, and then strangely enough, he almost thought she smiled.

"Henry," she said with a little sigh, "Henry, how long will it be before you learn that I can't be fooled? Are you always going to keep on wriggling?"

"My dear," said Mr. Jones with sudden fervor, "you don't know what you're saying. All day long I've been doing my best. I brought this young man up here solely because ——"

"Listen, ma'am," William had suddenly found his voice, and courageously faced the breach. "Mr. Jones is all right. Honest now, ma'am, he's all right."

"My dear," Mr. Jones' voice chimed in with unexpected smoothness. "I brought this young man solely because I knew you'd be interested. He's ——" Mr. Jones paused, and drew a deep breath. "He's a sort of missionary, dear, and he's on his way to China."

William gave a start, and his mouth fell open, and his sunken cheeks took on a brick-red flush. His breath caught and ended in a choking sound, and he grasped the back of his chair. A missionary—that was what Mr. Jones had said.

He felt Mrs. Jones looking at him again. He could see Mr. Jones make a slight gesture behind her back, and his head felt very light.

"A missionary," said Mrs. Jones. It was wonderful to see the change wrought by a name, and to perceive the brightness in her eyes. "Why, Henry, why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"I did my best," said Mr. Jones; "if you'd only listened. He's here to attend the conference, just the way we are."

"Why, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "How thin he is, but I'm sure he's a good boy just the same. I can see it, now I look"

But William scarcely heard her, for something occurred which made him ashamed of all duplicity. Mrs. Jones had taken his hand and was holding it in both of hers, and she believed it all. William could see she did, and her innocence filled him with a strange remorse.

"All the way to China," said Mrs. Jones. "All the way to China to do good; and so young to be so brave. Does your mother know?"

"No'm, she don't," said William haltingly. "Ma, she died at Tia Juana when I was nine"

"Tia Juana," interrupted Mr. Jones hastily, "is in the South Sea Islands."

"You poor boy," said Mrs. Jones. "All that time without a mother! But is your father living?"

"Last I heard of pa," said William, "he was working at Las Vegas."

"Las Vegas," explained Mr. Jones, "is a small trading post in Nianza. Don't ask him any more, dear. They're all missionaries!"

Mrs. Jones, still holding William's hands, looked compassionately at his hollow cheeks.

"Of course I won't," she said. "The poor boy's starved. The first thing I'm going to do is to get him a good big glass of cream."

"Oh, ma'am," said William hastily, "thanks, I like to be thin!"

Mr. Jones appeared completely himself again, and even smiled as William spoke.

"Afraid of the cannibals, eh?" he inquired genially.

"Be quiet, Henry," said Mrs. Jones.

"I guess," said William, glancing sideways at the door, "it's late and I oughter be going."

"Yes," said Mr. Jones. "He has to attend a special talk on China. I'll see him to the elevator now."

"But of course you're coming back," said Mrs. Jones.

"I—I don't know," began William, and Mrs. Jones seized his hand again.

"Promise me you'll come back," she said, "tomorrow evening, and I'll read you a book on China. Will you promise?"

Outside by the elevator Mr. Jones wrung William's hand.

"She thinks you are one," he whispered. "You can take it from me, she thinks you are one!"

But as for William, he found it hard to think at all.

"Say," he expostulated, "I can't go on pretending!"

Mr. Jones' fingers tightened convulsively.

"You've got to go on," he pleaded. "You can't let me down now, or she'll guess; and I don't know what'll happen if she guesses. You've got to come tomorrow. Don't back down! Please—don't back down!"

There was a slow and painful sound of the elevator struggling upward.

"You're coming back," whispered Mr. Jones, "and I'm waiting for that seventh race."

Outside it was growing dark as William plodded up the street.

"Poor feller," murmured William. "Poor old man!"

## IV

AND though he had not promised, he knew he would come back. He was experiencing a most unhealthy sensation. Out in the cold night air something which was almost like a seed of doubt was germinating in his breast. The easy confidence with which he had spoken was falling back upon him, like a feeble scaffolding reared by a feeble hand. Somehow his belief in himself had weakened with Mr. Jones' last words.

"You're not going bet on a long chance—now?" William had asked.

"You bet I'm going to bet," said Mr. Jones. "Trust me, I've got the situation well in hand."

A horrible thought was coming to William out there in the dark. It was born with his memory of Mr. Jones' look of happy trust, and of the vision of Mrs. Jones in that dingy little sitting room.

"Golly," William murmured to himself, "and I may not win at all!"

What is it the movies flash on the screen about the strength of a good woman! It must have been that strength that William felt.

It was Wednesday when he first met them, and on Thursday he returned, reluctantly, almost fearfully, but he could not stay away.

"There!" said Mrs. Jones. "I knew you'd come!" And then she whisked out of her chair and opened a bedroom door. "I'm all ready for you. I'll get the book!"

Mr. Jones stood looking after her with a curious puzzled look.

"Dear me," he murmured. "She never forgets anything. You'll hear about China now. A remarkable woman; very remarkable, William."

"Yes, sir," said William. "Say, is it true they don't have horses there, and guys pull other guys along the road?"

"Still," Mr. Jones added very softly as though he had not heard, "a man can get around 'em sometimes. You have done it, William. But oh, dear me, what will she do if she finds it out?"

William cleared his throat.

"I think it's sorta mean ——" he began.

"Hush!" hissed Mr. Jones.

Mrs. Jones was back. In her hand was a large volume, entitled With Our Missionaries in Nooks and Crannies of Old China. Stiffly she sat down, looked quickly at them both, and opened to Page One.

"We'll begin at the beginning," said Mrs. Jones, "and keep on each evening. I never give up reading a book until it's entirely finished. Henry—what's the matter?"

"Nothing, my dear," said Mr. Jones.

She read, but William only half heard what she was reading. He felt too ill-at-ease to listen as he sat in his overstuffed chair. Strange thoughts kept cropping up to disturb his mental peace. Why had she never asked him a single question? Somehow it was no fun to fool her. On and on her voice went in exact, determined speed, and somehow she looked almost young, he thought, in spite of her black shawl and smooth gray hair. She was delicate, that evening; yes, and almost gentle.

"Henry," said Mrs. Jones, "are you listening? I don't have to ask William. I know from the way he looks he doesn't miss a word."

And then her voice went on, but after a while she peered again over the top of her book.

"Henry," she said, "you may smoke your evening pipe now. I know I don't have to tell William."

"No, indeed," Mr. Jones answered "William never smokes."

Mr. Jones sighed and leaned far back in his chair with his eyes half closed, and emitted a cloud of smoke, and Mrs. Jones paused to watch him.

"Henry," she said more gently, "if you like, you can put your slippers on. Will you won't mind that. There—are you sure you're comfortable now?"

And then her voice went on, but William did not listen. Could it be, when everything was said and done, she was fond of Mr. Jones? As her voice took up the thread, Mr. Jones sank farther down in his chair, and drew puff after puff on his pipe, and finally closed his eyes.

"Henry," said Mrs. Jones at length, "are you listening?"

Mr. Jones started and blinked as though his mind had been far afield, and William knew it had been.

"Hey!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "They're off!"

"Off!" cried Mrs. Jones. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean, my dear," added Mr. Jones, "my glasses are off. That's all!"

At ten o'clock precisely Mrs. Jones laid down her book.

"That's all tonight," she said. "I'll get you each a cracker and a glass of milk."

"A remarkable woman," Mr Jones murmured, "a very remarkable woman, my boy. Believe me, no man ever had a wife like her."

"And you must be more prompt tomorrow, William," said Mrs. Jones. "Henry, don't drink your milk too fast. Remember, William, you're a friend of ours and you're too young to have time on your hands at night."

Mr. Jones nodded emphatically and put down his empty glass.

"My dear," he said, "William has just given me an invitation. He wants me to come to—well, to a sort of mission lecture on Monday afternoon. The gates—I mean the doors—open at three."

"A lecture?" Obviously Mrs. Jones was pleased. "Why, we'll all go."

"My dear," said Mr. Jones. "I wish we could—but as a matter of fact—well, it's a sort of talk for men—er—only for men"

Mrs. Jones smiled and patted William on the shoulder, and, like Mr. Jones, her smile was one of happy trust.

"All right," she said. "You can go, dear, as long as you go with William. I'll trust William's judgment about any lecture. I know he's a good boy."

"She thinks you are one!" whispered Mr. Jones out by the elevator. "Good night. God bless you, boy!"

## V

WAS there any wonder that William found it hard to sleep? "I'll trust William"—that was what she had said, and her words and voice kept his memory ringing. It was shame, he knew it was shame that kept them ringing. He had only to close his eyes to see them both—Mr. Jones smoking his pipe, and sitting serenely thinking, while Mrs. Jones peered at him across the pages of her book; both of them a little old, both a little dingy, one as innocent as

(Continued on Page 60)

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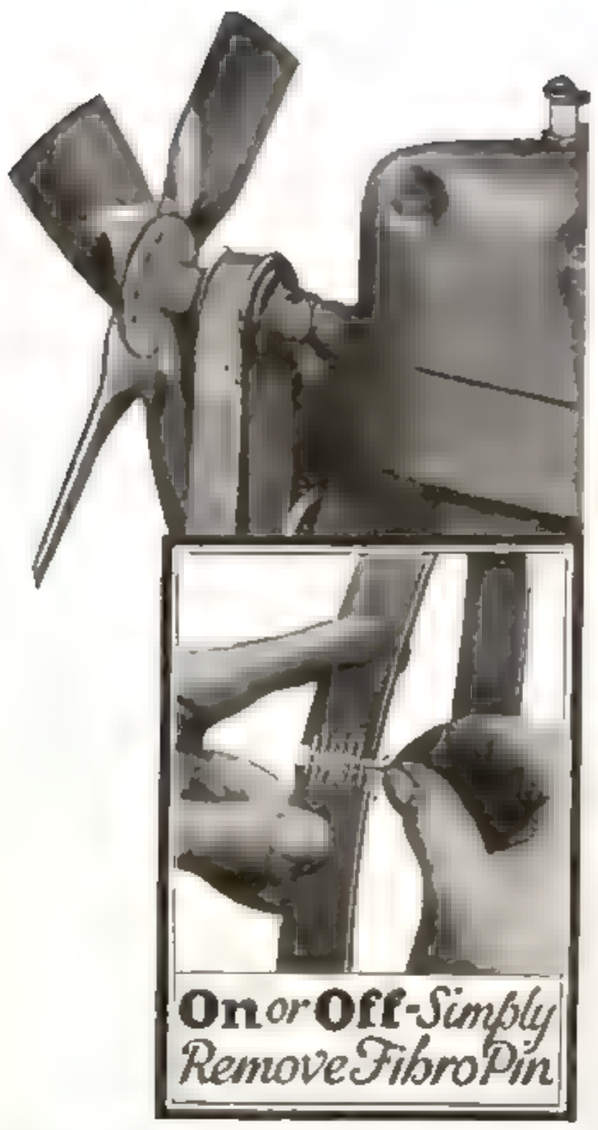


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(Continued from Page 58)

day and the other weaving at a fabric of deceit. She must never know, and William knew that his hands and wrist and judgment were all that would prevent her knowing. Why did he care, he asked himself; and, after all, what did the Joneses matter. But the question did no good. Clearly and brightly his conscience called him through the stillness of the night. He was the one who had led an old man back to the primrose path, and a home was hanging in the balance, and he had to see it through.

And that was not all. The trouble was, he liked them both. He never knew how much he liked them till very near the end. William had his own reasons for looking peaked by Sunday afternoon, and it made him no better to notice that Mr. Jones looked at him searchingly as he walked into the little sitting room.

"My wife's in there getting ready," he explained. "It's a curious thing—she likes you, William, and she likes to look well when you come. Funny—I've never known her to fancy anyone I've brought in before. See here—is anything the matter?"

"Oh, no," said William.

"Not feeling nervous about a sure thing?" suggested Mr. Jones. "Nothing's happened, has there?"

"No, I guess not," said William, "only ——"

"Only?" echoed Mr. Jones.

"I suppose I oughter tell you," said William falteringly, "I'd feel bad not to tell you, if anything happened; of course not that anything will happen, you understand. Old Sam Jeffried, who owns White Hope, he's a sort of wise old bird, and—and he's begun to bet. He's putting up an awful lot on White Hope's nose, and Pat Harrison, who rides for him, has been to the savings bank."

But Mr. Jones was not alarmed. He only laughed genially and patted William's shoulder.

"Yes, yes," he said, "I know. I don't stay here all day."

"All right," said William. "Of course it don't mean anything, only better odds, but when the owners bet, it's educated money."

Before replying, Mr. Jones thrust his hand into an inside pocket, and drew forth a sheaf of bills of a gay autumnal hue.

"My boy," he said, "no money's more educated than this. Believe me, it's had an expensive tuition."

William's mouth fell open, and his heart skipped and stumbled.

"You're not" he found it hard to speak—"not going to bet a wad like that?"

"It's going on the winning horse," said Mr. Jones. "Oh, there's no welshing, boy, when Deacon Jones gets started."

"But say," pleaded William, "you better go easier. It's sorter tough on me to see it, if you get me. I'm sort of young, and something might happen. I don't say it will, but it might. Honest, hadn't you better ease up? What'll happen if I don't——"

"Hush! Hush!" hissed Mr. Jones.

The door had opened, and there was Mrs. Jones. "What! Here so soon!" she exclaimed. "Are services over already?"

Yes, she was asking about services, while Mr. Jones was fumbling at his pocket. Suddenly William saw the travesty of it, as he never had before; but he had no desire to laugh. He looked at Mrs. Jones' dress. It had never seemed so threadbare, nor Mr. Jones' suit so wrinkled.

"Why, you poor boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones. "Are you feeling sick?"

And suddenly he wanted to tell her. He wanted to tell her everything, but even as he felt the desire, he was answering.

"No," he said; "no, I'm all right, only sorta tired, ma'am. I came to say I think I'll go to bed, and not hear about China this evening."

"But you'll come tomorrow night?"

"Monday?" He looked at Mr. Jones before he answered. "It'll depend on how I feel, but if I don't come—if I don't come ——" There was something wrong with his voice. "You've been mighty kind to me, all of you have, and I appreciate it. No matter what happens, I appreciate it."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Jones. "Of course you'll come! Haven't I said you're a friend of ours?"

"And of mine, too," said Mr. Jones; "and I haven't many friends."

VI

DOWN at the paddock the horses were waiting with sleek coats of bay and black, shining like metal beneath their linen blankets, an uncomplimentary contrast to the wrinkled clothing of the men who watched them. They were soft-eyed, wide-nostriled mounts of gentle Southern birth. The delicate turning of their ears showed their pedigrees. The chiseling of their soft inquiring muzzles showed it, just as the nervous motions of their slim forelegs showed the knowledge of what was coming. Delicately, almost disdainfully, they sniffed the air above the restless heads of men. You might have thought they knew they were a sight to pull at heartstrings, and to loose the reluctant folds of many a prudent wallet.

Mommer's Boy was there, and Mr. Jay McKitrick was there. He had a way of staying with his horses. The band was playing, and he was keeping time with the toe of his low shoe, when William came up with his saddle.

"Ah," said Mr. McKitrick. "Ready to weigh?"

William pulled at the visor of his green cloth cap and nodded.

"Don't look so deuced nervous, boy," Mr. McKitrick whispered. "What's the matter with you? Haven't I told you again and again I'm not expecting anything? Ah ——"

His whisper had ended in a loud exclamation. Mr. McKitrick was staring at the crowd.

"By thunder!" he cried. "Am I seeing things or is it Deacon Jones?"

William saw him. He had come, just as he said he would. He was standing by the paddock rail. A flower was in his buttonhole. His coat was flung back from his chest, and he was whistling a little tune. There was a surpassing radiance upon his face.

Curiously enough, he had never mentioned his acquaintance with Mr. McKitrick, but it was obvious he knew him.

"You old devil!" cried Mr. McKitrick. "I knew you'd come back some day!"

Yes, Mr. Jones was back, back to his own country. His smile was a pleasant thing to see. Though he gave no sign of recognition when his eyes encountered William's, his smile was enough to show his trust.

Yes, Mr. Jones was back in his own country. He drew a deep quivering breath and looked over the paddock rail.

"Yes, I'm back," he said. "And the band's still playing, and the ponies are still running, and my money's up on the best horse and the best rider—all that I could scrape together. Yes, I'm back again."

"William!" It was Mr. McKitrick's voice. "What the devil's the matter with you? Don't you hear me? Here's a gentleman who wants to wish you luck. Shake hands with Mr. Jones!"

The things that William did in the ensuing minutes, the things that William said—were all in a mental fog. All he could scrape together—he might have known that Mr. Jones would do it. He was clumsy getting into the saddle, and in the walk toward the barrier something seemed wrong with his breathing. All he could scrape together—that was what Mr. Jones had said. He was unable to focus his attention. He might have been in his first race. He had a vision of bobbing heads and distorted nostrils, and back of them gay-shirted riders with faces as set as ornaments of jade. He had never felt like that before. He kept telling himself that he never felt like that. In the murmur from the stands, like the voice one hears in running water, he seemed to hear the voice of Mr. Jones. He tried to think, and then it was too late for thinking.

It was a blur, always a blur in his memory. All that he could ever recall was scattered recollections, but they were enough and more than enough to bring gray to William's cheeks.

"Believe me, buddy," he used to say, "I didn't see a red light then, not the whole damn way!"

"They're off!" He heard the call from the grand stand as his body surged forward, and it brought his memory back.

"I'm holding him in," William muttered to himself. "He ain't the kind that wins unless he comes up from behind." He was scarcely conscious of the track and the motion. The pulsing of muscles, the figures around him—all brought his memory back, back to a hotel sitting room where he first had run the race. It kept mingling with the present in a most peculiar way.

"I'm holding him in," William muttered; "I'm holding him back with the bunch. He wants to catch his wind."

He felt himself lean inward as they went around the turn. He was well away from the rail, running beside a bay from Whitney's stable. His horse's head was going down, and he felt a rhythmic ease of stride.

"I ease him off—just a little. He's hurting. He don't like the rail. Easy, baby, you ain't been rode before, but you got a man up now."

A splash of sand flew in his face and mingled with the moisture of his eyes. He was coming through the bunch. They tried to stop him. They tried to foul him, but William knew how. Mommer's Boy was picking up. Instinctively William could feel it as they cleared the turn. White Hope was stretched out two lengths ahead with Prince Charming a length behind, and just in front of William ran two other horses, one close to the rail, and one abreast with a gap between. William headed for the gap. They were half around and no time for stopping. They heard him coming, and they tried to close and box him, but he got in between, just between. The opening was so close they touched. He had a glimpse of shoulders and flying feet. Someone tried to lock his knee. He caught the butt of a whip across his face, and then Mommer's Boy drew out. He knew he couldn't stop. He knew he couldn't pull. They were pounding down the stretch. William was edging for the rail. Prince Charming was just ahead, and White Hope a length away.

"He's going," muttered William, "he's going just like a little dog!"

The boy pulled Prince Charming and tried to block the path along the rail, and William knew he couldn't stop and win. He knew he couldn't pull.

"Get back there!" shrieked young Levi. "Do you wanna die?"

And William didn't want to, and he knew he couldn't pull. Between Prince Charming and the rail was a dwindling bit of space, but William went for it, and he only just got through. His foot went crack against the wood. He felt the leather ripping off his boot, but he had no time to think.

"But it makes me sorta sick when I think of it now," William used to say, "but I didn't see a red light then."

"Here they come!" He could hear them shouting from the stand again, and he was by. He was by He was after White Hope going down the stretch. A strange elation made him mingle his voice with the shouting. A weight seemed lifted from his shoulders.

"Give it to him! Give him the whip!" It was Mr. Jones' voice in his memory shouting.

"He don't need it," William muttered. "He's coming up. He's nosing out White Hope!"

Harrison took it badly. He tried to swerve ahead, but it was too late. Harrison tried to lock William's knee. Harrison hit him back-handed with his whip as he raised it over White Hope's flank, but it was all too late. William was riding like a rider in a dream. His hand never faltered. They were going neck and neck, and then Mommer's Boy was leading. He could hear them shout his name, and again in the roar of the stands, like the voice one hears in the roar of water, he seemed to hear the voice of Mr. Jones.

"Help him off," someone was saying. "Don't you see he's hurt his leg!"

William staggered when he reached the ground. He felt dizzy, but he kept his feet. His cap was gone. His hair was in damp strands across his forehead, and his left boot was in ribbons.

He looked very pale and shaken, but he had not lost his voice.

"Hurt?" he croaked. "Say, what's a little rail scratch when you put a long shot through?"

He forgot the lashes on his dust-smeared face. He forgot that his leg was bruised. He hardly noticed what they said as they threw the blankets on. What would Mr. Jones be doing? That was all he cared. What would Mr. Jones be doing? William could fancy it, and he came near laughing when he thought of the pleasure he had brought.

In front of the stands they were putting up the mutuel numbers. Mommer's Boy was bringing thirty-two dollars and ten cents to a two-dollar bet. Yes, what would Mr Jones be doing?

"Didn't I tell you?" croaked William hoarsely. "All he needed was to be brought up from behind. I may not have the benefit of a college education, if you get me, but I know when a horse is ready." And then he added such a curious remark that they

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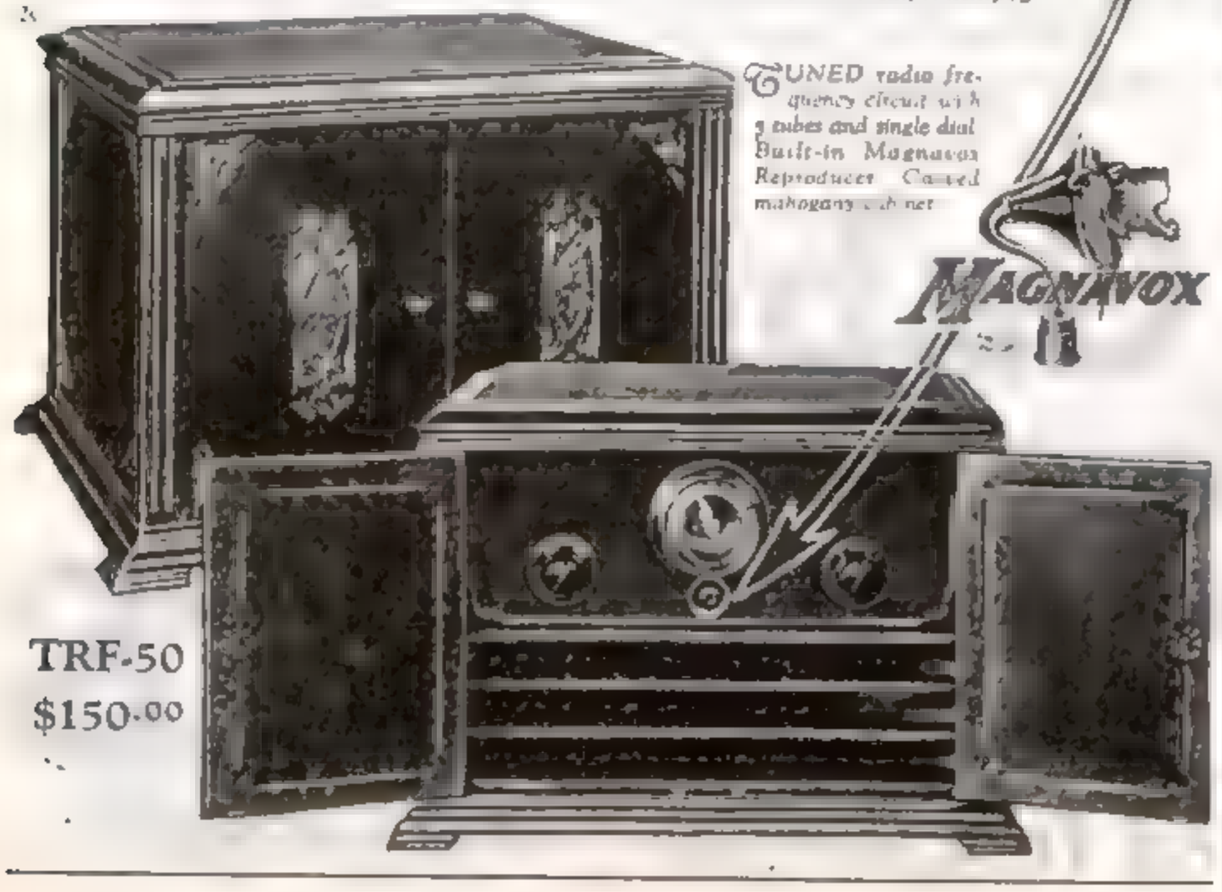


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*(Continued from Page 60)*

thought his mind was wandering. "And what is more," said William, "I'm glad I don't live in China, where guys pull other guys along the streets."

*VII*

WHAT would Mr. Jones be doing? It would be a lovely sight to see, an ending of a happy day. The thought of it made William forget all previous doubts and fears. It made him forget that twice in six furlongs he had risked a broken neck. It made him forget that he was walking with a painful limp. All that was gone seemed as nothing in the beauty of the present. What would Mr. Jones be doing? It was still not very late. Perhaps Mrs. Jones might still be out, and perhaps they could pass the bottle and run the race again.

And she was out. Not even her cape was in the little sitting room, not a single trace of feminine raiment was there to mar the beauty of it, and there was Mr. Jones standing up to greet him. Mr. Jones did have the bottle out, right on the center table, and he was pouring a portion of it into a single glass when William came.

"Hey!" cried William indignantly. "Honest, you might have waited to have a drink with me. Did you think I'd stay away?"

He thought that Mr. Jones' hand was not quite steady, but why should it have been after such a day?

"I know," said Mr. Jones. "Of course I should have waited."

William took a step nearer Mr. Jones, and his voice was still indignant.

"Hey!" he cried. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," answered Mr. Jones. "No, nothing's the matter."

But William still looked puzzled, for it still seemed to him that something was the matter, distinctly the matter with Mr. Jones. The flower was gone from his buttonhole. Only a portion of the stem was left protruding. And the happiness, all the past seraphic joy was gone from Mr. Jones, and only a vague listlessness was there to take its place. He was trying to smile, but his smile reminded William of a man's smile when walking in his sleep. So some aristocrat might have smiled as he placed his head beneath the guillotine's sharp knife.

"Say," demanded William hoarsely, "is this the way to treat a friend who's made you money? Didn't I say I'd do it, and didn't I do it, just the way I said? Didn't I keep him back with the bunch? Didn't I ease him up and let him come up from behind?"

"Yes," said Mr. Jones vaguely, "you did it just the way you said. Oh, dear me!"

"Then," cried William, "what in time's the matter, coming here and drinking by yourself? Can't you even thank a feller who nearly broke his neck, because you had your money up?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Jones, but he said it in a strangely toneless way. "It—it isn't your fault, William, but—oh, dear me ——"

And then for the very first time a horrid suspicion crossed William's mind. As he stared at Mr. Jones a change was coming over Mr. Jones' face. His cheeks were sagging. His lips were twisting painfully; and then Mr. Jones' voice broke forth again, like the voice of a man who has borne too much.

"Oh, dear me," groaned Mr. Jones, "how the devil was I to know you'd ride a race like that? Don't boys always like to talk about how good they are?"

Then it was that William knew, definitely and irrevocably, what had happened. He knew it from the skipping of his heart and the trembling of his knees, even before he spoke.

"You mean," he said, "you didn't believe me?"

But he knew it without asking. In his mind he almost heard a mocking sound of coarse and callous laughter. Mr. Jones had never believed him in spite of all he said.

"William," Mr. Jones was saying, "please don't put it just like that. I'm sorry, boy, you don't know quite how sorry, but I thought you were just talking, the way other boys I've known have talked; just to make a show. Don't say any more. I didn't even mean to tell you, William, but—I bet on the favorite horse."

And Mr. Jones sank limply into a padded chair. William opened his mouth and closed it again. He seemed robbed of speech, and held motionless by futility and disillusion, but curiously enough he was not angry. He could not be angry as he looked at Mr. Jones, but only dazed and sad. All gayety and happiness had fled from Mr. Jones, and somehow they seemed gone forever.

"What do you know about that?" said William, staring at the wall. "Me bluffing Mrs. Jones, and you bluffing me. I oughter have known it. I oughter have known you were too educated to take a jockey's tip."

"I don't ask you to forgive me," said Mr. Jones. "You've a right to be angry boy, and you won't be the only one."

As though he still could not wholly understand, William still looked stupidly at Mr. Jones, but he hardly saw him. A wreck of belief was all that William saw.

"You might have told me," he said at length, "with me trying so hard, trying all the time, trying all for nothing."

"You've a right to be angry," repeated Mr. Jones. "Oh, dear me, I wish you were the only one."

"Honest, Mr. Jones," began William, "didn't I say I was your friend ——"

"Don't!" cried Mr. Jones, pushing himself up from his chair. "Don't make it any worse, because I'm an old fool. An old fool's the worst fool. That's all." And Mr. Jones slapped his hand against his forehead with a savage, hopeless gesture. "I had to be careful, boy. I couldn't afford to lose, and you didn't seem sure of it yesterday. I was going to gamble, but I decided a sure thing was the best thing. Everyone on the inside was betting on White Hope. Even your owner was."

"And it serves him right!" cried William. "The old stuffed shirt!"

"I wanted to be conservative," groaned Mr. Jones. "I put my money with the educated money."

"Why didn't you say?" cried William in sudden agony. "And me nosing out White Hope and getting my face whipped nosing him. Honest you might have told!"

Mr. Jones stood up straighter, and snatched at William's arm.

"Boy," he said, and his voice had an indignant ring, "I've never let anyone spoil a race that I was betting on, and I never will. Do you think I'm crying baby because the best horse wins? Do you think I mind about my money? Nonsense. What's money to a gentleman who sees the horses run? Boy, when you get as old as I am you'll find there's only one thing that cramps a man, and that's domestic difficulties. Apron strings! Apron strings! Wait till they tie you down!"

And William understood, and a twinge of remorse followed his understanding. It had never been the money; not what had happened, but what was going to happen. He had been near forgetting, but he no longer forgot. Already he could feel a third presence in that little sitting room. His thoughts already were racing on another track. What was it Mrs. Jones would say?

"You follow me, do you?" said Mr. Jones. "Maybe you've never seen a woman when she knows she's been deceived, and the money for the hotel bill is gone. And she'll find it out. She'll find out the whole business now. Oh, dear me—you can trust her. Nothing will get by!"

The sitting room was very still, but William hardly noticed. He was a brave boy, but he felt his spirit falter. He knew too well that nothing would get by, neither he nor Mr. Jones, and then his mind was suddenly swayed by panic. He had done his best, but he could not stop it now.

"I guess," he said hurriedly, "I won't do any good, and it's getting sorta late."

"Too late," said Mr. Jones. "Too late. Believe me, boy, I didn't mean to let you stay, but I hear her in the hall."

Sure enough, outside was a soft determined footstep on the carpet of the corridor. Mechanically Mr. Jones whisked away the bottle. Already the knob of the door was moving and a key was grating in the lock.

"William," whispered Mr. Jones, "I never meant that you should be here now."

"And me nosing out White Hope," whispered William. "Honest, you might have told."

And that was all they said, for Mrs. Jones was there, closing the door behind her. William remembered the first time he had seen her, and it seemed far back in the past. There she stood with her hands folded before her and a reticule dangling at her wrist, swaying back and forth like a pendulum of fate.

"Henry," she said, "you're back early from your lecture."

*(Continued on Page 64)*

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*Published every Now and Then*

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The first thing any ad writer has got to know is how to get paid. I found that out. The first letters of the alphabet I learned were P. I. A.—means Pay in Advance.

The real truth about why I started writing ads for these people is that I got a family kicking the toes out of lots of shoes daily and I read where my employers sold enough of their stuff so that if the bags were laid end to end they would stretch further than from Oklahoma to Yokohama, and that's considerable stretch. So I think this looks good to me. That's why I signed up. I hope it turns into a steady job. At any rate, I'll have another piece here in two weeks from now.

Will Rogers

P. S. I like to forgot to tell you what I was advertising. It's 'Bull' Durham. I don't smoke it myself. I don't smoke anything, but somebody does or else what happened to all those bags?

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**BULL' DURHAM**

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(Continued from Page 62)

William thought her last word bore an unnecessary emphasis, and perhaps Mr. Jones thought so too. Perhaps he wished to get it over

"My dear," he began, and coughed gently, "my dear, I've got something I'd better say."

William did not want to look, but he could not look away. It was better for Mr. Jones to tell, much better. Already he must have said enough, and yet Mrs. Jones' expression had not changed. She looked from one to the other in a very friendly way.

"Never mind, Henry," she said. "You don't have to go on." And then she smiled, actually smiled. "Did you have a good time, dear? I'm glad if you did. I'm afraid you don't have many."

"My dear," said Mr. Jones, "I wish you hadn't said that. It makes it all the harder. The thing I have to tell ——"

And William knew the end was coming falteringly, but sure. In another second Mrs. Jones would know, but again she interrupted, and suddenly William's knees felt very weak.

"Henry," said Mrs. Jones, "Henry, do you mean to say you went and lost your money?"

The floor was unsteady beneath William's feet. She had guessed it, without ever being told. He had a feeling almost of awe as he looked at her smooth white hair.

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Jones simply. "I don't know how you guessed, but it's true. I've been to the races again."

William hung his head. The blow had fallen, and he could bear to look no longer. But what was it—what was it that Mrs. Jones was saying?

"Henry"—yes, it was Mrs. Jones' voice speaking with the same catch of weariness that he remembered—"why is it a man can't give a woman credit for any sense? Why is it you never will? Of course I know what you've been doing."

She paused, and William looked dizzily about him. Mr. Jones was blinking through his glasses.

"I've known it all the time," Mrs. Jones was saying. "Do you think my mind is failing, Henry? Sometimes I think you must. You've tried so many stories, but never one about a missionary before."

William wondered if he had heard her right. It couldn't be that she had known it all the time.

"A missionary!" said Mrs. Jones. "Henry, do you really think I am so stupid as not to know a jockey when I see one?"

William's cheeks grew redder as she spoke. It seemed much better, now that he knew the worst.

"Ma'am," said William simply, "I'm glad that you knew that."

But Mr. Jones still was blinking stupidly behind his glasses.

"You knew it," he said. "You knew it all the time. Then why didn't you stop it? Oh, dear me—you might have stopped it all. Really, my dear, it's your fault that you didn't stop it."

Mrs. Jones smiled, but even as she smiled she seemed weary and almost sad.

"I didn't have the heart to tell you, Henry. You never have such a good time as when you do something and think that I don't know. I knew as soon as we got here that you'd go for the race track, and I know it was wrong, but you had to get it out of your system. I thought it was better to let you go."

William felt his slender years slip from him, and Mr. Jones himself, when he answered, seemed absurdly young.

"My dear," he said, "I wish you hadn't told me that. It makes it all so fun is

"William," said Mrs. Jones, "get her his slippers. They're under the sofa there I suppose I should have known that he would lose money. He never does do it right. Really, he might have known that you were a good boy, William."

"But my dear," said Mr. Jones wonderingly, "I don't understand. You're not even angry. Oh, dear me, you will be when you know how much I've lost."

"Henry," sighed Mrs. Jones, "you always lose everything you can. Isn't it what you always used to do?"

Mr. Jones winced.

It was too hard for William to watch him without speech. In spite of everything, William was loyal still.

"Look, ma'am," he said, "it wasn't his fault exactly. It's only he's too educated to take a tip; and here, ma'am, look at it like this: He was bluffing me, and I was bluffing you, and you were bluffing us both. You can't blame him when we've all been bluffing."

"My dear," said Mr. Jones with a sudden glimmer of hope, "let's not go on about it. You should have stopped me if you knew. How can we help it now?"

"Yes, Henry," said Mrs. Jones, "R.'s it has been helped, because I made up my mind to help it."

"Your—what?" echoed Mr. Jones.

"My mind," said Mrs. Jones. "Thank heavens, I have my own bank account. I may have ruined my principles—I dare say I have—but at least one of us knows when a jockey can ride."

She was fingering at her reticule as though it was hard to open. Mr. Jones' face had grown blank, and William's eyes were round.

"William," she said, "William, I knew you meant what you said to Mr. Jones when I listened outside the door. I knew it when I saw you. You're not angry, because I listened?"

She had put her hand on William's shoulder, and her voice was quite unsteady, but it made no difference to William. It was all too strange for that.

"Even if you're not a missionary, I like you just the same."

Her other hand was on his shoulder, and the clasp of her reticule snapped open. A crumpled mat of bills was falling from it, and drifting lightly to their feet.

"Oh, Lord!" cried Mr. Jones. "They're hundred-dollar bills! My dear, what have you been doing!"

But neither Mrs. Jones nor William answered, for William was too dazed for speech, and Mrs. Jones was kissing him squarely on the cheek, and though she was too old, much too old for such a thing, it seemed to William that it made his heart grow light, and made the world seem gay.

"Ma'am," said William, "I don't want to be rude, if you get me, but I'm glad I'm not in China, where guys pull other guys around the streets."

And curious enough, Mrs. Jones was not shocked.

"And so am I," she said. "How could you come to see us if you were away out there? And besides ——" Mrs. Jones was laughing, and her laugh was not at all like an old lady's. "Besides, I shouldn't wonder if there were enough, more than enough, to send another boy to China."

# KEEPING FAITH WITH THE VETERANS

(Continued from Page 42)

200 beds in the Edward Hines, Jr., Memorial Hospital have been turned over to tubercular patients; but this hospital is designed for general medical and surgical cases.

"But return to the insane situation: Immediately after the war, when the Government did not know that the insane situation would be so serious, the chief medical officer of this district was instructed to contract with the Department of Public Welfare of Illinois for the care of insane veterans in county and state institutions at one dollar a day for custody, medical care, food and all other necessary forms of treatment. With a known, or regulation, capacity of 1500 patients, the Elgin State Hospital, a few days ago, had a population of more than 2850, of which 488 were ex-service men hospitalized on behalf of the bureau. This hospital has only six physicians on its staff and is able to assign only one to the care of 488 insane veterans.

"What chance is there, under this condition, for any patient to receive individual observation and treatment? A psychiatrist who observes fifty mental cases and makes more than a mere gesture of it is working to capacity. The Legion is insisting that the bureau furnish at least one specialist for these veterans.

"Though the ex-service men there have special quarters, they are already badly crowded. Occupational therapy is the big

(Continued on Page 66)

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Schrader Valve Insides have been used satisfactorily by motorists to hold air in pneumatic tires since the first tires were made in this country. *You* can rely on the Schrader "Inside." Sold in the orange and blue metal box — by more than 100,000 auto accessory shops, garages, and hardware stores. Carry a supply of Schrader Valve Insides in your tool kit for emergencies.

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FIVE wafers of rich velvety chocolate, each in a separate covering of silver foil—preserved in all its pure richness until you eat it.

The famous Peter's blend will delight you. The six rarest varieties of cocoa beans—fresh bubbling milk from carefully selected milch cows—blended together by Daniel Peter's secret formula—perfected fifty years ago.

In every Peter's package—plain bars, almond bars or croquettes—you will find this rare flavor. Try Peter's today, you will find it a delightful treat.

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**PETER'S** *Milk Chocolate - Plain or Almond Bars - Croquettes*


*(Continued from Page 64)*

hope for mentally disordered men. If sane hospital patients need interesting employment to take their thoughts off their troubles and aid recovery, how much greater is the need of the unbalanced mind for the relief which an interesting occupation affords from the shadows of perpetual brooding! But you can't teach craftsmanship to a crowd of mentally twisted men and get their interest, especially when they are jammed together in close quarters; and unless their interest is aroused the effort is futile, useless.

"If Illinois were today to open hospitals able to accommodate 6000 patients, it would merely relieve its present overload of civilian insane, without considering its 1000 insane veterans. This is the official statement of the Illinois Welfare Department. Every mentally disordered veteran should now be in a hospital operated by the Veterans' Bureau. The men who happened to have their minds shattered by the war are entitled to just as good care as those whose bodies only were disabled.

"The state-welfare authorities in Illinois are giving sincere and energetic coöperation in caring for the insane ex-service men. In 1921 a 1500-bed hospital for insane veterans at Great Lakes, Illinois, seemed assured. It was switched to Camp Custer and cut to 500 beds—barely enough to accommodate Michigan's insane veterans. But the Legion and the bureau persisted and obtained from the Navy Department an almost ideal tract of 600 acres at Great Lakes. The present Congress has authorized for it a 250-bed hospital. But there are almost 1000 insane veterans now in Illinois institutions.

"Day after day we keep after the bureau on details; but in all fairness I have to admit that the administrative head of the bureau is devoted to doing a clean and able job."

In rebuttal to Mr. Hartman's statement Director Hines declares that reports to him, dated December fourth, show this situation as to insane veterans: In government hospitals, 269; in state and civil hospitals, 865—with 865 vacant beds in government hospitals. However, he adds: "These figures cover only psychotic cases; they do not include psychoneurotic cases. In addition to the neuropsychiatric unit authorized for Great Lakes, the bureau is working on an additional hospital program calculated to meet the needs of nervous cases as they are now evident."

### *Mr. Miller's Views*

Probably no other man in the country has a more intimate and comprehensive knowledge of the veteran-hospitalization situation than Watson B. Miller. He declares:

"In order to procure real efficiency it was necessary to make many modifications of the original plans drawn by various agencies—the bureau itself, the Army, the Navy and the Treasury Department—under which hospitals for veterans were being constructed. Also it is a fact that many hundreds of bedridden veterans are hospitalized in institutions which were formerly base hospitals of army cantonments during the war—old wooden structures, exceedingly inflammable. There is very grave doubt—even after the hospital construction authorized by the present Congress is effected—that it will be possible to abandon these makeshift structures. One of the hospitals, where excellent reparative and surgical work is now being done, consists of a group of Indian-school buildings erected half a century ago. In the operating unit the stairways are so narrow, the projections so abrupt and the passages so devious that it is impossible to take a patient to and from the operating room and his bed upon an ambulatory litter.

"From the clinical side, the bureau is lacking in expert diagnosticians. Before you can cure a man you must find out what is wrong with him. A council of medical advisers from outside, which is composed of eminent men in their various departments of medicine and surgery, has advised the director of the necessity for setting up diagnostic centers and it appears likely that this suggestion will reach fulfillment at an early date.

"In some of the tuberculosis hospitals, the patients, and particularly the bed patients, are given an opportunity to choose their food from day to day; but the cooking of the specified articles is begun early in the day, and it frequently happens that by the time the food reaches the patient his appetite has changed—due to the characteristics of his disease—or the food may have become unsavory. The suggestion has been made that there is too much mass, or pot, cooking in these hospitals and that the waste food in tuberculosis hospitals which cannot be salvaged might pay for an individual chef and dietitian for each group of, say, fifty to seventy-five men."

Theoretically at least, about three-quarters of the great task of vocational rehabilitation has been finished. Taking care of men whose disabilities, acquired in the service, left them materially handicapped for following their prewar vocations comes next to hospital work in its popular appeal. Also, no other line of bureau activity involves the human element, the personal equation to so great an extent as this. Therefore the bureau's rehabilitation work has been one of its most sharply criticized activities.

Fitting men to make good in a fiercely competitive world has never been a cocksure line of uplift. The colleges, universities and technical schools admit that their results with youths unmutilated and unhandicapped by war are decidedly spotty.

The trouble is with the upsetting factor of human variation. If all men were alike in ability and character, the results of training would be somewhat standardized. But they are not. Therefore no training prescription can be guaranteed to produce a definite reaction in vocational success. Also the average of training results is pulled down by the chaotic conditions under which the work was begun.

At the conference where vocational rehabilitation was born, the suggestion that as many as 10,000 trainees should be provided for was scorned.

### *Happy Surprises*

By September 15, 1920, the trainees numbered 48,000, and a year later there were 90,000. Then the job ran away with itself under the spur of the public demand, "Do something at once to put these handicapped boys in the way to earn a good living."

Here was a tidal wave of sympathetic demand for vocational training and no organization with which to meet it. A makeshift force was recruited from every plausible source. Men from the personnel and educational departments of private industry were first choice; then school men, many of them with no experience to fit them for the responsibility of choosing new callings for handicapped veterans. No chance for careful and deliberate conferences! Contrast this touch-and-go method of choosing a new vocational career with the deliberate manner in which a boy's career is determined in the representative American home.

Then the men were inclined to overstate their educational qualifications, believing that this would get them something better. This exaggeration of educational equipment tended to produce serious mistakes in placement. It led to discouragement, dissatisfaction and complaint. The inevitable result was that many found their chances of making good diminished because they had influenced their own assignment to training for vocations beyond their schooling, experience and abilities. However, vocational rehabilitation has a high quota of happy surprises, reminding vocational counselors that grade in school is a poor index of possible achievement.

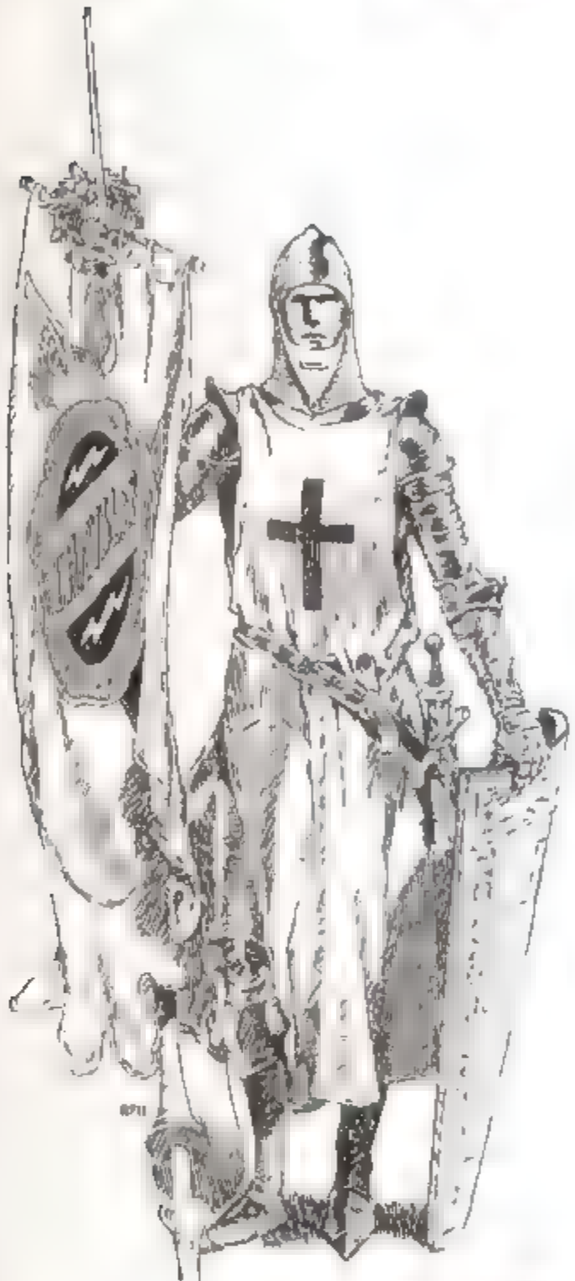
For example, here are close-ups of a group of five rather unpromising trainees who came to be postwar buddies through their training contacts. One was born and raised in Chicago's bad lands; almost wholly uneducated, a drifter from one undesirable job to another. In spite of this and a serious tubercular-bone disability, his own grit and the training system have landed him a steady job in the Federal secret service at $2400 a year.

Another comes of a well-to-do family. He was a waster in school and before the war slid down grade to the level of a construction-camp and harvest-field hobo. Now, because of Veterans' Bureau training he is drawing $3000 a year as an instructor in accounting in a large correspondence school, has studied law and is about to be admitted to the Illinois bar.

Next is a young veteran who admits that before he went soldiering he never held a job longer than six months. The war left him with heavy bodily disabilities but with an awakened mind. Thanks to government training, he is now in business for himself

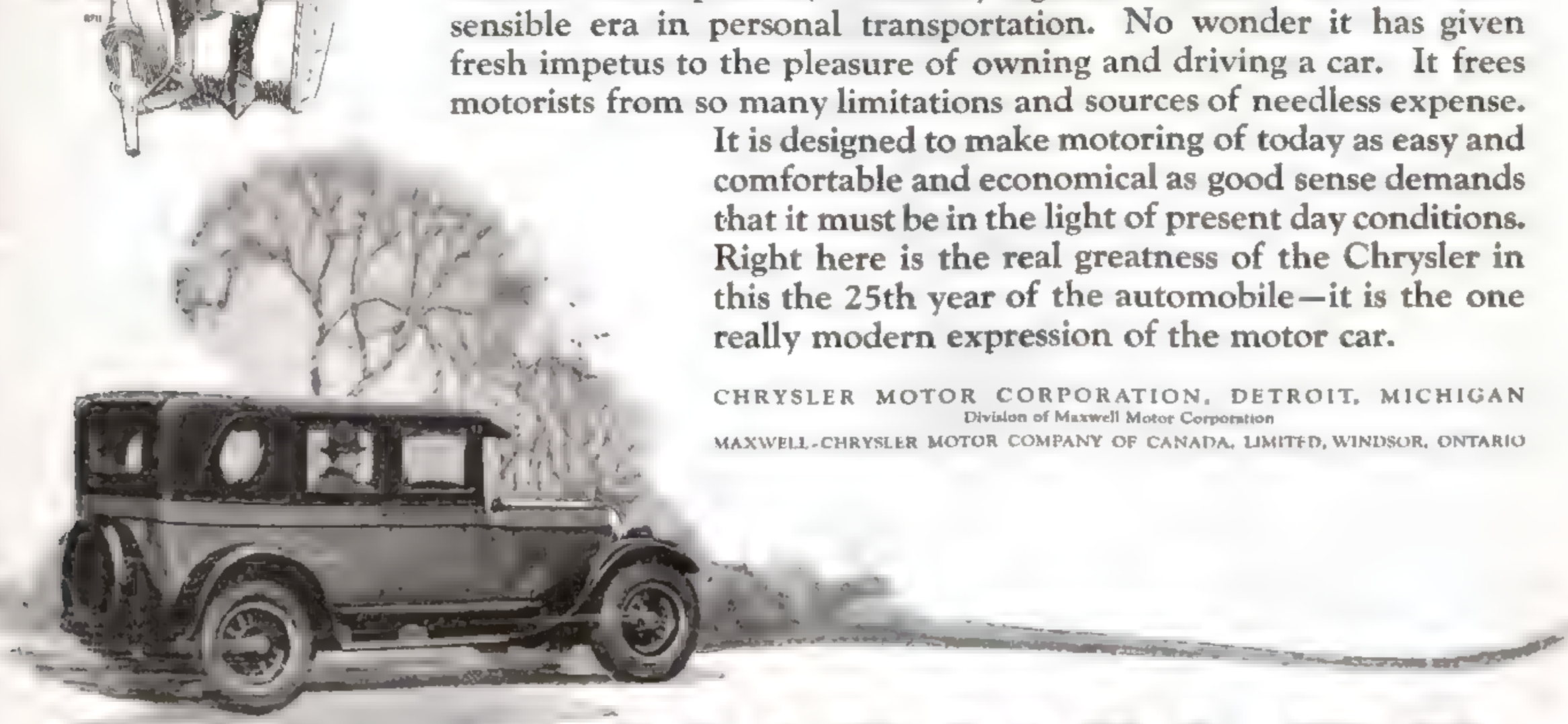
*(Continued on Page 68)*

# Inspiring A New Trend



The far-reaching influence of the Chrysler is manifest. It is to be expected that many will try to follow where the Chrysler has so deftly shown the way. This should result in the gradual betterment of all motor cars. But in one tremendously important aspect the Chrysler organization enjoys an advantage all its own. Chrysler's scientific methods and manufacturing equipment are as new and modern as the car itself. Chrysler results cannot be approximated with old equipment and old methods. No one with less than Chrysler's great plant and magnificent organization can be expected to switch over quickly to producing cars like the Chrysler. The equipment and the methods must be fitted to the car—and even before that, the car must be designed and proved. So that it will probably be five years at least before even the more progressive will be abreast of the Chrysler organization. And what a truly remarkable car the Chrysler is! Light and graceful—in delightsome contrast to mere bulk and unwieldiness. Fleet and agile, where ponderosity is the rule. Economical and compact with entirely new and sane comfort developments, it literally signifies a finer, freer and more sensible era in personal transportation. No wonder it has given fresh impetus to the pleasure of owning and driving a car. It frees motorists from so many limitations and sources of needless expense.

**It is designed to make motoring of today as easy and comfortable and economical as good sense demands that it must be in the light of present day conditions. Right here is the real greatness of the Chrysler in this the 25th year of the automobile—it is the one really modern expression of the motor car.**



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*The Touring Car, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1825; The Brougham, $1965; The Imperial, $2065; The Crown-Imperial, $2195; The Royal Coupe, $1895. All prices f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax.*

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The adding and figuring machine that "set the pace" with 100% printed proof and one-operation **direct subtraction.** These features are combined with 10-key simplicity and speed, portability, convenient desk size, one-hand control, automatic-shift multiplication, adding, listing and figuring service.

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Combines ledger posting, statement making, stock record keeping and adding and figuring service in one simple, speedy, dependable machine at one low cost. Each item is added, non-added or subtracted, as required, and printed in the proper column of your record sheets. Instantly converted for regular adding and other figure work with the famous **direct subtraction** feature. Double utility—one low cost.

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*(Continued from Page 68)*

as a distributor of food products, netting about seventy dollars a week.

The fourth member was a garment worker before the war at twelve dollars a week. Somewhere in France he stood in a shell hole until his feet were terribly frozen. Vocational training landed him a job as an advertising copy writer at thirty dollars a week, but his old disability reasserted itself and he had to go back to a government hospital. When he came out his nerve was gone and he was unfit for any competitive job. A place was found for him in the district office of the Veterans' Bureau, where many veterans are employed. Now his nerve is recovered, he doesn't worry about his crippled feet and he is all set and eager to go after another advertising-agency job.

Fifth in the group is a young man who had a leg shot off and suffered a shock that induced the deepest mental depression. He was a high-school graduate and before the war earned $2000 a year as a clerk. Now, badly crippled though he is, he holds a clerk's job in the customs office at a salary which, with his compensation of sixty-three dollars a month, gives him an income of $2456 a year.

This little cross section of rehabilitation results illustrates that the personal equation is the element which generally makes vocational training a success or a failure in the final test of making good on the job. Admittedly there were many poor inductions, especially at the start, many foolish and blundering selections of new vocations for handicapped men. Later some of these early blunders were corrected by intelligent replacement.

At St. Louis a survey was made of all rehabilitated and vocationally trained men sent out up to a certain date. Of 3000 unselected cases, 87 per cent were successfully employed. Of the 13 per cent of unemployed, a large proportion were back in hospitals. Seventy per cent of these men were in the vocations for which they had been trained. A goodly number had been able to progress into more paying callings.

Alert opportunists often desert the vocations for which they have been trained when they see a chance to better themselves.

### A Handsome Job

A young veteran suffering from severe head injury was transferred from Tennessee to Chicago so that he might study commercial art. Because of illness in his family, he needed more funds than his compensation provided, so he sold real estate on the side. His rehabilitation took place eight months ago, and he was found employment with a commercial-art company, in which he was advanced to the position of sales manager at a salary of $8000 a year. But he could not shake himself loose from his real-estate connection. Now he is with one of the most stable real-estate houses of Chicago and is drawing down $200 or better every Saturday night.

Undeniably a great deal of money has been wasted in this vast rehabilitation job, some because of inadequate supervision and some because of trainees' indifference.

However, the total salvage of this great enterprise is large, and it has placed thousands of disabled defenders in position to stand on their own feet and make their own way. Everything considered, the country is entitled to a clear conscience respecting rehabilitation. It paid generously for a handsome job; it made many mistakes of vocational choice; but it encountered much indifference and resistance on the part of trainees who insisted upon cheating themselves.

A word on the score of claims and kicks. The demand of the law that service connection of disability must be established to obtain compensation has caused more heartaches and more violent criticism of the bureau on the part of veterans than most anything else. Thousands of tragic cases hung upon this legal clause and its individual application. Many of the most pitiful cases were those in which the disability was clearly not of service connection. The bureau was powerless to grant the relief asked, regardless of the distress involved. The Veterans' Act of 1924, however, did much to soften this situation. It permitted a more liberal treatment of claims in several respects, and empowered the bureau to hold that any ex-service man suffering from a tubercular or neuropsychiatric disease prior to January 1, 1925, is entitled to have his disease automatically considered as service-connected.

The bureau's answer to the common criticism of slowness in deciding claims is this: "In spite of the fact that recent legislation released a fresh tide of claims, only 1.2 per cent of the claims filed previous to October 31, 1924, are still pending for original adjudication. In other words, of the 971,163 death and disability compensation claims filed before the end of October last, 959,510 have been cleaned up subject to reopening by the claimant, the bureau or recognized service organizations. These reviews are constantly going on. There are, at this writing, December 19, 1924, in the Central Office only 595 strictly appealed cases pending decision. Of the 1563 pending Central Board cases, many are being held open for the benefit of claimants to permit them to bring in additional or proper evidence and not because of bureau delay. There were 636 cases pending before District Boards of Appeal December 1, 1924."

### General Conclusions

"In the Central Office there are approximately 400,000 cases to be reviewed under the new law. A gigantic task, since not only are the cases being reviewed from the standpoint of new legislation but to correct, at the same time, any errors which may have been made previously! About 85,000 of these cases have already been reviewed here, with only seventy-four examiners to do the work. To these will be added ten examiners who are just completing their training. Thirty-three more examiners will be added later as soon as they can be secured and properly trained.

"The new Information and Cooperation Division is an outstanding example of the bureau's effort to give actual service to claimants. Over its door should appear the legend: Veterans Personally Conducted. Its job is to guide veterans along the paths of least resistance and show them all the short cuts. It is manned by those thoroughly familiar with all bureau procedure. A cardinal qualification for the job of co-operator is an ability to take a violent "cussing out" with good nature and then to work for the interests of the claimant with all the energy of a young lawyer tackling his first case. Although employed by the bureau, the men of this division are instructed to consider themselves as attorneys for the claimants."

In estimating the extent to which the country has kept faith with the veterans it should be remembered that many individual states have remembered their veterans rather handsomely—to the extent of more than $380,000,000.

A diligent and sincere attempt to find a fair answer to the question, "Have we kept faith with the veterans?" has taken me to the sources of this medley of postwar sounds—to hospitals, to insane wards, to Legion headquarters and the Veterans' Bureau at Washington and in the field. This research has led me to these personal conclusions:

The Veterans' Bureau, as now administered, deserves greater confidence from both veterans and taxpayers than it receives; the financial relief given by the country to its ex-service men has been generous; its own hospitals are perhaps the best in the world; its director is trying to hand out individual justice to veterans and to give them the benefit of the doubt where-ever reasonable doubt exists; it is taking advantage for the veterans of the new liberties written into the Act of 1924 and is urging further liberalization in certain important particulars; but it is a government bureau and suffers the maladies and inhibitions peculiar to government-operated enterprises. Probably it is as far out of politics as is any government bureau. It should be as utterly divorced from this influence as is humanly possible.

On the score of veterans' relief legislation, about the only question which Congress has asked has been: "Is this what the ex-service men need or want?" Sometimes it has listened to misleading advice, but it has sought the best advice obtainable. Even the leaders of the American Legion have not always been able to see with clear eyes the legislative solution of all the important problems involved in veterans' relief. This they frankly admit. From the beginning, keeping faith with the veterans has been a cut-and-try job. Probably it will be such to the end of the chapter. However, let it pass into the record that this country, considering the whole score, has no need for shame as to the manner in which it has kept faith with its defenders.

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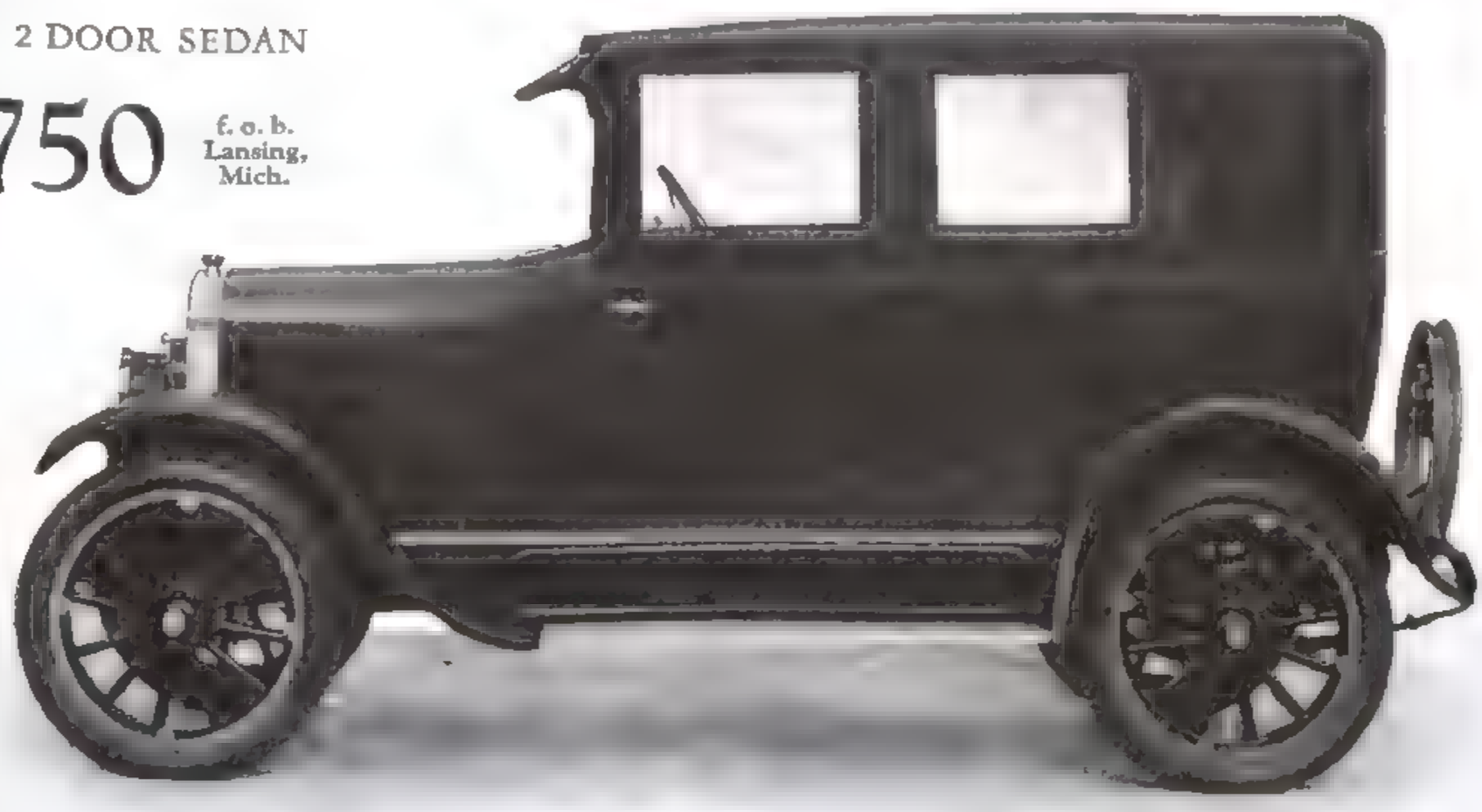

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Full size sedan body comparing favorably with all other 2-Door cars as to roominess and powered with the new Star

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which sets a new standard of quality and efficiency in the low priced field.

The body is finished in dark blue enduring lacquer with white stripe—upper portion and sheet metal work in black.

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The price, $750.00 f. o. b. Lansing, Mich., plus the well-known Star economy of operation and low maintenance costs makes this car the outstanding buy for the millions who seek "Low-Cost Transportation."

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## A vital Betterment of the
# LINCOLN

THE incomparable riding qualities of the Lincoln Motor Car make its power range doubly enjoyable. Here is a car that is directed rather than driven, that rides smoothly, silently and in luxurious comfort, even at high speed or over broken stretches of road.

Such unusual roadability is largely due to the Torque Tube Drive—a striking advance over the accepted practice of "driving" through the rear springs. Lincoln springs are shackled at both ends and are required to perform no function save that of cradling the car's weight.

The power, developed by the rear wheels on the road as traction, is transmitted to the front wheels through a heavy tube running forward from the rear axle. Thus the axle is kept, invariably and exactly, at right angles to the line of power, and swerving, swaying and shuffling are unknown. As in a motor boat—whose propeller shaft performs a similar function—the rear must follow the front, positively and accurately. Sharp turns are taken with safety at higher speeds—loose sand and gravel or road depressions are far less of a consideration and never a fear.

Throughout the Lincoln car, no feature is overlooked; no function is too minor to merit intensive betterment in designing and in building.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
*Division of Ford Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan*

LINCOLN

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 32

There never was a maid so fair,
  Her like you'd seek in vain.
To quote the language current there,
  She was a classy jane.

From near and far the knights did throng
  To seek the maiden's hand.
They wooed with harp and lute and song
  And military band.

But to their pleas the maid was cold,
  To all, that is, but two:
Sir Morris Jones, a warrior bold,
  And brave Sir Jacob Drew.

"Who'd win my girlish heart," said she,
  "Must do a knightly task.
To risk his life for love of me,
  'Tis little that I ask.

"In yonder fen, as you've heard tell,
  A dragon doth reside,
For years the beast's been raising hell
  With all the countryside.

"The knight who'd win my heart must do
  A knightly deed and brave.
I'll give my hand to him who'll slew
  The dragon in his cave."

"Who kills the dragon in his lair
  My noble lord shall be."
Said Morris Jones, "That's very fair,"
  Said Drew, "That goes with me."

So mounting each his noble steed
  They bade the maid adieu,
And sallied forth to do the deed
  They'd been requested to.

And as they galloped toward the fen
  Said Morris Jones the bold,
"That dragon's et a lot of men."
  Said Drew, "So I've been told."

"I've heard," said Drew, "he belches flame
  And crunches people's bones."
"I think you're right, I've heard the same."
  Said brave Sir Morris Jones.

"I've heard that Ada Ida May,"
  Said Jones, "is quite a shrew."
"I heard that, too, the other day,"
  Said bold Sir Jacob Drew.

"Her beauty has begun to fade.
  She's growing old," said Drew.
Said Jones, "I'm very much afraid
  That what you say is true."

Then Drew exclaimed, "I have a hunch!
  Let's go somewhere to dine.
We'll talk it over while at lunch."
  Said Jones, "That suits me fine."

So meanwhile Ada Ida May,
  Within the castle gates,
Awaits the victor of the fray;
  And waits and waits and waits.

And there she sits the long years through,
  A maiden still unwed.
She waits in vain for Jones and Drew
  And mourns them both for dead.

But Jones has taken for his spouse
  The fair Eliza Lou.
While Lady Bertha Agnes Krauss
  Is now the bride of Drew.

—Newman Levy.

### Ballade of Fantastic Names

MANY think Przemysl most euphonious,
  Others delight in Molebsk and Ka Lae;
Names that I find rather inharmonious
  Please some with their polysyllabic array,
Like Guadalajara, Kawaihae Bay,
  Passamaquoddy, and Waikiki—
My preference leans to the less outré;
  Tomsk and Omsk are the names for me.

One shouldn't be needlessly acrimonious
  In matters of taste, but I'm forced to say
That persons who find Punamallee symphonious
  Must suffer auricular disarray
Of a serious nature. Zuyder Zee,
  Rajput, Chapultepec, Chantilly—
In the face of this nomenclatorial display
  Tomsk and Omsk are the names for me.

Independent opinions are hardly felonious,
  Though lovers of names like Wjatka betray
Æsthetic criterions distinctly erroneous,
  As they revel in riotous verbal play—
Zambesi, Chihuahua, Utalsk, Uruguay,
  Tehuantepec, Rzehv, Kickapoo, Chicopee—
From these barbarous accents deliver me, pray
  Tomsk and Omsk are the names for me.

*L'Envoi*

Ust-Yansk, Turukhansk, Tobolsk, Tokay—
  All of them ring with the ribaldry
Of a Bolshevik throng on a festal day.
  Tomsk and Omsk are the names for me.

—Otto Freund.

### A Lesson

I'VE heard a lot of lonely wives
  Who sit at home disconsolate,
And wonder, half their hapless lives,
  Why are their husbands gone so late?
And I have mourned with all my heart
  That they should live so sorrily,
And I have done a husband's part
  To function less unmorally.

I've stayed at home for weeks on end,
  Benignant and uxorious—
She didn't even half pretend
  To think the scheme was glorious;
As day by day dragged slowly by
  She spoke with more asperity,
And even in her kisses I
  Detected insincerity.

And then, one day, the lid blew off.
  With every glistening molar bare
She shrieked, "Why don't you take up golf,
  Or go out hunting polar bear?
Unless you let me lead my life
  In peace, I tell you candidly,
You'll have to get another wife—
  I'll go it single-handedly!

"While you are here I cannot sew,
  I cannot do my tattin' —nay,
I cannot drop my work and go
  To picture show or matinée.
I cannot gossip with my friends
  In comfort for a Nemesis
Has struck me with a man who spends
  His time about the premises!"

Without a word I fled amain
  And stayed away a year or two,
And when I wandered home again
  Was welcomer and dearer, too;
And now we're free from all our cares—
  I haven't got the face to go
Back to my happy home, till there's
  No other earthly place to go.

—Ted Robinson.

### A Conversion

IN CREDULOUS youth I was zealously taught
The Creed of the Utterly Sated—
That all but the Naughty was patently naught,
  And Greatness was proved when it grated;

That crazy perversions and dissolute lives
  Distinguished our Illuminati;
And dear were the dens and divine were the dives
  That littered the True Literati.

Then doubts, hesitations and questions arose:
  Was Decency, possibly, venial?
Was Poesy wholly a matter of pose?
  Were Geniuses all uncongenial?

Should Joyousness always be looked at askance?
  Must Cleanliness make us uneasy?
The grandeur of Rome wasn't void of romance,
  The glory of Greece wasn't greasy.

The laurel, I learned, needn't suffer from blight,
  A lyric might be still melodious;
A right-lining writer could still be all right;
  An ode didn't have to be odious.

No, Art isn't slumming, nor coddling the blues,
  Nor sewage, nor mad acrobatics;
The Muse isn't only at home in the mews,
  Nor Attic Salt only in attics.

—Arthur Guiterman.

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THE flight of time can not cause the obligation to provide *complete protection* for the remains of loved ones. On the contrary, every tick of the clock emphasizes the fact that this obligation can be fulfilled only at the time of burial. There *never* will be another opportunity.

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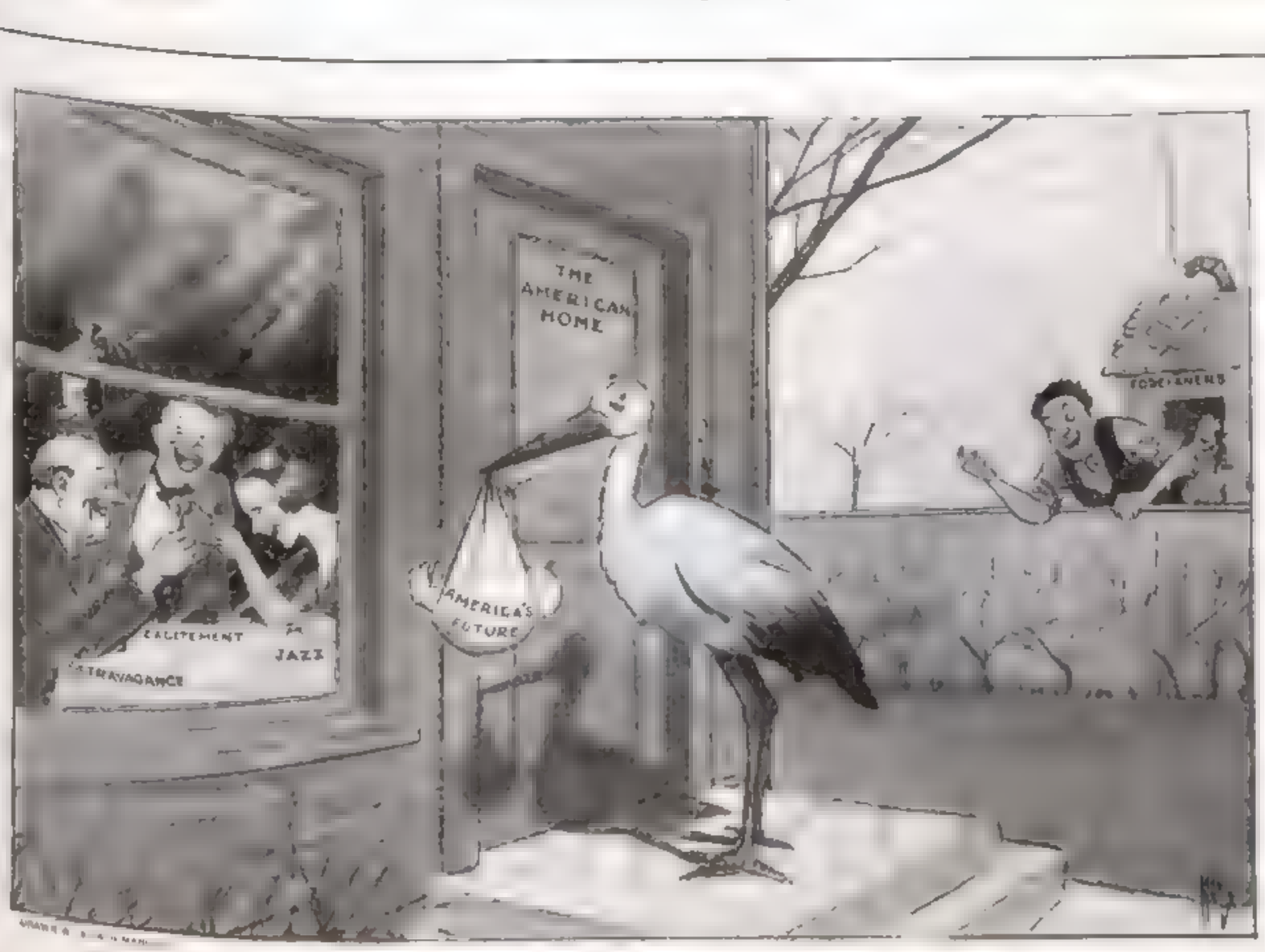


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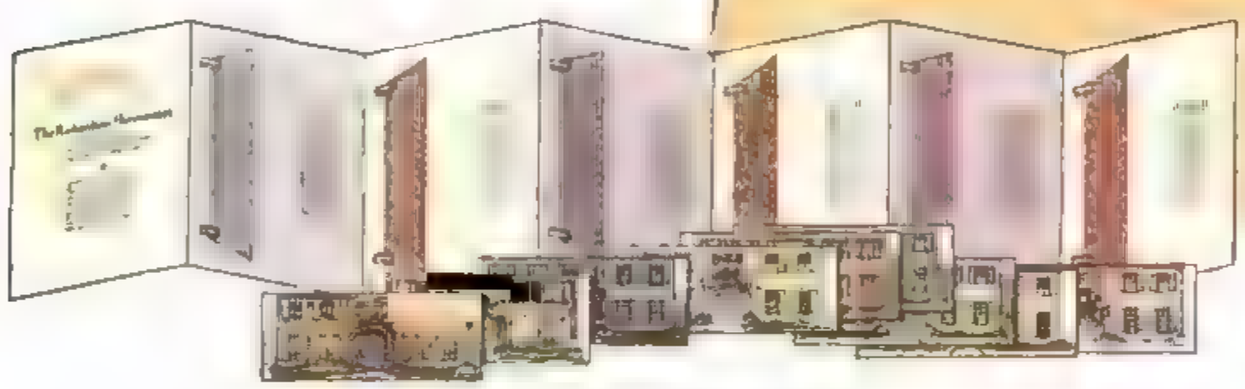
## IT CONTAINS *the first authoritative information ever published to help home owners decide—*



*With the Richardson Harmonizer, a part of this booklet, you can see the complete effect of 54 combinations of body, trim and roof colors*

What color is the house-you'd-like-to-live-in?

Perhaps it is a clean, white Colonial with fresh, green blinds; or a trim-lined house of creamy stucco; or maybe a dignified tapestry brick, rich in browns and reds. You've made up your mind to that.

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As one of the most prominent architectural features of your home it should, of course, be in harmony with the rest of the house. Indeed, your greatest opportunity to add to the beauty of your home lies in a wise choice of roofing color.

This new booklet, *What Color for the Roof?*, will help you make the most of it. It will open up to you entirely new possibilities in roofing beauty. Before you build; before you re-roof, by all means get this booklet.

*New—the colors this booklet shows*

In it you will see how Richardson has developed in the slate-surfaced roof, colors of a beauty hitherto available only in the most expensive roofing materials. Durable, too, these roofs of fadeless colors; and moderate in cost.

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# BONDS TRIUMPHANT

(Continued from Page 8)

"Do investors know anything?" I asked one of the salesmen already quoted.

"Many of them think they know exactly what they want, but they don't," he replied. "There are bond buyers who demand triple-A safety, high yield, a price discount and ready marketability. In order to sell such people at all you have got to make them think they are getting what you know they are not getting.

"Roughly speaking, there are two distinct classes of bond buyers—those who think they know a great deal more than we do but really know much less than they suppose, and those that don't pretend to know anything, and often show it by the stuff they have bought in the past. There is quite a large class of buyers who are learners, who are timid, and walk right in, ready to buy anything we suggest."

"Perhaps those who think they know more than you really do," suggested the writer.

"No, I don't think so as a rule, although their hunches may be better than ours. You must remember that lots of people—and this often applies particularly to women—like to make an impression upon the houses with which they do business by pretending to know a lot about details. The tendency of the investor is to check up on a salesman or a house the first few times, and after that the relation inclines to become a professional one. They talk to us, after they get to know us, the way they do to their doctor. Then we have them sewed up. Of course in such circumstances the salesman will use the customer the best he can if he is far-sighted.

"A very common trait with investors is to tell you that they have investigated you and your offering at their bank, when in reality they haven't done anything of the sort. They bluff a lot. They ask questions just to give themselves the sense of knowing. Often they don't give a darn what the answers are.

"Many times, when you push a customer who has no intention of buying, he doesn't want to say deliberately that he isn't interested in your offering. He doesn't want to hurt your feelings and hasn't the nerve to come right out and say he's not interested. Therefore he begins to manufacture excuses, the most common being that he has no money. One man once told me that he was short of funds because he had a mortgage coming due. On the way out of his office I asked his secretary about the mortgages on the property, and the secretary said there weren't any. I have more respect for the man who simply says he's not interested and sticks to that."

### Where the Credit Belongs

Another bond man, in a moment of cynicism, told me that in his opinion 90 per cent of all bonds are purchased because the buyers enjoy the companionship of the salesman and his ability to talk about golf, fishing, hunting or some other favorite topic.

This statement is, of course, extreme, and few salesmen themselves would claim as much. But the sales manager of another firm ascribed from 60 to 75 per cent of the distribution to the salesmen.

To what extent the three factors, the bond itself, the house and the salesman, are respectively responsible, no one can say with any accuracy. Several partners and even sales managers of firms warned me against ascribing too much importance to the salesman. One of the pioneers of the business, a man who founded a firm which today stands near the top, was quoted years ago as giving the house 80 per cent of the credit, the bond itself 10 per cent and the salesman 10 per cent.

"If the salesman is as great a factor as you have been told," said an experienced dealer, "why are there any unsuccessful syndicates? No two salesmen have the same method and we all know how many times they strike the wrong chord."

It sometimes happens that a salesman thinks he has ability when he has none, and is able to distribute only because of the firm's reputation. Indeed, there are salesmen whose only argument and only service to the investor is to repeat parrotlike the assertion that their firm stands well. The fine points of this discussion are of no particular interest to the general reader and need not be drawn out further.

But carry it as far as may be, the fact remains that many, many bonds are sold, not because of the bonds at all or even because of the high standing of the firm, but solely because the salesman is lucky enough or energetic and perspicacious enough to go after prospects who after a few minutes of acquaintance are the kind of human beings who begin to read out loud or show to their new-found friends letters from relatives.

Unless the bond salesman is a confirmed moron, idiot, dumb-bell and total mental loss generally, he knows as well as anybody, and generally much better, the really dreadful yearning of the human heart for friendship and understanding, and acts accordingly. But do the heads of great banking houses, who have spent a lifetime in building up a reputation, care to admit publicly that, after all, clients are largely influenced by their own weakness of temperament and mental make-up into which situation or complex the tact, good manners and pleasing personality of the salesman fit like a key in a lock?

Not much! Such an admission might compel firms to increase the already generous salaries which they pay their salesmen.

But no banker, however great, can repeal human nature. "They bring their wills to me to fix up, and their income-tax returns," said one salesman. "They want a conversational outlet, and they want someone to listen to their troubles. Sometimes they even want advice."

### Success No Accident

A sales manager told me that he employed an elderly gray-haired salesman for the sole reason that many clients will do business only with gray-haired, fatherly looking persons. "He's a good-hearted old soul, but he doesn't know anything about bonds and has to come to us for advice before he sells anything. But he certainly can sell big blocks."

"There is always a reason for the success of anyone in the bond business," said the head of a small firm. "Dayton, out there, gets a lot of people because of his vigorous personality. But it would be suicide to let other clients go to him. Franklin inspires confidence in one class of buyers because of his quiet, unobtrusive manner. We have another man who I swear hasn't a single gift except sheer, endless reiteration, but that wins still another group of clients."

"Do you notice any peculiarities about investors?" I asked a salesman who after years of hard work has reached the enviable position where he does not have to go out of the office at all, but merely waits upon customers who come to him.

"It is a common thing," he replied, "when I suggest to a client that he buy a certain bond and hand him a circular describing it, for him to throw it back upon my desk with some such growling remark as 'I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole,' although he hasn't read the circular and doesn't know a thing about the bonds. Perhaps he doesn't like the name of the company, or a friend who once met its president has spoken slightingly of him.

"Without comment I will hand the customer a circular describing a bond of another company, not a bit better in any way, and hardly without looking at it he will say pleasantly, 'Yes, that's just what I want. That's all right.'

"Time and again customers refuse to buy what I offer them, often giving the excuse that they have no money. The next morning, when they haven't a cent more than on the previous day, they will walk in and buy, without a single objection, ten bonds of something else which I suggest, and which may not be so good as the bond I offered them the day before.

"One day a man came in and ordered twenty bonds of a certain issue. I wrote the order on the pad without saying a word, but I laughed quietly as I wrote.

"'What did you laugh for?' demanded the client.

"'You are buying on name only,' I replied. 'You don't even know the dividend which this company pays. Now why don't you put part of your money into so-and-so?'

"Ten minutes later that man went out with ten of the bonds he originally ordered and ten that I wanted to sell him. I didn't have to argue with him. It was merely the laugh and the raising of a doubt.

"If a man is the least bit obstinate he should be left alone. He'll come around all right. One of my star customers comes in almost every morning, and if he bangs his hat down on the desk and looks peeved in any way I never dream of even trying to sell him anything. If he comes in cheerful, and especially if he cracks a joke when he first speaks to me, then I know I can sell him pretty much what I want that day. They are all supposed to come here for business, but whether you can do business with them depends entirely upon their frame of mind."

Nor are this man's clients small and ignorant by any means. The ignorance and carelessness of investors is a trite subject, the theme of thousands of warnings and preachments on the financial pages of the newspapers. Scores of millions of dollars which Uncle Sam owes bondholders in the way of uncollected interest or matured bonds and certificates have for long periods of time remained outstanding.

A few months ago several thousand stockholders in the American Telephone & Telegraph Company, failed to exercise or sell valuable rights which had been given them, although as the president of the company said, "Everything practicable was done to inform them of their rights and their value," the instructions being simply worded and describing every phase of the transaction.

A salesman for a long-profit house recently learned of a clergyman who lived several hundred miles from New York, and had, so it was reported, fifteen thousand dollars in high-grade bonds. Long profit, it should be explained, refers to bonds which pay very high interest yields, and are not particularly well seasoned, well known, or as a rule very readily marketable.

The salesman traveled to the rural community and, after a day spent in getting acquainted, finally persuaded the clergyman to exchange fifteen bonds which he held, all of the highest class but with low interest rates, and offering no chance for a profit, for the long-profit bonds which the salesman's house puts out so extensively.

The clergyman handed the salesman the bonds and took the young man's personal receipt, although he had never seen him or heard of him before, and did not even know whether he was really connected with the firm, which likewise he had never heard of before. But the salesman in due course turned the bonds into the office, with instructions to forward fifteen of the firm's own bonds to the customer.

### A Long Siege

A clerk in counting the securities discovered that a mistake had been made, and instead of fifteen gilt-edge bonds there were sixteen.

"What shall I do?" asked the clerk.

"Send him sixteen of our bonds," was the instructions given, and the sixteen new bonds were forwarded.

So unfamiliar was the clergyman with the customs of Wall Street that he actually wrote a letter to the firm thanking them for their honesty, although he might instead have employed a lawyer to make it hot for them for having exchanged the extra bond without his express permission.

Some years ago a salesman determined that he would sell bonds to a very rich individual. For two years he tried in vain. The millionaire would not listen to him, for he already knew far more about bonds than the salesman did and had ample financial connections of his own. Finally the salesman, knowing the rich man's fondness for tennis, joined a country club where the prospect played, and at last managed to get with him in a game of doubles. They played together quite often after that, became warm friends and won many tournaments together.

The salesman, however, was wise enough not to mention the subject of bonds. At last the millionaire asked him to take a trip on his yacht.

"I can't afford to give the time," said the salesman.

"I'll give you a fifty-thousand-dollar order if you'll go with me," said the other, and, of course, the salesman went.

It is probable that the millionaire took good care to buy only the best of bonds, but does anyone dare to say that the underlying reason for that sale was the soundness

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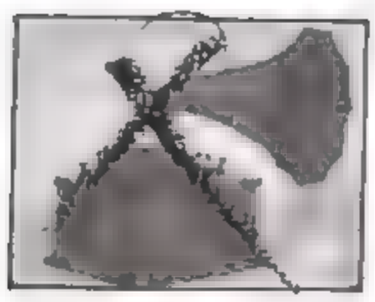

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*The new Sonora Radio Speaker. Can be plugged into any radio set—no extra batteries needed. Price, $30*

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This tone chamber is made of many plies of thin, seasoned wood—neutralizing vibration—eliminating harsh overtones. Every delicate shading of tone is faithfully reproduced in all its original beauty. With this perfectly designed tone chamber, the radio takes its place among great musical instruments.

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*In all Sonora instruments the "horn" or tone chamber is made of many thicknesses of wafer-thin veneer—laid with alternating grain to neutralize vibration*

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Sonora CLEAR AS A BELL Radio Speaker


of the bonds themselves? At bottom the rich man's purchase was due to the same motive that actuated the ignorant country divine in intrusting his life's savings to a stranger. The only difference was that the sophisticated, suspicious millionaire was nearly two years in making a friend, while the trustful rural minister took but one day.

"Golf has been a great thing for the bond business," said the head of one firm. "After eighteen holes the salesman finds out what kind of a guy the prospect is. After a few drinks at the nineteenth hole the future customer calls him 'Charlie,' which, together with a discussion of the score, is a fine entering wedge when the salesman calls on him at his office a week or two later. But golf or no golf, the supersalesman is never on the defensive."

In a recently published book—Investment; a New Profession—Henry S. Sturgis, himself connected with a New York bond house, laments the fact that there are many salesmen "whose savoir-faire and poise are such that they sell securities on their personalities and make no pretense whatever of knowing what the bonds are worth." While there are many exceptions to this rule, which the author duly emphasizes, he insists nevertheless that the development of the bond business has placed a premium on selling ability rather than upon judgment.

### *Declining Money Rates*

"In fact, the question as to whether an issue will be underwritten and the price to be asked very often depends more upon a forecast of the ability to sell securities than upon a mature judgment of its actual value and a forecast of its future prospects."

A firm that sells securities which formerly bore 6½ per cent interest at par found that because of changed money-market conditions it could no longer give the investor more than 6 per cent. Of course the salesmen protested because sales resistance was considerably increased. The average client of the firm, accustomed to 6½ per cent, said, "I'll go somewhere else." Naturally the salesmen preferred conditions which favored sales, with the firm insisting that it was up to the salesmen to go out and educate the investor that 6 per cent was enough.

In any case, the firm was obliged to make the change, for sound economic reasons. But one of the partners, anxious to smooth the salesmen's road, adopted a device which, while probably not original with him, is clever enough to deserve a brief description here. The firm, like all others, puts out lists of offerings, and when the bulk of its bonds bore 6½ per cent the list was always headed with a few offerings of unusually short term, and, because of that favorable feature, bearing only 5½ per cent.

The rate of yield on these short bonds was changed arbitrarily to 5 per cent, and although the firm could no longer afford to sell any quantity of bonds at 6½ per cent, it did mention one or two small issues with that rate at the bottom of its list.

"Thus we gradually accustomed the investor to 6 per cent," said the partner. "Most people will never take anything at the bottom or the top of a list. Very few men want to pay one hundred and sixty-five dollars for a suit of clothes, as I once did at a swagger tailor's, nor do many men want a real cheap suit.

"The way to sell a three-dollar hat is to show the customer a two-dollar hat and say deprecatingly that it's good value for the money, and then to show him a five-dollar hat and say that it's a crackajack, but pretty expensive. He is sure to buy the three-dollar hat.

"Changing the rate of yield on the shortest maturities from 5½ to 5 per cent, and putting the 6½'s at the bottom of the list, just naturally led most of our customers to ask for 6 per cent, which is what we have to sell. It's not a trick, it's just common sense. Listen to men in a restaurant; most of them want their steak medium done. Most of us are compromisers."

There is an old theory in the bond business, borne out by long practice, that if you give an investor the option of having his bond redeemed in cash or exchanged for another security, he will take the exchange. Many a corporation has been saved from receivership because of this curious trait in human nature. But if the corporation or its bankers insist that the bondholder make the exchange he will demand his cash.

The surest way to prevent the bondholders from demanding payment in cash is to offer them the option of cash or exchange into a new security with a slightly higher interest rate than the maturing bond. If in addition to a higher interest rate the company offers one new bond and a share of stock for each old bond, the investor is almost certain to fall for it.

"I should think the investor would be bewildered by the enormous choice in the way of securities offered these days," I remarked to a salesman.

"If you show a man nineteen suits of clothes he won't buy any," was the reply. "It is the same with bonds. Send a man a big list and you'll never receive an order. But if the salesman gets after the prospect with a single offering and he is told that it is very special, he will want it."

"Of course investors have their peculiarities," was the rather tart reply of another bond man to my inquiry. "Don't some men wear beards and others not? Why should you be so surprised to learn that human nature has just as wide a play in the matter of investments as in the buying of furniture, hats and dresses? Are we not all creatures of temperament?"

"If you are writing about the psychology of the investor," said the head of the bond department of a New York bank a few months before the great German loan came out, "remember that all the psychology that he, or we, the bankers, either, have learned has been in the last few years. Just at present we are most interested in foreign loans, and my business is to put psychology into the salesmen, who in turn frame that of the investor.

"Foreign securities have dragged for years, but there has got to be a definite trend soon. My business is to build up the psychology of the investor to meet this situation, in a roundabout way, through the salesmen.

"If an investor is a Hungarian who has lost everything in his own country, it would be foolish to try to sell him Hungarian bonds. We have got to discover what the investor's inhibitions are in regard to these foreign issues. Some should not buy foreign bonds at all, but only the kind of stuff you would sell to your aged mother. But we must begin a process of education of literature favorable to Europe, and all that. There are certain types of foreign bonds I buy if one is at all speculatively inclined.

"I never advocate the customer doing what isn't logical for him to do, but he should be educated on from one class of securities to another. We are now in a great era of preferred stocks of public utilities, but I warn my salesmen not to sell utility preferreds to a customer who hasn't already been educated on utility bonds."

### *Ready to Duck and Run*

"Do you think it's the duty of the American investor to buy foreign bonds?" I asked.

"We don't talk about his duty to Europe. only about helping his own bank account. A lot of the Japanese bonds were taken by big corporations that hoped for orders from Japan. In the same way the private investor ought to have the imagination to see the chance of making big money by investing in Europe at the present time.

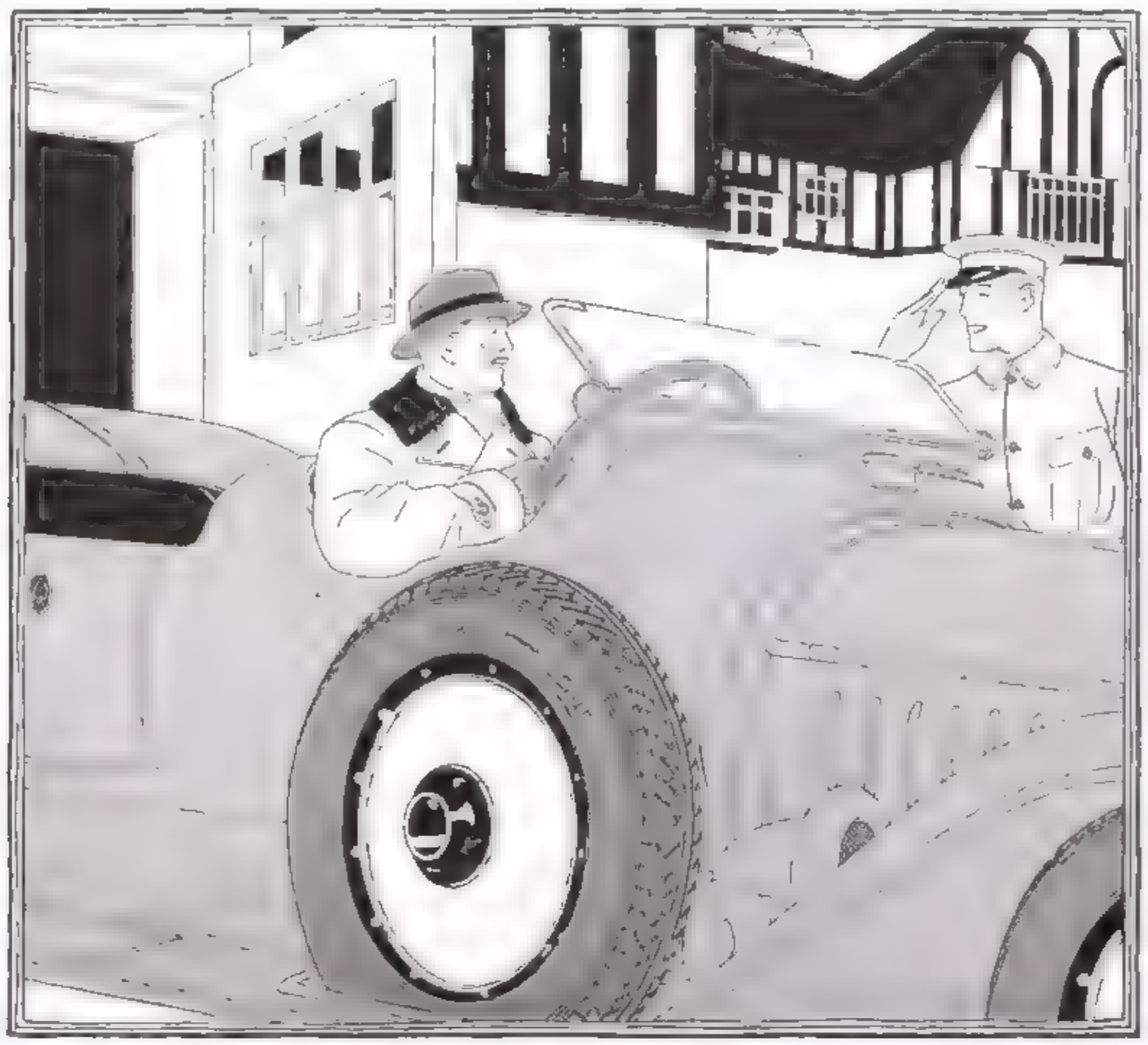
"You have struck the investor, I believe, just at the point of metamorphosis. The English investor has not had any such hard and fast line of prejudice between domestic and foreign securities. But the Yankee thinks quickly, and I believe by the time the machinery is ready to take care of all this European financing the investor will be ready for it. We are trying to make this a cosmopolitan money center. Yet we bankers are almost as scared as the investor himself.

"You know how they are. So many feel that foreign bonds are semispeculative. They are eager for the high rates, but, like the deacon who wanted to go to the theater, they don't quite dare. At the least unfavorable happening abroad they rush down here to sell, and when the headlines look brighter they rush back to get the high rates. They are not quite convinced. They are ready to duck and run if anything looks black."

But there is no point in analyzing the human nature of the investor or the way in which his psychology is studied and adapted to the needs of those who have bonds for sale, unless we can get at least a glimpse of the development and intensity which the

(Continued on Page 76)

THE BEST TIRE KELLY EVER BUILT



Mileage and Comfort . . .

*that's what the*

# KELLY *Flexible* CORD

## *means to tire users*

THE new Kelly Cord gives more mileage, because it is a vast improvement over previous types of cord tire construction.

It gives greater comfort because it is more flexible than the ordinary cord tire, and hence easier-riding.

In the ordinary tire each ply of cord fabric is cut off at the bead, which is thus held in place merely by adhesion to the plies.

In the Integral Bead construction, used only by Kelly, the cords are *not* cut off, but by a special process are looped around the bead.

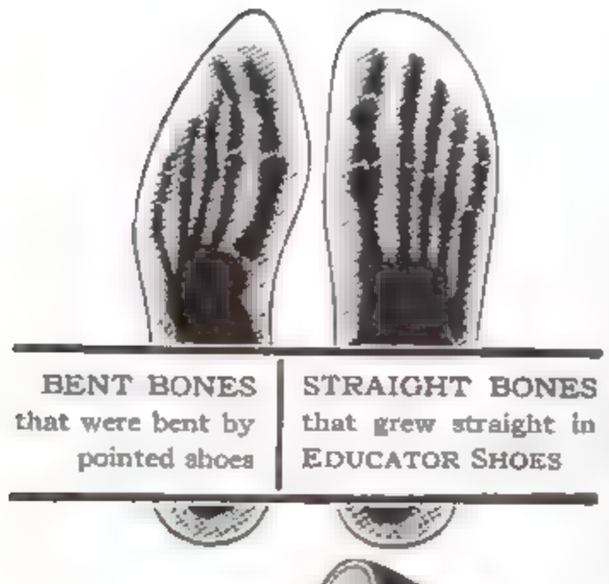
This construction has two marked advantages. It anchors the bead firmly in place, and it gives the whole tire a flexibility impossible where the ordinary type of construction is used. Not only does it make the *carcass* of the tire more flexible; it makes possible the use of a flexible *tread*.

The name "Kelly-Springfield" on a tire has always meant a thoroughly good product. In introducing the Kelly Flexible Cord to the motoring public we do so with full confidence that we are offering the best tire we have ever built.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE CO.
250 West 57th St. New York, N. Y.

The drawing at the right shows how the bead of the new Kelly Cord is formed by enclosing strips of braided wire in the loops of the cord fabric. The cords which form these loops are continuous from the beginning of the inmost ply to the end of the outer. The whole tire thus has a flexibility and "give" that is necessarily lacking in tires made by the ordinary method.

# KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES



BENT BONES that were bent by pointed shoes | STRAIGHT BONES that grew straight in EDUCATOR SHOES

*Women's Modified Educator Oxford*

# Room for 5 toes!

EDUCATORS give you the swing of youth. They are made to really fit your foot.

Educators will bring you new grace. No longer will your feet be tired by the constant pressure of ordinary shoes.

The slim beauty of this Educator oxford will appeal to you at once. The fine leather and excellent workmanship mean that it will keep looking new—that it will retain its fashion.

None genuine without this stamp:

MODIFIED EDUCATOR SHOE REG'D

EDUCATOR SHOES ARE MADE FOR MEN, WOMEN, CHILDREN

If your dealer does not carry Educators, order from

**RICE & HUTCHINS**

Address: 14 High Street, Boston, U. S. A.
Also send for booklet


(Continued from Page 74)

business itself has attained. To the dispassionate observer one of the chief characteristics of the business as it exists today seems to be sheer speed. The great investment banking houses are, viewed from one aspect, at least, not so much banking houses as they are bond factories, turning out bonds much as Mr. Ford's plants turn out cars.

Fifteen or twenty years ago there were only three or four banking houses in the country that could sell a large issue of bonds. Today there are scores of firms and syndicates ready for any new piece of financing. The common greeting among bond men is "What's new?" and the fierceness of competition for new issues and the struggle for quantity and volume of production have few parallels in the commercial world.

Looking at the subject for the moment from a technical Wall Street viewpoint, it may fairly be said that the fierce competition and high speed of the bond business really date from the time when national and state banks and trust companies began to enter the brokerage business. Formerly there were two or three large wholesale private banking firms of the type of J. P. Morgan & Co. and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. which purchased issues of securities and resold them to retail brokers or bond men.

But bank after bank has entered the business, either as an original house of issue, like Morgan, in the case of the larger banks, or as a retailer in the case of the thousands upon thousands of smaller banks. Scores also of the larger banks, not only in New York but in other cities, such as Chicago, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Cleveland, Detroit, and the like, act as both wholesalers and retailers. The general run of professional brokerage and bond firms, faced with such formidable competition, have been forced on their part to jazz up their methods in all manner of ways, and, in addition, they have tried in many cases to become wholesalers as well as retailers.

### Houses of Issue

On one hand hundreds of little dealers, with no resources and only a few years graduated from the bond-salesman stage, strive for the prestige involved in underwriting an issue of securities—that is, in being known as houses of original issue, although their natural function is to retail. On the other hand we see great banks, each with hundreds of millions of resources, fighting tooth and nail with insignificant little dealers and brokers, as well as with one another, for the cream of the retail business.

A firm like Morgan, which resolutely sticks to wholesaling, although admittedly successful in the highest degree, is regarded by most people in the business as old-fashioned and as belonging to a past generation. Even the least-informed reader can see, however, that the wiping out of hard and fast lines between the manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers must result in the most intense competition.

For the most part the smaller concerns cannot originate enough bond issues of well-known corporations to supply their own selling needs. Most such bonds they obtain by getting on the syndicate lists of the big houses, all but two or three of whom retail just as vigorously as the smallest firms. Thus is presented the truly amazing spectacle of manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers going after the same retail customers!

Such conditions make for anything but good feeling among the bulk of the larger and smaller houses. Small dealers assert that certain of the big houses are sometimes known to beat the gun on them—that is, to go after the same investors whom they expect to solicit, before the time set or even before the small dealers know what the name or terms of the bond are to be.

Of course such charges are frequently groundless. It often appears as if the large syndicate-managing house had taken advantage of advance information when in reality the fault lies wholly with an overzealous salesman. In one case a firm angrily complained to the head of the syndicate because one of the salesmen for the larger house had cleaned up a town on an issue before the representatives of the smaller firm were able even to reach the place.

It was discovered that as vestryman for a church the syndicate manager's salesman in that particular town had handed out circulars to members of the congregation as they filed out from the Sunday morning service, although the official time for releasing the dogs of war was not until Monday morning. Naturally this overzealous salesman's employer was asked to split the commissions in that particular town with the other firm, and felt obliged to do so.

The larger concerns that retail as well as wholesale reply to these accusations by saying that the smaller houses are often temperamental and unreliable, anxious to join the big banker's syndicate when he has something very good to sell, and finding pretexts for staying out when the offering is a little slow.

"The small houses all have restricted lists of clients," said a representative of one of the largest. "If they once had a coal bond go sour on their hands they will never take another coal bond, no matter how good it may be, because their clientele is too limited. Thus they shut us out of territory which we ought to have, and make us sweat through as best we can. They can't get over their sour experience. But our salesmen go everywhere, and we must have retail outlets just like the big automobile manufacturers, who have their branch houses, so as not to be at the mercy of little local dealers who foolishly get overloaded."

Whatever the merits of this dispute, there are, so it would seem, far too many people engaged in the bond business, too many firms and too many salesmen. In the great bull market in bonds in the last year or so, hundreds of salesmen have set up for themselves. For despite the fierceness of competition, profits are very juicy in a bull market if a firm has any distributing powers at all. As I talked to a bond dealer he called up a client and said, "Here's a pretty good bond; so-and-so."

"I'll take two," said the client. The ordinary syndicate membership profit is about three points on a bond. The conversation lasted about two minutes, so that the dealer's profit per minute was thirty dollars.

I commented on the fact, and the dealer said, "Let's open my accumulated mail and see what I can pick out of that." One letter was from a stranger, a bank officer in the Southwest, who had read an advertisement of the firm's and sent in an order for thirty bonds. The man was a total stranger to the dealer, but that one order meant a profit of nearly one thousand dollars.

In an effort to get an unprejudiced but as nearly as possible inside view of the alleged overcrowding of the business I sought a statement from a representative of one of the great banking firms that has never entered the retail end of the business, but wholesales on a scale of international prestige and magnitude.

He said: "There are too many people in the bond business at the present time, for the reason that they do not want to work for someone else. The present competitive organization involves an increased overhead in the cost of distributing bonds. There is no economic reason for twenty-five salesmen calling on a little country bank that buys only ten bonds a year."

### A Popular Business

"It makes no difference to us, but we do see a tremendous ebb and flow in this business. Over a period of years there is much risk, and many houses do not make any profits. In a bull market a lot of young men set up in business for themselves, and when slack times come they will be working for someone else. The bond business would be better off today if the number of houses were cut in half.

"The growth in the number of houses has been largely the result of wartime financing, but they have exceeded the economic necessity. There are many new clean firms, and lots of salesmen are honest, telling both sides of their story. I don't want you to do them an injustice in what you write. But there are too many kids in the business. They go into it because they regard it as a clean business. There are too many novices who will adopt any argument to make a sale. Unfortunately also it too often happens that as fast as a salesman learns much, he becomes a department head or sets up in business for himself."

Essential as the bond salesman is to the business he is in, he has become the subject of almost standardized joking, like the mother-in-law; more so, indeed, inside than outside the business. The writer has met many bond salesmen of strong character, great ability and delightful personality. Yet Wall Street's own opinion is that bond selling is too much the resort of the typical cake-eating, lollypop, rich man's sons and college rah-rah boys.

A young humorist who has written several books of amusing skits, himself a graduate of what we shall call Harvale University, begins one of the chapters of a recent book with this sentence, significant of prevailing social custom: "You are a Harvale graduate and therefore a bond salesman."

These few words epitomize Wall Street's feelings toward the bond salesman as a species. Not that there is any antagonism to dear old Harvale or other similar universities as such. But there is a decided opinion that many college boys go into bond selling not because of their overwhelming interest in finance and investments, but simply because it is a polite clean, white-collar, gentleman's occupation, and one which, with the aid of a little inherited capital and social connections, will almost immediately, and without any hard grinding apprenticeship, land them as partners in a banking firm of their own.

### Competition for New Issues

The head of a prominent banking house once met a well-known physician whose son is even better known as a tennis player.

"How's your son's game?" asked the banker.

"Improving," said the doctor. "He's going to have more time to practice now. He has a job in a bond house."

A partner in a house that employs scores of salesmen said: "The bond salesman and the bond circular are both getting to be a pest, like the book agent. The only remedy lies in attracting a higher type of man, one who studies harder and who gives the prospect better advice."

But the fault, if there be one, it seems to the writer, does not lie with the bond salesmen so much as it does with the system which makes necessary their employment in such artificially large numbers. It is asserted that in order to meet the enormous overhead of selling expense, firms are obliged, through the medium of buying departments, to scour the country for new issues to sell.

It is said that competition to secure new issues, to feed the ravening maws of the salesmen, has been so fierce in the prevailing bull market that excessive prices have been paid by houses of issue.

The writer prefers not to pass upon this frequent assertion, as only the subsequent course of the bond market over a period of considerable time will establish its truth or falsehood. But if firms bid too high for new issues to sell, it is obvious that to make up for the inevitable loss all the members of the syndicate must redouble their selling efforts. In consequence, the entire sales effort must be directed to forcing the investor into new and often unseasoned securities, to the neglect of old, seasoned securities.

The bidding of house against house for new issues, says Mr. Sturgis, in his book on Investment; a New Profession, "carries the prices paid for these new securities to a point where they must be offered to the public at prices which are very often relatively high compared with the general market level, and especially high for issues which are obviously unseasoned."

The author of this book, although himself in the employ of a firm which uses salesmen, evidently regards the business as in the grip of a vicious circle, for he actually goes so far as to suggest that if investment banking is ever to be regarded as a profession, solicitation must be entirely eliminated, as it is in medicine.

But this is jumping too far ahead in our narrative. The theory that sales solicitation in the bond business is essentially bad may be sound or unsound. We may find that solicitation has its advantages as well as disadvantages, from the social point of view. But in any case, it is unlikely to be displaced in the near future. Nor are we in any position to view its benefits until we examine its inevitable and far from altogether salutary effects upon the investor himself.

Whatever else the intensive salesmanship and high speed of the bond business have accomplished, they have at least educated, trained and indeed forced the investor to become a speculator and trader instead of an investor in the old-fashioned meaning of the word.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Atwood. The next will be published in an early issue.

*From a Village of Homes*

*Kohler Products—enameled plumbing ware and private electric plants—are made in a village where houses are homes and yards are gardens; where civic pride and pride of good work go hand in hand*

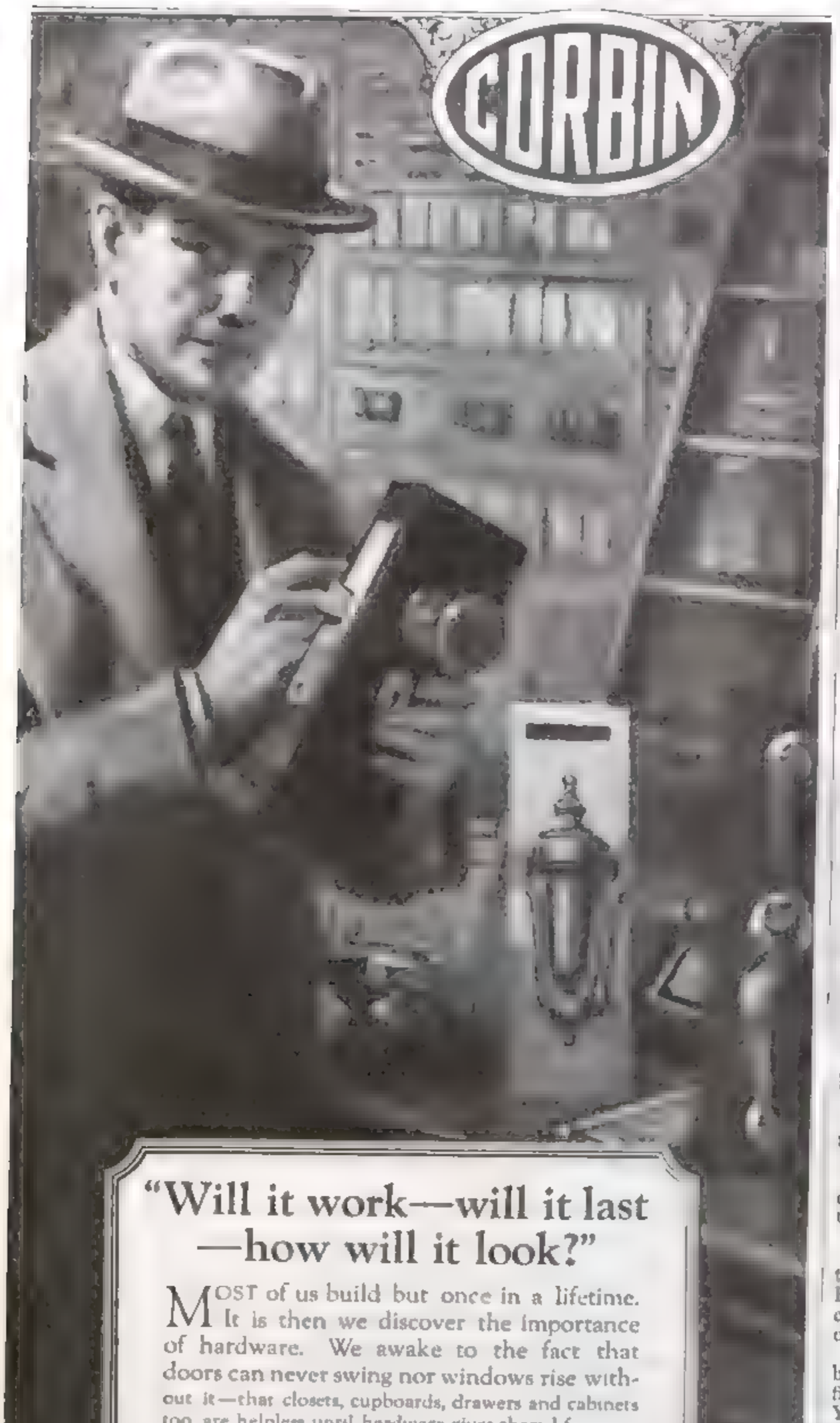
THE things we grow up with! What's more important? Books, flowers, music, pictures, and—don't smile!—even bathrooms. . . Let's not commercialize the thought too far, except to say that fine bathrooms and Kohler Enameled Plumbing Ware belong together: that Kohler fixtures have been preferred these many years for their beauty and their immaculate enamel: that they cost no more than any other acceptable ware: and that you can always tell them by the name "Kohler" unobtrusively fused into the enamel. . . Let us send you Booklet E.

Kohler Co., *Founded 1873*, Kohler, Wis. • *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

# KOHLER OF KOHLER

*Enameled Plumbing Ware*

# Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware




## "Will it work—will it last —how will it look?"

MOST of us build but once in a lifetime. It is then we discover the importance of hardware. We awake to the fact that doors can never swing nor windows rise without it—that closets, cupboards, drawers and cabinets too, are helpless until hardware gives them life.

No wonder we ask "Will it work, will it last how will it look?"

To place your faith in Corbin is to place Good Hardware in your building—hardware that *will* work, *will* last, *will* look well as long as you live.

Could there be better evidence than the ever-growing host of good buildings—large and small, public, residential, business and industrial—that deserve Good Hardware—Corbin—and have it?

It is a joy to live with.

*"Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware" is a booklet that answers most hardware questions. May we send you a copy?*

P. & F. CORBIN SINCE 1849 NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT

*The American Hardware Corporation, Successor*

New York Chicago Philadelphia


# THE BUCCANEERS OF THE BAHAMAS

(Continued from Page 38)

Mother and daughter were discussing the next morning the offensive directness of Duane in the ballroom. They had agreed that the man was becoming unendurable. They had also been in complete accord about the folly of breaking with him in the absence of Lord Uther. Until the latter should return there was nobody who could take Duane's place, and great loss and confusion must result

"If Mr. Duane persists in forgetting his manners ——"

"How can he forget what he never had, mother dear?" Roderica said with a smile.

Mrs. Vallander went to the affectionate length of patting her daughter's hand. Since they had come to open admissions and frank talks about Uncle Jason's estate, she had felt that Roderica was much closer to her, much more responsive, much more considerate. Her policy of self-repression, of yielding, was bearing fruit. She could not guess that the same cause that made Roderica a better sweetheart made her a better daughter. Always on the watch lest she betray her intended treachery to Jimmie, Roderica met all the world with a set smile and studied action.

"If he should force me to withdraw from him, Roddy, what about you?" the mother asked. "I could bear much for your sake."

"Do you fear that Jimmie would side with his father?" Roderica dropped lazy, confident lids.

"He would certainly be disinherited."

"We are rich, mother."

"Roddy! You are a love-sick girl. I wonder you don't sit out in the garden holding his hand, and staring in round-eyed admiration at your paragon."

"I might even do that," was the unabashed answer.

"A Vallander—sunk to this! Roddy, I will not quarrel with the old man. I will put up with anything, everything. You shall not throw away millions."

Mrs. Vallander sprang to her feet and made an obsequious bow to the air. "Mr. Duane, your most obedient servant. What are your commands? Tell me, that I may fly to carry them out."

"That is wisest, mother," Roderica said, laughing, "but I do not ask you to stand too much. I shan't be in to lunch. Jimmie and I are picnicking."

Mrs. Vallander bit her lip to check the protest. Roderica, having ingeniously prevented the possibility of an immediate break with Duane, went out humming a tune.

In the Palm Room she came on Sutherland, who handed her a long fat envelope.

"Thanks, Jack."

"I've just had a wireless," he said; "my mother is dead."

"Oh, Jack, I am so sorry."

He nodded. "The last link with decent days," he said. His somber eyes pointed the accusation.

"I am so sorry," she repeated.

"I am off to Miami this morning," he told her. "Here come the owners of the Hector and Sallie; friends of mine." He curled his lips. "They have come to see me on business."

The barber of Miami looked frightened, but Roderica bowed. He doubled in gratified response. She cut Popeye of New York. She turned up her nose as she heard him say, "Hello, Jack."

Jimmie was waiting outside in the auto. He eyed the fresh perfection of her dress with outspoken pleasure. They sped westward under a green-and-red tunnel of sea-grape trees, to the soft lapping of ocean ripples on their right.

"The first time," he cried. "In all these weeks, the first time I've had you for a whole day to myself. You were a sport last night, Roddy."

She looked up with her little provocative smile.

"I follow your lead, Jimmie. If you've made up your mind to be a pirate I must become brazen."

"You're splendid. I can't understand the dad. You called his bluff all right. Oh, fine! What's that? A deed to your heart?"

She held up the long fat envelope. "Sutherland's log of the fourth voyage of the Hector and Sallie. Last July. He's always kicking about the way he makes his money. Last night he told me he had kept this log. I borrowed it just to see what he really means and what you are going into."

"He ran with the Popeye gang, the worst lot that ever sneaked a bottle into New York. Nothing was beyond that crowd. You're not to talk shop today, old girl. We are out for pleasure."

"We are going to read this together after lunch," she announced.

You can circle the island of New Providence in fewer than fifty miles and it is hard to get twenty miles from Nassau; but there are hidden little beaches approached by hidden little roads just passable. Before Roderica had ever seen Nassau, Jimmie had marked down solitary beauty spots to which to take her. He drove her to one now and set her up in state on linen rugs and soft cushions beneath the shadows of a sand-box tree. He arranged the lunch not allowing her to do a thing, and when all was ready, down to the olives and hard butter packed in cracked ice, he suddenly realized that something was missing. He stood eying Roderica from behind, with the sudden sharp conviction that she did not belong, that she was for the ballroom and the ceremonial picnic with servants and details as much like home as possible, that she was pretending enjoyment, that she was going to step out of that auto on return to the hotel without a hair out of place or a spot on dust on her white shoes; that she accepted his willing service without a thrill and as due homage to her beauty and position.

He thought of the care-free, irresponsible camaraderie of the outdoor hours with Rosamond, and then he saw what was missing: not the irresponsibility, not the kissing gayety, but something more important. The intimate accord of Washington was no longer there. The impulse to pour out his heart and his hopes and his aims was not in him. Why? The night before, she had rebuked his father's crude question by a proof of constancy the most sincere and genuine which she could give. She had said in words which had thrilled him that she would stand by him if shame or ignominy came to him; a Vallander to say that, and in the presence of a mother such as she had; and yet —— He caught a glimpse of the truth. he hated and loathed this trade in liquor, and Roderica, knowing now something about it, was indifferently content to profit by it. He denied that this was serious divergence. He admitted to himself that if he had known about Uncle Jason in Washington he would have thought it a huge joke and taken on the job as gayly as had his father. He broke from his reverie and came forward guiltily.

Roderica had not missed him; she was staring out at the sea, lost, as he had been, to surroundings.

"A penny," he offered.

She started, dropped her eyes. She was deciding on the color of the train in which Lady Uther Penterry should be presented at the Court of St. James's. She smiled and touched the big envelope. "There is food for thought there," she said.

They talked, laughed, joked; there was no joy in it.

"Let's hear," he begged at length, weary of pretending that he was happy.

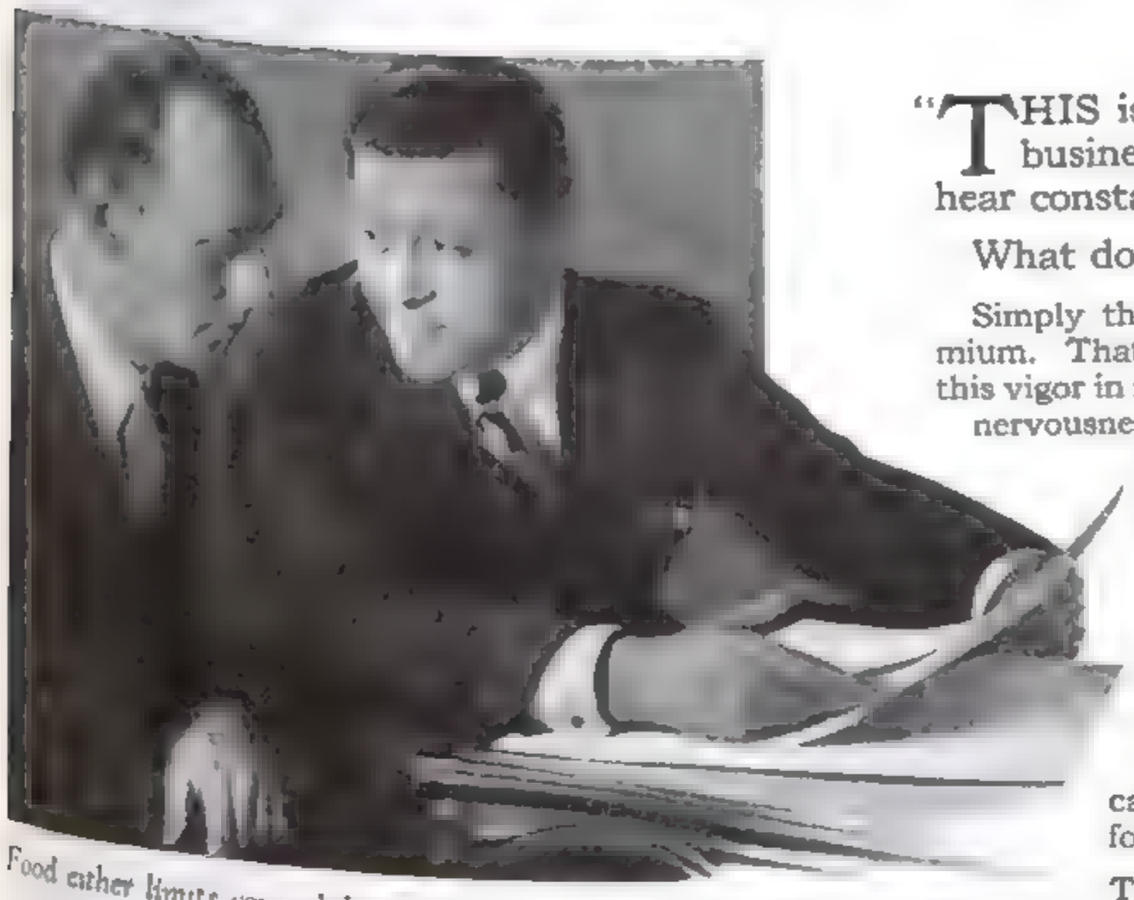
"Jack's lost his mother, poor old thing," she told him as she broke the envelope open. "He's half bandit now. I hope it will pull him up. I knew her—a charming woman."

She began to read: "'After our return from Trip 3 we lay in Nassau seven days. Crew hove ship down, scraped and copper-painted the bottom as far down as possible, overhauled rigging, watered and stored up. Took on 4300 cases assorted ryes and 3000 Granddad bourbon. Took on last load outside the bar as tide was falling and we were loaded deep. Left July 5th, steering N.E. by N. for passage between Hole in the Wall and Egg Island. The wind hauled aft at 6 P.M. and mate set mainsail and jibs. We went ahead so fast we stopped the motor. At 8 P.M. saw smoke from captain's room. Opened cuddy door and found Mr. Rollo, the Dane, drunk in his berth, and the rug on fire from a match he had flung down. So it begins, as usual.'"

"That Northeast Providence Channel," Jimmie commented, "is no place for a drunken captain."

(Continued on Page 80)

# What do your "three meals a day" have to do with your business?



*Food either limits your ability or supplies you with mental driving power and physical endurance*

***Out of our daily food—to a far greater extent than most of us realize—we shape the course of our lives—build success or failure. For food can drain our vital forces, make us physically tired and mentally dull, or it can give us the vitality and alertness of mind and body upon which success depends.***

"THIS is the young man's day in business," is an expression we hear constantly.

What does it mean?

Simply that physical vigor is at a premium. That fewer and fewer men retain this vigor in middle age. That over-fatigue, nervousness, chronic diseases, physical breakdown, are becoming more and more common in middle life today.

Business men today who apply to leading specialists are being given some simple advice—and some amazing information. They are being told that the greatest single cause of this condition is wrong food.

That this is the basis, not only of nervousness and fatigue, but of the chronic diseases that are an increasing menace between forty and sixty in this country today.

On the other hand, almost everyone could enormously increase his physical and mental efficiency by foods which supply the body with nourishment without overstraining the entire digestive system.

## Food in its most easily digested form

In Grape-Nuts you get the rich nourishment of whole wheat and barley in its most digestible form. Your system absorbs it without strain and without delay.

Slow-baked for 22 hours, Grape-Nuts has been partially turned into dextrins—substances which the body most readily uses for strength and vigor.

There is no long process of digestion that taxes your nervous forces and wears down your body machinery.

On the contrary, Grape-Nuts actually hastens the digestion of various other foods—foods which, eaten alone, would take longer to turn into nourishment.

This is why Grape-Nuts gives you the physical endurance, the mental efficiency—the actual exhilaration—that come from a body that is nourished without being clogged up.

Grape-Nuts is ideal for breakfast or lunch—because at these times your food must be easy to digest.

Make this experiment. Try substituting Grape-Nuts for the principal dish which you now eat at one or both of these meals—and notice the result!

Grape-Nuts is deliciously different. Its crisp, crunchy kernels—its rich, full flavor—stimulate your appetite and add a zest to the whole meal.

Four sample packages of Grape-Nuts together with booklet of 101 recipes are yours for the asking. Mail the coupon below. The Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. Makers of Post Health Products: Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Post's Bran Flakes and Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes).

## *Half of all we eat*

should be made up of certain vital food elements called "carbohydrates," say the highest authorities today.

In many foods, however, the vital carbohydrate granules are encased in layers or sheaves of indigestible material.

From carbohydrates in that form, we cannot get the vital nourishment we need.

In Grape-Nuts, by a special slow-baking process of 22 hours, this outer indigestible coating is broken down.

This is why Grape-Nuts gives you the vital carbohydrates in a form which is taken up and used by the body immediately.

Grape-Nuts at the same time retains all the other valuable food elements of the cereals—vitamins, mineral salts, proteins. Served with milk or cream, it provides, in most delicious form, the essentials of a balanced ration.

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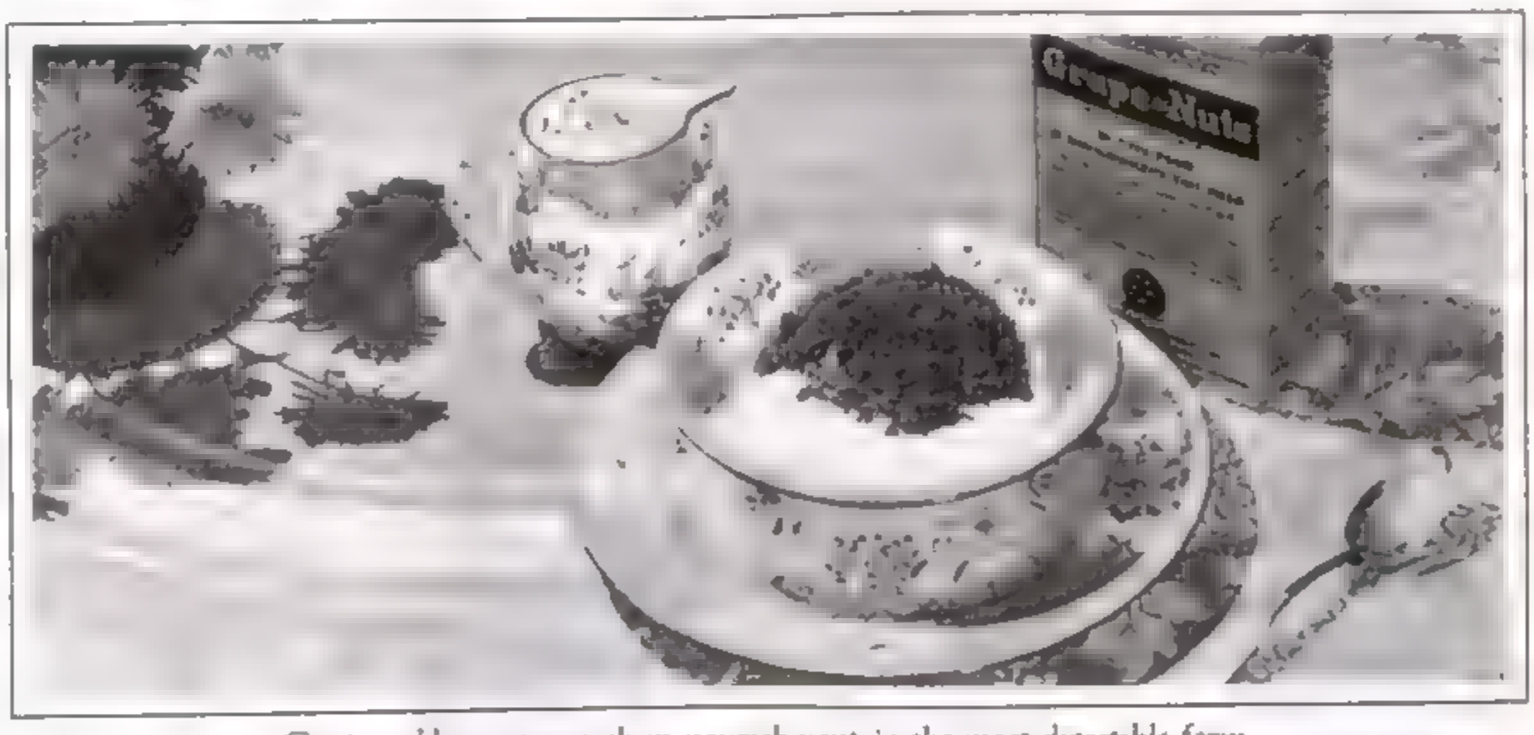


*Crisp, golden grains rich in nourishment in the most digestible form*

*The Dentist* tells you to "eat more crisp, hard foods" because they keep your teeth and gums healthy.

*The Doctor* tells you that these foods are vital because by chewing them you start digestion in the mouth, where it should start.

The crisp, crunchy kernels of Grape-Nuts are not only delicious—but their very crispness fills a real need in your diet and helps to offset the disadvantage of soft foods.

**FREE—*send coupon for sample packages—enough for 4 servings***

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Please send me free trial packages and booklet.

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If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd 45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ont

# Baked 22 *hours* - your body quickly turns it into nourishment

# The Mortal Enemy of Your Smile —TOOTH DECAY

*Be done with it today!*

Here's health and smile insurance for you. A certain method of routing Decay—that stealthy destroyer who robs you of your teeth and health. Regular brushing with this new-type tooth brush does the job.

Neglected spots and crevices are natural harbors for destructive germs. Food particles collect. Acid forms, which attacks weak spots and eventually causes cavities. Pain and disfigurement results!

Dr. West's Tooth Brush was designed to clean these danger spots. Its *convex* brushing surface *fits* the INSIDE contour of your teeth as no other brush can—at the same time cleaning thoroughly the OUTSIDE surfaces. And its bristles—tufted and trimmed into wedge-shaped "brooms"—penetrate the inter-dental spaces and rid them of all decay-producing elements.

Sound teeth, good health, a pleasing personality are revealed in your smile. Keep it charming! A Dr. West's Tooth Brush is the best "Smile Insurance" you can buy! Get one today at your dealer's.

Cleans INSIDE

Cleans OUTSIDE

and BETWEEN

Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Gum Massage, 75c.

*The only tooth brush with the health curve*

*The curve above makes cleaning every part of every tooth so much simpler and easier that dentists and users have named it "The Health Curve." It is a patented feature, hence can be had in no other tooth brush.*

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Mfrs. of Gainsborough Hair Nets and Powder Puffs

# Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

WECO Product


(Continued from Page 78)

"They got through all right," Roderica answered, running her eye down the page. "'July 7th. Mate and his watch rigged life lines round the decks, piled full of cases of Granddad. This deck load all right in July, I hope, but winter gales would sweep us clean. Long, easy swells, rain squalls. I shot the sun, captain too drunk. A Barbados yellowman in the crew rolling about. Am watching to find out where he is broaching cargo. They call him Mustard. Lost a man last night'—this is the next day, Jimmie—'nobody knows his name or anything about him except that he had spoken of a wife in Florida. They'll never know what happened to him. He came on watch lurching about, they say, and rolled himself up in the furled jib for a snooze. They set it and he went overside as the sail rose to the wind. They did not stop.'

"I'm leading up to something, Jimmie. Please be patient."

He curled himself at her feet.

"'July 9th. Went into engine room at two bells last night. Could not find engineer. Found him asleep on the floor of the forecastle with a bottle of rye beside him. Some engineer, that. Searched the place myself, found no more bottles. Weather very rough. The sea washed a case of Granddad down the engine-room hatch and never a bottle broken. Left the Gulf Stream and flying fish this day, running into the cold water of the Virginia coast. Hundreds of porpoises hung about. One needs a sweater at night now. Vessel leaks about 200 strokes a four-hour watch. Mustard had d. t.'s, whooped and yelled like a maniac, and stood in the bow brandishing what looked more like a machete than a knife. Mate downed him with a case of whisky in the stomach. Found his source of supply. He had broached a deck case through the bottom and the case was empty. They say he took a long pull at a bottle and then flung it overboard. Engineer this day stopped engines four times on account hot heads. Sometimes he only holds down pump handle to cut out that cylinder which cools her off.

"'July 10th. Mustard died last night. Mate says whisky but I say outwardly applied in a case. Big Mike put him over the side and then went and got drunk and wanted to clean up ship. They tied him to the mainmast. The cook keeps sober. The only regular things on this mad vessel are the meals. Hauled up for Five Fathom Lightship, five days 8 hours from Nassau. This trip has shown me more than ever the practicability of a full-powered motor ship and the foolishness of sails. These rags have been raised six days in forty-six. Down with sails and put in two big motors. Shall recommend this to Sladen.'"

"Sladen never did it," Jimmie said, interested. The argument was always on between auxiliary power and full power. Roderica bent down and looked into Jimmie's upturned eyes. "Rather interesting, don't you think? Nice life—the ship was half inebriates' home, half morgue."

"Encouraging for me."

"To encourage is not what I mean."

"Don't you want me to go?" he asked, surprised.

She resumed her reading without answering.

"'July 11th. Running up the beach on the wind with all sail set and engine running, headed N. E. ½ E. Overhauled guns and rifles and loaded them: Two auto loading Remington riot guns, 2 Winchester riot guns, 3 Lee-Enfield army rifles, 3 Colts, 1 Colt machine gun, 1 Lewis machine gun. Found all in good shape. Had repel-boarders drill. Set men at their stations. Mate and two others will handle the Lewis gun. Rollo the Dane and Big Mike yelling at each other from the two ends of the boat Both have d. t.'s. The crew have been pouring raw whisky down Mike's neck as he stood lashed. I caught one at it, snatched the bottle and gave him one. The stuff got in his eyes, lucky for me, and he pounded Mike and the mast. I tripped him from behind and put him to sleep. No fair play with these fellows. That don't go. I thought I had killed him. Was glad when he came to. We are short-handed already.'

"Jack Sutherland, Jimmie. Old Washington family, university man, and all that; that's what he's come to."

"Go on."

"'July 12th. Made the fleet. That darn 5-master dopeship was right in front of us. Business was good, they yelled, but the revenue cutter bad, and had cut them out of business for four nights. Jogged. By jogging I mean sailing slow, back and fort under foresail and with the helm lashed nearly hard down, just eased up a few spokes. In this trim any fishing schooner will take care of herself. A speed launch hailed. "See you again," they said. Then I saw another launch with the United States revenue flag astern. "Hey," I said "it's sundown, haul your flag in." They didn't answer, and I whooped at them.'"

"Fool!" Jimmie said disgustedly. "To make personal enemies of officials."

"Jack Sutherland," was the dry answer, "is well - not exactly restrained in manner. 'Sold 35 cases to a 30-foot boat with a 200 H. P. Mercedes. She was good for 45 miles an hour. The cutter was after her no good, of course. The cutter was sure working her wireless, but I had previously explained to the runners, never point your launch for your landing place as the cutter is talking to that beach. Zigzag all the time. They did, and I think all must have gone right.'

"Pages of that," Roderica said, as she scanned. "Something horrid happens all the time. A launch with three girls in it buys twenty cases—the girls drunk and seasick. A man crushed to death when loading a launch. Jokes and insults flung at the revenue cutter whenever it came near. Tries to run the revenue launch down. Is offered counterfeit money, knocks the man over the side, the money blown all over the water, some is good, they say."

"And the man?"

"Well, Jimmie, there's a line drawn through a word, but Jack never tried to make it illegible. It's just 'drowned.' That's the fourth death. That's not all either. 'About 4 bells, watch on deck reported a launch coming. I jumped on deck and saw a launch coming up under our stern. They had no running lights up; in fact, showed no lights. I shouted all hands on deck pirates machine-gun crew to stations. The damn-fool captain runs out of his cabin, looks over the stern by ill l[illegible] and shoots straight down. He bores a hole right through the head of Tommy MacGovern, one of our regular customers. We hoisted the body on board. Tommy's brother-in-law was so mad he beat Big Rollo up and we let him. The big one was just dough in his hands, not having drawn a sober breath in a month. They were having a joke on us, they said, and never thought we would fire. A crazy joke and they admitted it as we stood round poor old Tommy's body and held a council of war. It was no New York for the body, everyone agreed, with a bullet through the brain, and MacGovern next thing to leader in his ward, so they weighted it with the grindstone and put it over, his brother-in-law crying like a child. They bought 60 cases and said no more jokes in theirs on Rum Row.'"

Jimmie snatched the papers from her hand. "Enough," he said.

"Please, Jimmie. There's not much more. Then we'll enjoy ourselves." She opened her knees a little and he pillowed his head on her lap.

She glanced down the pages. "'Tried sold out July twenty-first,'" she said "'No satisfied with the death roll, he shot a porpoise off Hatteras. 'A sailor said we would have a gale and we did. I felt sorry for the porpoise. It went off at a 30-knot speed and every time it leapt clear of the water a stream of blood and foam left its side. Never again for me.'"

"Brute!" Jimmie muttered.

"For the human beings no word of regret," Roderica pointed out, "but he was sorry for the porpoise."

She felt Jimmie's shiver of disgust and was satisfied with the effect she was producing.

"The last of it, Jimmie. 'Crossed Nassau Bar 11.20 A.M. July 29th. Cruise lasted 24 days, 4500 sold, have $140,000 on board, so all ends well.'"

"Knock the barrels in the head!" Jimmie roared, springing to his feet.

"We've had all that out, Jimmie."

"Sell it to me. I'll knock 'em."

"Nonsense. I will be independent. Every business has its underlings. They do the rough work. Rum-running is not for your kind, old boy."

He looked at her with an immutable resolution expressed in his stern-set face. "As long as you and my father are in it I take my share," he announced.

"Yes, yes," she agreed, "the part you can properly take. There is plenty for you to do here."

(Continued on Page 82)

# Right now you want *protection*

## —*but this Spring you'll want the freedom of an open car again*

TODAY you want comfort. You want protection from the biting winds—from the sleet, the rain and snow.

But Spring is just around the corner—only a few short weeks away. And then you'll want the freedom of an open car again.

This car—*distinctly a new type*—gives both.

It's the new Studebaker Duplex—a car for sunshine or rain—a glorious—joyous—free, airy open car when you want it. Then, complete protection, *instantly*, when it storms.

And yet, with all this two-fold convenience, it sells for no more than the old-type open car.

In the Duplex, there's no inconvenience to put up curtains. No trouble to match them up while the storm beats in. Simply lower the roller side enclosures and you have the snug, weather-tight protection of an enclosed car. *In 30 seconds.* And without leaving your seat.

The Duplex idea is new—created and perfected by Studebaker. You cannot obtain it from any other maker.

The steel-framed, steel-shaped upper structure and lower body are built as a unit. The roof will not sag or get out of shape. Beauty is *permanent*.

The Duplex body is obtainable on the three Studebaker chassis—Standard Six, Special Six and Big Six. Its all-year utility is thus added to the fine-car performance of these world-famous chassis; plus other advantages no open or closed car of the past has ever offered.

Don't buy in the dark. See the new Studebaker Duplex-Phaeton before you decide.

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION OF AMERICA, SOUTH BEND, IND.

| STANDARD SIX 113-in. W. B. 50 H. P. | | SPECIAL SIX 120-in. W. B. 65 H. P. | | BIG SIX 127-in. W. B. 75 H. P. | |
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| 5-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton | $1145 | 5-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton | $1495 | 7-Pass. Duplex-Phaeton | $1875 |
| 3-Pass. Duplex Roadster | 1125 | 3-Pass. Duplex-Roadster | 1450 | 5-Pass. Coupe | 2490 |
| 3-Pass. Country Club Coupe | 1345 | 4-Pass. Victoria | 1895 | 7-Pass. Sedan | 2575 |
| 5-Pass. Coupe | 1445 | 5-Pass. Sedan | 1985 | 7-Pass. Berline | 2650 |
| 5-Pass. Sedan | 1545 | 5-Pass. Berline | 2225 | | |
| 5-Pass. Berline | 1650 | | | | |
| *4-wheel brakes, 4 disc wheels, $60 extra* | | *4-wheel brakes, 5 disc wheels, $75 extra* | | *4-wheel brakes, 5 disc wheels, $75 extra* | |

*(All prices f. o. b. factories, and subject to change without notice)*

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

# STUDEBAKER *Duplex*

# See for yourself Remington cash registers

ONE of the world's leading manufacturers—REMINGTON—offered to the merchants of the world, less than three years ago, a new cash register with many modern improvements.

Since then, thousands of store keepers in all kinds of business and in every part of the country have taken Remingtons into their employ.

They know of the valuable service performed, and of the savings effected by the new features embodied in all Remington Cash Registers. This knowledge is reflected in the remarkable progress of the business and in the willing testimony of users throughout the land.

A short demonstration will convince you that these exclusive Remington features will give you maximum protection, and valuable and convenient records of store transactions.

Let us prove to you that this is true, before you buy a cash register. To get the proof, write or telephone the nearest Remington office.

## Remington Offices:

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Buffalo, N. Y.
Charlotte, N. C.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Fresno, Calif.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Hartford, Conn.
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San Antonio, Tex.
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San Francisco, Calif.
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(Continued from Page 80)

"I shall carry the stuff," he said; "ships are my business, and it's with them I can do my part best."

"But, Jimmie, you don't suggest that because your father or I have liquor to sell, we ought to carry it ourselves. I might own a palace, you know, and not be expected to drive the garbage truck."

"At least that is honest work," he said bitterly, "and it doesn't cost a man's life every week."

She kept her temper perfectly, argued, cajoled, wheedled. She was determined that the man whom she had introduced to Washington should run no unnecessary risk of notoriety, and resolved that no more personal obligations should be incurred to one whom she meant to deceive. Her efforts were wasted.

"You realize," she said at length, "that your whole attitude is a censure of me."

He denied it eagerly. He had thought as she had about prohibition until now. He had now seen how the stuff was got to the consumer, and it had sickened him of the whole business. But she had a right, his father had a right, to stick to the opinion they had all held. His father had taken on the big job for his sake, without saying a word to him, just quietly, and he wouldn't go back on his father, nor criticize him, nor stand away from helping.

"As for you, Roddy," he cried, troubled at the widening rift, "it's my job to work with you and for you. I'm the one to take the risks. You said so yourself." He looked from the irresponsive set face over the brilliant scene. "This was a pleasure day," he burst out. "It's not too late."

"I spoke hastily, Jimmie," she said. "I never meant that you should go. You buy the rough crude services always of those who are fitted for them and for nothing else."

"I am not needed here," he argued hotly, "but I am, on a ship. I should be a shirker if I didn't take on the necessary thing. I should be pretending."

"Are you a prohibitionist?"

"Pretty near it." He shut his jaw and glared at her, angry not only at her but at hard conditions which had wrung such a confession from him.

"Your typist," she said coolly, "has considerable influence over you."

"You hit below the belt!" he cried, frowning savagely.

"So I do, Jimmie," she murmured, her lids drooping. "We women all do when we're beaten. I'm sorry." Her wistful appealing smile touched him. "Take your boat and good luck go with you—and—my love too."

He was all eager lover immediately; how delightfully she yielded; and it meant such a lot to her too—just having her own way meant everything to a girl like her. Behind his brain whirled the thrill of victory in the first pitched battle. But the happy hour would not come. He strove, he pretended, but when they started home he was smarting under a sense of bitter disappointment.

At the hotel she said, "A long day, Jimmie. This mustn't happen often."

"No," his laugh was hard. "You can't afford to be too friendly with a bootlegging captain."

"It's your doing, not mine, remember."

She pressed his hand as she got out. "You are a pigheaded obstinate boy," she murmured, "but I love you."

He forced a smile.

He parked the auto, went through the corridor, and from habit flung himself on a chair in the almost deserted garden. As he had done before, he counted the windows on the third floor. He saw her dim figure outlined against the light behind. Always before, the sight of Roderica sitting high up there had thrilled him; he wondered now if she was calculating the profits on a load of whisky. Appalled by this revealing thought, he rushed to the barroom. He meant to get drunk.

Popeye, swaying unsteadily, put an affectionate arm about his neck. "Come and have a drink, old boy."

Jimmie shook off this man whom he knew only by sight. The little barber sidled to him obsequiously. "'Cuse my frien'," the barber said thickly. "You unnerstan', a little bit over. Is it true you're off the Miami run? Popeye an' me's a couple of coon dogs always trying to tree captains. Come with us and we'll treat you white."

Jimmie brushed him aside. "Five hundred a month and two dollars bonus for every case landed and paid for," was flung after him in a tone of heart-rending appeal. He escaped through the grillroom with a face of stone and a heart of lead.

"Hi, hi, Jimmie!" his father's voice boomed. He looked up to see Rosamond and his father dining together. He tried to look pleasant as he stood by their table. He tried to respond to Rosamond's eager greeting. He couldn't join them—no, impossible; he invented an engagement.

"At least a glass of wine. Waiter, a glass."

Jimmie took it, standing. "Here's luck to my voyage," he said, looking down into Rosamond's eyes. "Roserod's finest! and I'm going where the real money Here's to bootlegging and my master He gulped the champagne. He glanced at the two staring people. "You don't dad," he said, laughing. "Good

Their eyes followed him; then looked at each other.

"Drink it," said Duane hastily, thrusting his glass over. Rosamond shook her head "But you're white as the cloth. Don't dare to pull a faint. There's nothing in it."

She would not drink. She sat up very straight and pretended to eat.

"He's locoed," the father cried. "He got all the truth now, and the girl and his conscience are fighting for him."

"But she's won. Tell him, you must tell him she's just a fraud."

"Brace up, Rosie," he said. "The more he gets of this the less hurt he'll be when she throws him over."

"How can you see him so miserable?" she demanded indignantly.

"Is it going to make him happy to learn she's playing him for a boob? Jimmie, a boob!"

"He'd get over that, but if he becomes a rum runner ——"

"He won't. I'll see to that. If we wise him up he sure will. He'll throw me over, maybe, and start for himself. And go plumb to the devil. Say, Rosie, you do catch on. You wouldn't throw over a principle." He said this almost as though making an accusation.

"Even you wouldn't ask that," she cried, and he smiled grimly at the hasty phrasing.

"Let me tell you something, Rosie. East and West are different; at least pioneer West, my West is. Out there there's two basic principles—stick to your friends and no holier-than-thou business, no Pharisee act. Jimmie's caught by 'em both. He finds out I am in deep; on top of that he learns she's in up to the neck too; and he feels we've kidded him. So we have too and there ain't no error in that. That cuts deep. We've made a baby of a man that wants to be all man for a woman he thinks he loves."

"Thinks? Oh, no." She shook her head. "Well, what about tonight? Is he so sure? I was the fool. I jumped with both feet into a big joke. I find I've hopped into a sewer. Jimmie stands on the edge and sees her and me in it. Rosie, by the pink sunset glow on Mount McKinley, he's just gotta dive in. By his code he's gotta do He couldn't be a Pharisee and see us wal and then take his share of the profits couldn't go back on his dad and his girl He's got a principle higher than any principle, and that is to throw over a principle when you're caught like he is. I think more of him, Rosie. And you?"

"I'm past thinking. I only feel. I don't believe he should be left in a fool's paradise."

"Paradise?" echoed Duane scornfully. "He acted like he was in paradise tonight, didn't he? I've got it all worked out, Rosie. Don't you worry any more. Here, waiter. Fetch another steak. This is cold."

"Worked out? When?"

"While I been talking. He goes to New York in the morning on straight business. And there's plenty of it too. Rosie, see what it means to buy any toy at any price for your son without seeing if it's good value. If I'd 'a' stayed in the West I'd have saved a loss 'at would have bought all the stuff at New York prices. I could have dumped it in the ocean and been richer by millions. Now drop it, and tell me again what Scorpio means to you."

"I can't turn to the stars like that, at a minute's notice."

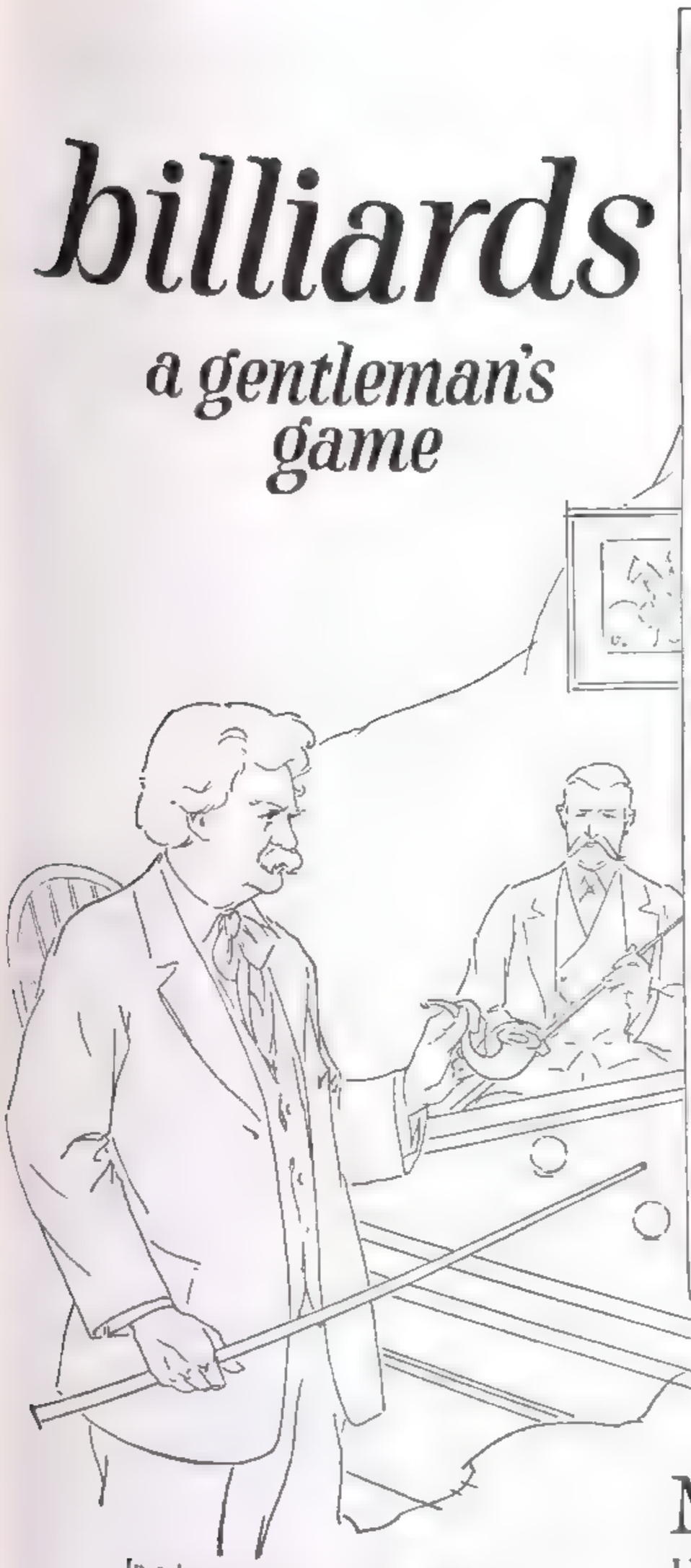
"You gotta learn sometime to take the universe in sections," he advised sententiously. "Begin now."

She was silent. The fresh steak came. "Fine!" Duane attacked it voraciously. He drank champagne by the full glass. He told the girl stories of the West with such vigor, such sound rough humor, that he actually made her laugh. His joviality, his

(Continued on Page 84)

# billiards

## a gentleman's game



In a letter to Mrs. H. H. Rogers, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) wrote, "The billiard table is better than the doctors. I walk not less than ten miles with a cue in my hand, and the walking is not the whole of the exercise, nor the most health-giving part of it. I think, through the multitude of positions and attitudes, it brings into play every muscle of the body and exercises them all."

## To blend mental and physical recreation

MARK TWAIN, the lovable creator of Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer, was always whole-hearted in his love of sport. The game that most endeared itself to him was billiards. To him billiards was synonymous with health and recreation. It gave him calm of spirit, freshness of mind, and invigoration of body.

Daily, Brunswick billiard tables in public recreation rooms witness scenes of men in all walks of life conquering the spirit of apathy and reviving their relish for clean, delightful sport.

When you see Brunswick enlarged advertisements in public billiard room windows, there you will find billiards at its best.

*World's Championship Tournament*
18.2 Balkline
BILLIARDS
Season 1924-1925

PLAYERS from the far corners of the earth representing the greatest from five nations. Every player entered is a real contender. This is truly a world's championship.

Mr. W. F. Hoppe (Champion), Mr. Jacob Schaefer and Mr. Welker Cochran represent America. M. Edouard Horemans, Champion of Belgium, Herr Erich Hagenlacher, Champion of Germany, and the Champions of France and Japan will also enter

**Gold Room—Congress Hotel**
CHICAGO
**February 23rd to March 4th, 1925**

*The* BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER *Company*
*Branch houses in the principal cities in the United States and Canada*
623-633 South Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO

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(Continued from Page 82)

obviously produced by wine, was so infectious that people at near-by tables strained their ears. His courage roused Rosamond to vivacity. His determination to brace her up was understood by her, and she felt deeply grateful. She ate, to please him. He ordered ice cream.

"No, daddy. If he is to go tomorrow you must have a lot to do."

"The night is young." He ordered black coffee for himself. It was nine o'clock before he dropped her at her door.

"It's working all right, Rosie," he said. "Don't you let yourself down. If you're in bed, in the dark, and can't sleep, don't you let yourself down. That's the big secret. Never be sorry for yourself."

"Let me be sorry for him."

"No. He's being educated, Rosie. All experience is education."

She shook her head, then kissed him good night.

"You'll be the one to profit in the end," he said with a chuckle as he drove away.

He swore savagely as he went along. "These swell dames, these con dames," he muttered. "Picking up the Duanes for a couple of flats and working 'em. Well, I'll show 'em!"

It was only too easy to prove to Jimmie that his presence was needed in New York. He was deeply troubled by the loss of the gold mine, and by the steamship worries which arose through the absence of the master mind.

"I have asked too much of you, dad," he cried remorsefully.

"Shucks! I can afford a few millions to buy you a girl, Jimmie. So long as you say she's worth the price, I'll go on paying."

"You heard her, dad. You held a pistol at her head. Why? And she ——"

"Came across in fine style. All right. You shall have a ship ready when you come back."

"Thanks, dad."

They were busy drawing up papers until three o'clock in the morning. Jimmie's business was to get a million in securities from the safe-deposit vault, borrow as much as he could, and wire the sum to Seattle. Mark Blaney could have done this on a telegram, but Jimmie was not told this.

When all was finished the father suggested that they make a night of it. Why bed when the steamer was going at seven?

"She left Antilla on time," he said. "I telephoned from the hotel."

"You have work to do tomorrow," Jimmie protested. "I can rest."

"And that's something I never needed."

So they sat and talked, and never a word from Jimmie about Roderica or the future, never an admission that might lead the father to expose her duplicity.

"There's a little engine at the customs," Jimmie said. "I imported it from Miami for my yawl."

"Leave a line for Rosamond. She knows all the ropes now. Ask her to clear it at the customs and have it installed."

"Fine. I never thought of that." He showed more interest than he had before that evening. He wrote at some length; and to Roderica also. Over the second letter he hesitated at intervals, the father noted.

"I'm glad," he told Jimmie. "Something to keep her busy, keep her away from me."

"Which one?" Jimmie asked.

"Roddy," was the dry answer, "is always welcome. Rosie has too much principle, Jimmie. She makes me ashamed of my business."

"She's done what nobody ever did before," Jimmie cried, laughing.

"I'm serious—half serious, anyhow. Principles upset any business, but I always admire 'em in others."

"So do I," Jimmie agreed with emphasis, and changed the subject; and after that his father did most of the talking.

When they parted in the dawn, their handclasp proved the existence unbroken of the old-time affectionate understanding.

### XVIII

A WEEK later Duane went to the hotel by appointment over the telephone and was conducted to the sitting room where sat two anxious ladies.

"Your message—so abrupt ——" Mrs. Vallander began.

"They've got Jimmie," he shouted.

"Who? Why? Where?" Roderica cried.

"From my New York agent," Duane said, handing over a decoded message.

Roderica read it aloud: "'Jimmie arrested by Federal officials, Cape Cod, while superintending inland transfer of Guinevere's load. Entire cargo seized. Heavy bail demanded. Will be arranged. Sensational newspaper accounts. Look out for secret agents proceeding Nassau to investigate senders of telegrams and letters in Jimmie's possession. Guinevere just left for Nassau.'"

A long silence; Duane's eyes were fixed on the telegram in Roderica's hand while the two women looked at each other. Their telepathic messages duly exchanged, Roderica burst into an unbridled attack on Jimmie. She had begged, implored him not to do business outside of Nassau, where it was legal and honorable—yes, honorable. She could not, she might as well say it straight out, forgive such reckless conduct. With shameless want of consideration he had exposed the girl he pretended to love and honor to painful notoriety. Whether that resulted or not, he was to blame just the same. She was wounded to the heart.

The mother could not but agree. She, too, was profoundly disappointed in Jimmie, she said. It was not that he had been arrested; if he had escaped, her daughter and herself would feel just the same. He had forfeited any claim to ally himself by marriage with a family which he so recklessly exposed to calumny. Mr. Duane must see that this was the end of everything. Lord Uther would no doubt act for her.

"I cannot defend my son," Duane said with abject submission. "I will transfer my interests on generous terms to Lord Uther. Write to Jimmie, Miss Vallander. Let's close it all up."

"Write?" she cried, her dark skin beautifully suffused with crimson, her dark eyes brilliantly gleaming. "Write to a man charged with—with ——"

"Felony, perhaps," Duane prompted.

"Yes, felony; whose letters are the property of the police ——"

"I'll see that he gets it when he comes back. It will spare a meeting painful to both."

Roderica seized a pen and wrote. She was brief. She handed over the letter in an unsealed envelope. She eyed Duane, questioning; his unaccustomed timidity led her to a triumphant announcement.

"My hand is forced," she told him. "Lord Uther Penterry asked me to marry him. Of course I refused him."

"Oh, of course."

"But my mother and I are alone now and may be exposed to attacks of a most painful kind. If Lord Uther should renew his offer ——"

"You couldn't do anything else, Miss Vallander. You got a solid prop there."

"I am glad you understand, Mr. Duane. If you should hear of my engagement you will understand that I have been compelled to it by Jimmie's recklessness."

"Oh, yes. I'll make that clear to Jimmie."

"And, Mr. Duane?"

"Yes, Miss Vallander."

"That seized cargo, worth over half a million?"

"The fortune of war."

"Oh, are you sure?"

"Well, say the misfortune of Jimmie."

"Perhaps not. His recklessness, perhaps?"

"Any loss to you through his fault will be made good."

He bowed gravely, retreating backward, staring at Roderica. His brain was shouting epithets at her, not only unprintable but unthinkable to any but a Western survivor of pioneer days. He carried always the recollection of her, standing, statuesque, one hand clasping a necklace of enormous red beads which sagged deep down from a neck the color of a damask rose.

He went to the grillroom, where he found Rosamond waiting by appointment, with his code book under her arm. "Sorry I'm late," he said. "Have you ordered lunch?"

"Yes, daddy. I guessed at your appetite."

"You're a good guesser, Rosie. Guess what this is."

She laughed as he drew a note from an envelope. "There's a rumor running round," he said, "that Jimmie's pinched. He ain't. But read that out." He handed the note across.

She read: "'*Dear Mr. Duane:* I hear with deep sorrow that you have been engaged in illegal liquor dealings. As you have chosen to act against what you knew were my dearest wishes, I must choose the only possible path—one that does not cross yours. I profoundly regret that your conduct has forced me to this unchangeable resolve. RODERICA VALLANDER.'"

"By the sulphurous fires of Mount Pelée," Duane exclaimed, astonished at the heartless cleverness of this message, "if that don't beat the band! You don't get it, Rosie. That's written to Jimmie, not to me."

"Daddy!" She flushed red and her eyes reproached. "To show it to me. I am ashamed."

"Rosie, always remember I wasn't brought up a gentleman, and sometimes it's mighty convenient. Nobody but me would 'a' started that rumor. Results—that's me. I got 'em. I've settled everything. I've pried him loose from that crowd of double-crossers. I'm out of the beastly mess. Jimmie's out of it. We're going home and wash ourselves clean in the Pacific Ocean. Hah! a good guess, Rosie." He attacked the sweetbreads with the high elation of a man who has achieved a most notable success.

"Do you know where I got the idea?" he cried, laughing uproariously. "It was Lord Uther who was arrested—not Jimmie. The ship, anyway. But that's a trifle. Blaney's wired all's right by now with the Guinevere."

Duane hated all detail, and especially he loathed coding telegrams; but all his persuasion would not induce Rosamond to code his telegram to Jimmie. What he sent was in effect that Roderica had promised to fly to Jimmie if captured and that that bluff had been called. The seizing of the Guinevere had started a rumor that Jimmie had been arrested; that he, Duane, had tested Roderica by refusing to deny it and had been handed a letter. He wired it as written. "We're through," he ended by saying. "Come quick and help me clean up and get out for a real vacation with you."

"Girls are funny," he thought as he parted from Rosamond. She knew Jimmie was off Roderica and whisky, too, and yet she was pale and silent and hadn't eaten.

### XIX

THREE days later Lord Uther Penterry, flushed with success in liquor and love, reported to Duane. They sat on the latter's porch, the one sipping a Scotch and soda, the other gulping straight rye. He had gone to the Vallanders first, Lord Uther said, and he announced his engagement to Miss Vallander in his reticent British way.

Duane nodded congratulations and abruptly asked about the capture of the Guinevere.

"Our captain didn't know the Massachusetts coast, look, and got too far in. The revenue cutter overhauled us. We went in like lambs and the captain went to court. He made a bloomin' oration while I got red all over. 'Pon my word, Duane, I was ashamed. British yacht, British owner, British flag, a legal voyage from Nassau to St. Pierre, papers all in orders, outrage—and all that tosh. British consul there, look, piping up his chorus too. I slipped out of court. If they'd called on me I'd have told them I was ashamed to be draggin' the red ensign through the dirt like that, and the stuff was meant for their sniveling ridiculous country that makes laws and then laughs at 'em. The judge apologized; apologized, Duane, for the excessive zeal of officials under difficult circumstances. He released the vessel under a bond of half a million dollars to produce a landing certificate within six months that the stuff had been put ashore outside the United States. We went round a headland and landed every case. And here I am empty, and how's that bond goin' to be discharged, look?"

Duane laughed. "Three schooners are alongside you now at Salt Cay," he explained, "and a duplicate cargo is being rammed into your hold with every winch running hot. The Guinevere will come into the harbor tomorrow, enter at the customhouse, discharge her cargo and get her landing certificate. Then she'll load it up again and off you go. Simple, ain't it? Where's your money?"

"What money?"

"The seven hundred thousand dollars for the cargo."

Penterry explained that Flaherty, Mark Blaney's friend, had paid him in full, but had come out to him at the last moment with Duane's telegram and an order from Blaney. He had handed over the money.

"Forged!" Duane roared. "Go to Roderica Vallander and tell her how the kid handed over the candy to the naughty man. A little wedding present for her."

"This is a great blow, Mr. Duane," Lord Uther said, rising. "But it does not justify your forgettin' your own dignity in addressin' me."

"Dignity be hanged. I ——"

Lord Uther gave him a stately bow and left, reflecting that it was impossible to have any dealings with men who had had no bringin' up. He confessed immediately to Mrs. Vallander. Stunned by the blow, she advised that he should not tell Roderica; her happy hour must not be clouded. Besides, Duane might make the Vallander losses good; he had said something about that. Pressed, she recalled his promise that he would pay up any losses incurred through his son's fault. That showed his point of view; he would feel himself liable for anybody else's misfortune.

Astonished Lord Uther, wondering anew at the oblique vision of women in money matters, said only that he felt bound to make good Duane's half at Nassau prices—say, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Mrs. Vallander, humiliated at implied criticism from a social equal whose opinions were founded on the solid principles of the English upper classes and fearful of a quarrel, agreed that he was the proper judge, but made no offer of future help. It was a most uncomfortable interview. When he left she asked if he really insisted that they lunch on the Maude R on the morrow.

Sutherland, he told her, was the smartest associate he had, and he reminded her that the man was of decent family and had had bringin' up. The Maude R was loaded and ready, and Sutherland had made a special point of this farewell lunch. He was a bit down after buryin' his mother—they better go. Roderica and he were goin' swimmin' to Hog Island and would come back to the Maude R. Sutherland would send a launch for Mrs. Vallander at one o'clock.

The next morning the Cockatoo—that was the name of Jimmie's new engraved yawl, the yawl which he had purchased to carry Roderica to coves of loveliness but on which she had never set her arched fastidious foot, responded to a fluttered handkerchief from the little Hog Island pier.

"They've missed the boat, Cory," Rosamond said. "We must give them a lift."

"Dey stays till four udderwise, Miss Rosamond. De gemmen and ladies done often lose de boat an' der dinners, but I is observed dat dey don't never git left by 'isself or 'eraself, and dey is always two."

Rosamond frowned, but not at the wisdom of Coriolanus. From beneath the wide brim of a rough straw hat that looked like an umbrella she now saw that her would-be guests were Lord Uther and Roderica. She told herself that if she had known she would have ignored the signal. This dancing yawl, in which she had once gone to sleep and waked to know Jimmie Duane, was a fairy shallop to her which had borne her to adventure and romance—to heartache too; but on this brilliant morning the heartache was forgotten. Jimmie was coming; he was free; and he had been so shamelessly deceived and so ruthlessly dismissed that pride must quickly heal his wounds.

"She doped him," his father had that morning savagely told her. "Then she blackjacked him. Now she's got her alibi." By alibi he meant the immediate publication of the engagement with Lord Uther.

Rosamond hotly resented the compulsions of courtesy and, when alongside, stiffly offered a passage. The offer was accepted with buoyant gratitude. As they skimmed down the harbor the chilliness of the girl at the tiller was powerless to check the high spirits of her guest. Roderica had tasted the sweetness of homage paid to the fiancée of a lord; she believed herself independent through the success of the trip of the Guinevere; she had cut loose from all disagreeable entanglements; she was thrilled at her amazing success. She laughed as they approached the Maude R and saw Sutherland waiting.

"Handsome Jack, Uther," she cried, "always on the spot, as you say. He's carpeted the steps."

"Quite right. He's expectin' a princess, look."

"Mrs. Vallander is on the deck, Roddy," Sutherland told her as she stepped on board. "A note for you, Penterry, just left."

(Continued on Page 88)

# How seven words saved the reputation of the most famous hotel in the old South

Antoine, the French chef from New Orleans, was almost in tears. A puzzled frown had appeared on the brow of Mr. Black, the manager.

Complaints had come from the dining-room—actual complaints from patrons of long standing. Such an event was unheard of!

Back in those days, when our grandmothers were wearing bustles, the fame of the Maxwell House was already established. In the city of Nashville, in the state of Tennessee, throughout the old South, the "land of good living," it was celebrated for its delicious food.

And now the reputation of this fine old hotel was at stake! Criticism had been aimed at the one thing nearest Antoine's heart—at the coffee he prepared for his guests.

What was wrong? What was the explanation? Mr. Black was waiting for an answer.

### *A reply that has made history*

"Ze *ozer* coffee you bought was better," was what Antoine replied to Mr. Black.

And with these seven words Mr. Black began to see light.

"Zis *ozer* coffee—ze new kind we use for a week," continued Antoine, "it was, oh! specially good. And now we are back to ze old again—zat is all. Ze guests notice ze different, and zey complain."

The "new" kind of coffee—the particular blend of fine coffees, wonderfully rich and mellow, which he had agreed to try! Of course! Mr. Black understood—and acted promptly. From that day on this one blend of coffee which the guests had liked so well, was always served at the Maxwell House.

Presidents, statesmen, distinguished men and women who came to enjoy the hospitality of this old southern hotel, praised its coffee and remembered it in their homes in distant cities. The fame of the Maxwell House and of its coffee spread through the whole country.

First in the South, then in the North and West, those who most appreciate the best things of life have heard of Maxwell House Coffee and have tried it. Today it is the largest selling high grade coffee in the United States.

And today your own family can enjoy the same rare flavor and rich aroma that roused the enthusiasm of the old South years ago. Maxwell House Coffee, in sealed tins, is now on sale in all better grocery stores. Don't wait longer before trying it. Ask your grocer for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee.

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE COMPANY

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# MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

*"Good to the last drop"*

TODAY—*America's largest selling, high grade coffee*

*for Economical Transportation*

CHEVROLET

# Unusual Performance *because of*

Chevrolet is famous everywhere for the power and economy of its motor. Power to climb hills—to go through sand and mud—to travel the most difficult roads! And the quality of the motor indicates the quality of construction characteristic of the entire car.

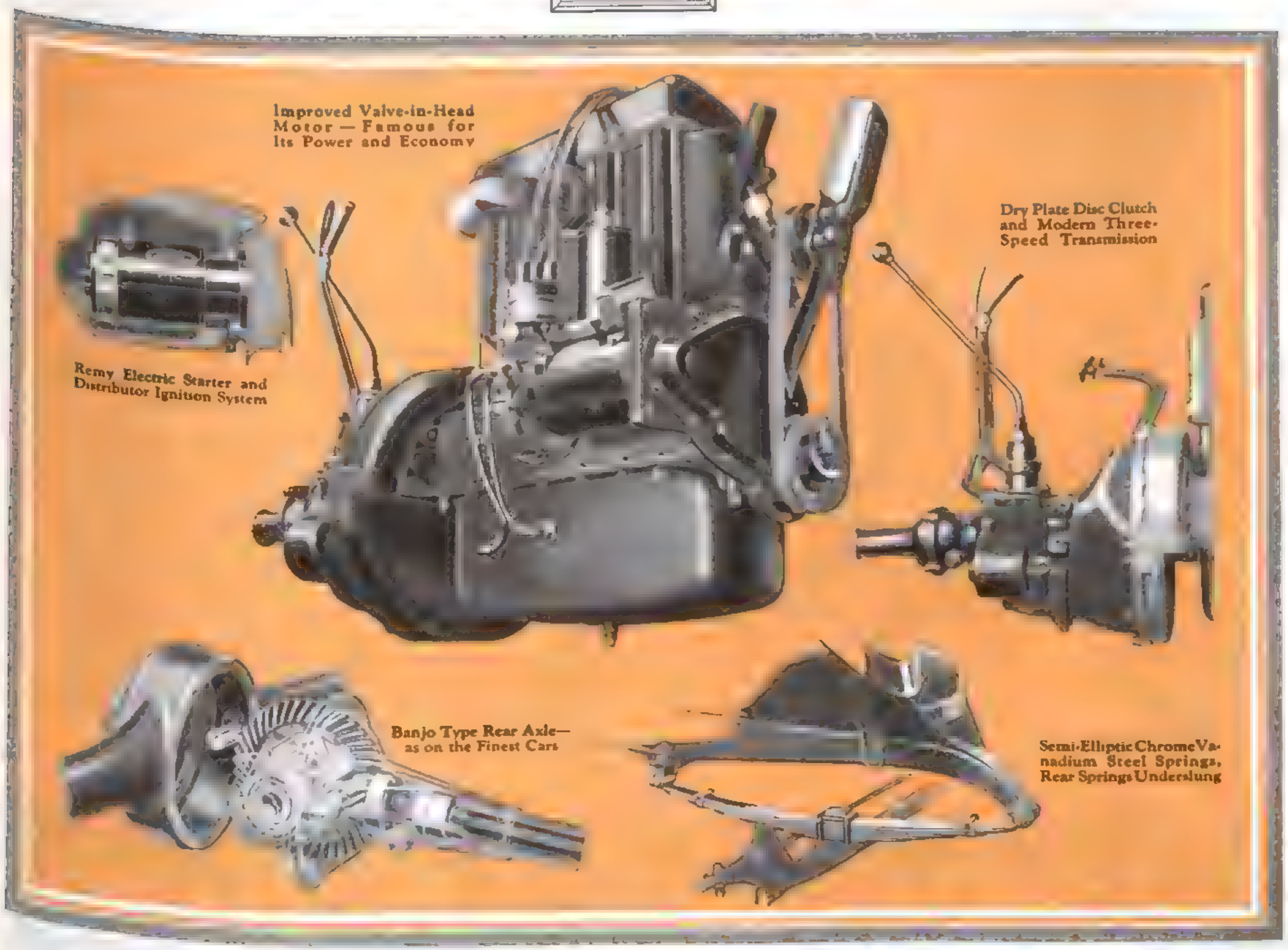
Chevrolet provides unusual performance because of unusual quality features such as are shown on the opposite page—features that you would expect to find only on higher priced cars. Chevrolet represents the highest type of quality car selling at a low price.

*PRICES F. O. B. FLINT, MICHIGAN*

| Touring Car $525 | Roadster $525 | Coupe $715 | Coach $735 | Sedan $825 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Balloon Tires and Disc Wheels $25 Additional* | *Balloon Tires and Disc Wheels $25 Additional* | *Balloon Tires and Disc Wheels Standard Equipment* | *Balloon Tires and Special Artillery Wheels Standard Equipment* | *Balloon Tires and Disc Wheels Standard Equipment* |

*for Economical Transportation*

CHEVROLET


Improved Valve-in-Head Motor — Famous for Its Power and Economy
Remy Electric Starter and Distributor Ignition System
Dry Plate Disc Clutch and Modern Three-Speed Transmission
Banjo Type Rear Axle— as on the Finest Cars
Semi-Elliptic Chrome Vanadium Steel Springs, Rear Springs Underslung

# Unusual Quality Features

Chevrolet quality is indicated not only by its powerful motor, but by its new rear axle with banjo type housing and extra strong differential gears—by its dry plate disc clutch—by its smooth acting, modern three-speed transmission—by its long, chrome vanadium steel, semi-elliptic springs—by its Remy electrical system, renowned for its high standard of excellence—by new Fisher bodies on closed models—by the Duco finish in beautiful colors—and by other quality features characteristic of the finest automobiles.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

*Division of General Motors Corporation*

QUALITY AT LOW COST

# Personalities of Paramount

## Gloria Swanson

WHO shall say what is the secret of Gloria Swanson's rise to the very pinnacle of screen fame?

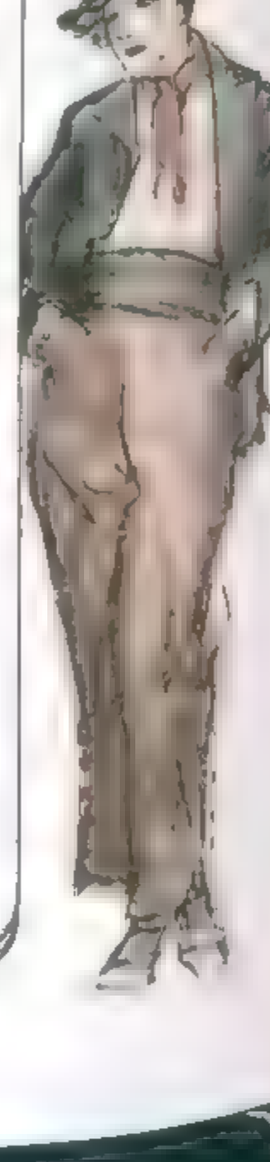
All that is surely known is that the moment her features and figure appear in the picture millions of eyes are more intent than before, the spell of the entertainment is deepened, and box office records occur.

Beauty and vitality and style are present in a dazzling combination, swaying the mode in gowns and coiffure for millions of the younger set.

The pleasure of Gloria Swanson's rôles lies for many in watching the star exercise her power as it might be in real life. Few will forget how in *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* she keeps a wayward husband at her beck and call. In *The Humming Bird* the rags of a Paris gamin so far from impairing her magnetism help to reveal what to many is an astonishing versatility, which is continued in *Manhandled*, wherein she clowns it through subway scenes and bargain basements and society studios with as much devilment as any comedienne that ever started a laugh.

The recent Paramount Pictures, *Her Love Story* and *Wages of Virtue*, contain still more evidence of quite different Glorias, while, finally, there is something greater still in store.

The Fine Arts Ministry of the French Government granted permission for the use of many historical locations in France for Gloria Swanson's latest picture, *Madame Sans-Gene*. The whole photoplay has been made in and near Paris, and Miss Swanson has had the support of leading lights of the French Stage, including Emile Drain, of the Comédie Française, as Napoleon. This is one of the finest motion pictures ever made.



TRADE MARK
Paramount Pictures
PRODUCED BY
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP
ADOLPH ZUKOR - PRESIDENT

# Paramount Pictures

## What Paramount Can Mean to You

Paramount puts you in warm touch with the beating hearts of men and women.

Simply take your seat where the sign says "It's a Paramount Picture," and become as one with the crowd enjoying the best show in town.

What magic is it that makes Paramount Pictures the sort you always like to see? The magic of Stars, Directors, Casts cast right, Great Plots, Long Experience, Ample Funds and Highest Entertainment Ideals!

If a producer is missing on any one of these points his pictures are missing too.

Today, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is out to change the bother and worry of life to brightness and gaiety for everyone.

Man lives not by work alone.

Not a tiny community anywhere need be left without entertainment of highest quality. Not a soul need leave a theatre anywhere feeling lonely.

*"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

(Continued from Page 84)

Lord Uther read the note. "Are you landing, Miss Furr?" he asked. When she answered in the affirmative, he called out that Duane wanted to see him for a minute and not to wait lunch. He would be back in half an hour. He waved to Roderica.

"Rum thing, look," he exclaimed as they neared the landing stage. "I thought he said Mrs. Vallander was on board."

Rosamond, startled, glanced astern. "She's moving," she cried. "He's taking her off. Get in, Mrs. Vallander, quick!"

A hopeless stern chase; Sutherland, on the upper deck, was apparently handing something through an open window. This was at abduction, then, Rosamond was sure, and not an elopement; Roderica was a prisoner in a stateroom. Presently he was seen to open the door. Roderica appeared and the couple came walking aft. He held something aloft and flung it into the sea; then he clasped the girl and as they stood so close together that they showed but one outline, they fluttered handkerchiefs.

They could just be distinguished, when Rosamond stopped the engine to pick up what looked a floating cannon ball. It proved to be a round canister in which Dutch cheeses are packed for the tropical markets. Coriolanus wrenched its two halves apart. A letter dropped out.

"I have not my glasses, Lord Uther," the mother said. "I cannot wait. Read."

"She says, look," said Penterry, his eyes on the note, "that the old feelin' revived when Jack came back in grief and this was the only way. She was married in Nassau early this mornin', she says, and she says she'll wire and sends love."

"Married!" Mrs. Vallander sat up straight, then looked first at Lord Uther, then at Rosamond. They both nodded, and both knew that they pledged themselves to support the impossible lie. Rosamond wondered if they suspected that an abducted girl had appeared on deck to save what she could of a wrecked reputation; but she never knew.

On the wharf she heard Mrs. Vallander announce the marriage to a hotel acquaintance, saw Lord Uther walk away with the traditional calm of his nation, saw later the Miami boat crossing the bar. She jumped into the yawl and sped up the harbor. If Jimmie was on board and had seen Roderica on the Maude R, Rosamond felt that she was not the one to give explanations.

Two days later Popeye of New York, who had important connections at Savannah, was astonished to learn there that one of his little coast skimmers had brought Jack Sutherland and his wife ashore from the Maude R. He began to search hotels, intent on congratulations and business, but he saw the couple in an auto, saw the bride. More popeyed than ever, he followed to a church and chuckled as he witnessed the wedding. As they came out he slapped the bridegroom on the shoulder.

"The wedding feast is on me!" he cried. "The boys'll make this town sit up and take notice. Madam, my best wishes."

Roderica passed him in silence. Sutherland followed suit. They went to New York, ignoring their accidental fellow-passenger, Popeye; from the Hotel Chatham, Sutherland visited his vessel on Rum Row. On the third evening of the honeymoon he was arrested in the hotel lobby. Popeye was there to see it, and to give the reporters all the news there was, and more.

All this, wired by Mark Blaney, was decoded by Rosamond. "How can I be the one to tell her?" Duane asked.

"Or I?" Jimmie cried.

"But she must know," Rosamond said.

"Oh, she must." The two men looked at her in silence. She turned pale, but put on her hat.

She returned in an hour. "She is going to her daughter," Rosamond reported. "She has no money. She wants to leave on the boat this afternoon. She is broken. She cannot go alone."

Jimmie glanced at his watch. "There's just time for the bank."

"Get American money," his father shouted after him. "Rosie, you gotta do it."

"But auntie?"

"We'll look after her." He was already at the telephone. "That's all right," he told her after an instant.

Neither man dared to appear before Mrs. Vallander in her hour of humiliation, so neither saw Rosamond off.

"That's enough? I've had enough," Jimmie told his father.

"Me, too; I've learned my lesson."

"Hank," said Duane that evening, "here's a blanket power of attorney. Settle any old way with Penterry when he comes back in the Guinevere, and with Sutherland about his wife's share. I'm beating it; the game's beaten me."

Two days later they sailed for Miami in a chartered power boat in which Mrs. Newcombe was a placid guest. Duane paid her great attention for the sake of her niece, who had so cheerfully undertaken hard tasks. She now perceived him to be the strong survivor of an older time and exulted in her conquest so openly that preoccupied Jimmie sometimes grinned.

To Palm Beach came a letter from Rosamond telling Duane that Sutherland, released on bail, had gone away somewhere in his bonded vessel, taking his wife with him; that the latter had written to her mother that she deplored the notoriety but was happy; that crushed Mrs. Vallander, hiding from reporters, was packing up, for the Vallander home had been sold; and that she, Rosamond, hoped shortly to be free to join her aunt.

"She ought not to come down here alone," Jimmie said to his father.

"That's up to you, son."

Jimmie left that night for Washington.

At Jacksonville in the morning he came suddenly on Rosamond. They stood, surprised into silence, looking into each other's eyes. Too late she clapped on the mask of friendliness; Jimmie knew. She knew too.

"Why didn't you telegraph?" he asked.

She had, it appeared, to her aunt, who had mysteriously written that intentions from a certain quarter were about to be declared, that she felt very happy.

"I took the next train," Rosamond cried. "Who is it? I am so anxious. Another commodore?"

"Dad!" Jimmie cried.

In the crowded train was no privacy. Next to Rosamond sat a chance acquaintance. Jimmie could not wait. He wrote while she talked.

With laborious politeness he handed over what he told her was the skeleton prospectus of the new company.

Rosamond read with reasonable composure: "Rosamond, Unlimited. Directors—Rosamond and Jimmie. Duration of company—for life. Managing director—Rosamond. Object of company—happiness. Immediate object—matrimony. If you approve, please initial."

She appeared to consider, altered the name of the managing director to Jimmie, and indorsed the memorandum, "Approved, with the above alteration."

"I'll go ahead with the arrangements," Jimmie cried, reading this.

At Palm Beach that night happy Jimmie gravely chided his elated father: "A bad business, dad, this trifling with Mrs. Newcombe's affections—but I fear a business on honor."

"By the flaming cone of Mauna Loa," the old man cried, as he banged the table with his fist, "I am done with all business on honor. Give me the law—that's enough for me."

THE END

# THE EBON EMU

(Continued from Page 21)

"What's he in for?" I wants to know.

"Luna," explains Kate, smiling a threat at me, "is a four-letter word for the 'moon.'"

"What do you need a four-letter word for the moon for?" I inquires. "It's got that many to start with, ain't it?"

"I just came from the Hopkins ménage," goes on Mrs. Splivins, giving me a three or four letter something meaning "the snow and ice." "That clan surely has a lot of woe; more than a modicum, certes."

"What's the ado about now?" asks Kate.

"One of their tots is ill," returns Madge. "I'm not surprised the way that offspring consumes pabulum."

"Eheu!" exclaims the wife, giving the other frill a how's-that look.

"Sallie Hopkins," continues the Splivins tragedy, "insists that the progeny doesn't eat any more than a bird. An emu, I imagine she means."

"Or," giggles the frau, "a roc or a auk."

"Sallie herself," proceeds Madge, "has the megrims and her husband is ex-job again. If that homo had one atom of ego ——"

"Talking about the income tax of Ignatius J. Cohn," I cuts in, and speaking to Oscar, "what do you know about the Wends?"

"I had one on my neck oncet," returns Splivins, "but I had it taken out. If I was you I wouldn't do nothing about it unless it starts hurting."

"Not wens," I tells him; "the Wends."

"Yes?" he eyebrows, polite.

"You should oughta know about them," I goes on. "They is a most interesting people. They lives in Eastern Germany, if you can call that living. I was reading the other day that pith helmets, Zulu bus boys and native sons of California was practically unknown among them. A Wend in good condition can easily walk a mile in the same pair of shoes and ——"

"Dink," cuts in the misses, "is merely indulging in mots."

"Lo," announces Madge, looking outta the window, "Selene's here."

"Selene?" I repeats. "Where does she mop floors?"

"Selene," diagrams Mrs. Splivins, "is the goddess of the moon."

"I thought," says I, "Luna was. Has there been another election since you got here?"

"Don't mind the oaf," snaps Kate. "He always talks like a zany."

"Selene," carries on Madge, "and the Egyptian deity Ra ——"

"The father of the college yell, eh?" I horns in. "Wanna hear some more about the Wends, Oscar?"

"I should be glad not to," comes back Splivins, solemn.

"Suit yourselfs," I shrugs; "but you'd better read up on 'em. They're the coming people, and the Wend navy is bound to do big things unless somebody plugs a hole in the canoe."

"Such outré gab," sniffs Madge. "Is that sofa cover fabricated of rep?" she asks, turning to Kate.

"No," answers the frau. "A genus of Gallic denim, I fancy. Did you finish your epic about Sallie Hopkins, or is there more to narrate?"

"Aye," says Mrs. Splivins. "You ken, I trow, that as a spouse Hopkins is not a great success. The man hasn't a drop of red ichor in his veins, nil of élan ——"

"Nor much of éclat neither, I should judge," adds Kate, keeping right up with the champ of the Parcheesi Uplift Club. I'd be proud of her if I wasn't ashamed to be.

"He's forever saying," continues Madge, "he'd forge ahead if he had tempus, but, my dear, a æon wouldn't be enow for that male. Just between us lasses, George hasn't the spine of a eel nor the brain of an amœba. A gnu knows more than he does."

"What you chat about," comes back my own little disaster, "is indeed a verity. I sent some blooms over to their cot the other day, and can you credit it?—Hopkins thought they were aloes."

"Aloes or okra," shrugs Mrs. Splivins, "it's all of a piece with that moron. I doubt if he's even familiar with the common oxeye."

"Huh?" inquires the misses, caught at last with her hair down.

"'Oxeye,'" repeats Madge, with exulting pity. "The five-letter word for 'the ordinary American daisy.'"

"Did you hear the yarn that's going around town," I asks Oscar, "about this lad Zeus and that gal Io? Looks kinda bad for him. They is some talk of dragging the Mann Act into the case, but my idea is that it's straight blackmail."

"On account of not being interested," says Splivins, kinda stiff, "I never read the scandal news in the papers. What's the details of the affair?"

"Well," I tells him, "it seems like this boy Zeus is got more jack than most beaches is got sand, being the richest bachelor among the Wends."

"Saprista!" snaps Mrs. Splivins, kinda sore. "Are we ne'er to be quit of the Wends?"

"What's the matter with 'em?" I snaps right back, kinda boiling myselfs by this time. "Ain't they fine industrial people

For all the world to see

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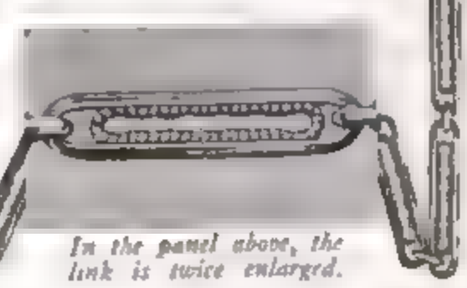

*In the panel above, the link is twice enlarged.*

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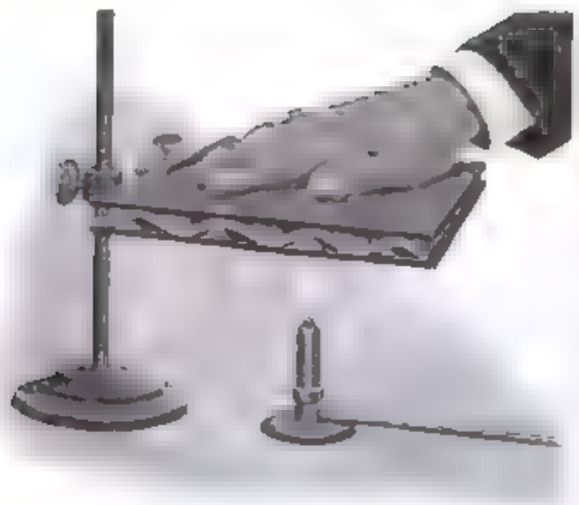

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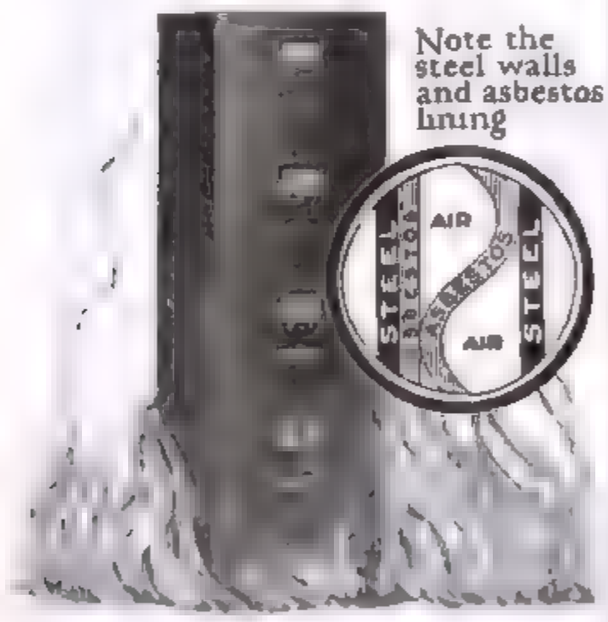


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without no good habits? If you're gonna make a hobby outta wind, why can't I play around with a Wend? They're all right, even if they does sew theirselves in for the winter, and even if this feller Zeus ——"

"'Zeus,'" cuts in Madge, chilly, "is a alternate name for Jove, or Jupiter, and he was a Greek deus and not no Wend white-slaver."

"You're entitled to your opinion," I returns with dignities. "Whatever he was or is, he didn't do right by my Io, and what's morals got to do with geography? Answer me those in words of from three to eleven letters!"

"Come," orders Mrs. Splivins, sharp, grabbing her doormat's arm. "Let us exeunt e'er we are surfeited with persiflage. We'll wend our way home."

"Ha!" I exclaims. "Did you say Wend?"

"Went," she bites off, and slams outta the house.

Figuring I'm in for a hot session with the misses, I decides to beat her to the punch. Like them military birds says, the best defensive is to be offensive.

"Don't you never let that woman come into this place again," I grates.

"Why not?" returns Kate, caught flat-footed against the ropes.

"I'm broad-minded, like you knows," I explains; "but you gotta draw the line somewhere. After all, a man's home's his home and should oughta be kept decent."

"What the ——" mumbles the misses.

"Some of them words she used," I goes on, waving my fists, "ain't fit for a pigsty. Know what 'ebon' means?"

"'Black,'" she answers, surprised. "What's wrong about that?"

"What about 'emu'?" I shoots along. "Know what that is?"

"'An Australian ostrich,'" returns she.

"I suppose," I sneers, "you think an emu lives on vowels, eh?"

"What difference does it make," snaps the frau, coming outta the ether, "what he lives on? Where is there anything bad about the words 'ebon' and 'emu'?"

"Didn't you ever hear the expression 'ebon emu'?" I inquires, astounded-like.

"No," replies the wife.

"Thank heavens for that," I sighs.

"Is it so terrible?" she wants to know.

"If you knew anything about the habits of the black emu," I tells her, "you wouldn't ask. I certainly never expected to hear the expression in this house."

With the which I takes myself sadly to bed before Kate comes complete outta her daze.

III

A FEW days later I meets up with Hank Ritter. "Lo, look who's here!" he grins. "How's the aged roc?"

"'Lo?'" I repeats. "'Roc?' Gosh, are they sick over at your place too?"

"Yep," says Hank. "The frau went out with her hair wet or something and caught one of the worst cases of cross-worditis I ever seen. I got a idea that the six-letter word at your house meaning 'the deadlier of the species' is responsible."

"I wouldn't be surprised," I admits. "I think Kate's even got the canary working out puzzles with birdseed."

"That's nothing," snorts Ritter. "Tillie wakes up in the middle of the night with new words that wouldn't mean anything if they did. Early this morning, for examples, I hears her mumbling in her sleep and I barks, 'Can't you let a guy get in a few snores?'

"'That's it! That's it!' shrieks the wife, jumping outta the feathers and dragging the blankets with her.

"What's it?" I asks.

"'Snore,'" says she. 'That's the five-letter word with a "o" in the middle meaning "noisy nocturnal breathing." Oh, you sweet homo!' And she ducks downstairs to her puzzle."

For that yarn I trades Hank the one about the adventure of the ebon emu and my wandering among the Wends, with a few remarks about the Zeus-Io scandal.

"Didn't Kate get wise to that emu blah?" inquires Ritter.

"Not until after I got to my bedroom and locked the door," I tells him. "She ain't said hardly anything to me since, but that don't mean nothing. For all practical purposes, I been divorced for a tesselated tangle."

"A whom?" asks Hank.

"That," I explains, "is high school for 'cross-word puzzle.' What do you think is gonna happen with that game? How long do you and me have to run second to a serrate syzygy?"

"What's that?" growls Ritter. "College for 'cross words'?"

"Yep," I returns. "Try that expression some day on your piccolo."

"I'm glad to see the janes falling for the junk as hard as they is," remarks Hank. "The bigger the fire the sooner it burns out."

"You don't think then," I comes back, "that's it's very long for this life?"

"Nope," says he. "It's taking hold with too much of a rush. The blaze can't get too hot for me."

"Ain't they some way," I suggests, "that we can make it hotter so they can haul the ashes away quicker?"

"For instance?" tosses out Ritter.

"I was thinking," says I, slow, "that maybe if we was to take a big interest in the sport we kinda might get our respectable wifes sick of it. You know the stuff about feeding a guy quail every day for a month, don't you?"

"Well?"

"Let's make it two quails a day," I goes on. "In other's words, how would it be for you and me to get kicked in on the game even stronger than the gals, staying away from work, passing up meals and such to play it?"

"Don't sound so good to me," says Hank. "The prize ain't worth the suffering."

"Nothing have, nothing venture," I comes back. "Think it over, anyways. Maybe, when I sees you at the party tonight you'll have a new-laid idea."

"How'd you get that frau of yours away from the linoleum riddles long enough to get up a bridge fuss?" inquires Ritter.

"She made the date several weeks ago," I tells him; "long before the puzzles on the kitchen floor went to her head. Don't forget to come early."

By the time the guests begin showing I got a sorta stunt worked out to make me and cross words unpopular and I just waits around for Hank before ringing up the curtain on the act. By half past eight all's aboard that's coming aboard; but they ain't no sign of Ritter or Tillie, so I decides to do my stuff solo till he arrives. My first victim is Oscar Splivins.

"How you feeling tonight?" he asks.

"A six-letter word meaning 'beautiful,'" I answers solemn, "and a four-letter word meaning 'a hole that you draw water outta.'"

"Huh!" he mumbles. "Oh, yes, 'pretty well,' eh? Anything new in the Zeus-Io affair?"

"A two-letter word signifying the opposite of 'yes,'" I returns.

"What are you two men talking about?" cuts in Lizzie Magruder.

"A seven-letter noun," I replies, "beginning with 'n' and telling what you knows about any subject under the sun."

"Everybody ready to play?" asks Kate, dropping over our way.

"A three-letter word," I assures her, "that goes with 'we have no bananas.'"

The wife looks at me kinda queer, but don't say a thing. A sniff she takes of my breath don't tell her nothing, but before she drifts away she hears me admitting to Oscar that when it comes to auction I'm a hibernating animal in four letters beginning with a "b."

While everything is being set for the game I keeps up a woozy line of cross-puzzle chatter, all the time holding one eye peeled for Hank. It ain't so easy to grab off definitions on the hoof for every word I wants to use and I figures I'll need some help pretty quick if the campaign's to be kept going.

However, I'm still wound up when I sits down to a rubber with Oscar, his wife and Kate.

"Whose four-letter word," I inquires, "meaning 'a business arrangement,' is it?"

"I deal," says the misses, cold. She passes and Splivins bids a club.

"A five-letter word," I announces, "meaning 'an ebon shovel.'"

"Don't be silly!" snaps the wife. "We're playing bridge, not doing cross words."

"Two clubs," raises Madge.

"What 'twins' are in three letters," I comes back, "in eight letters meaning 'a gambler's shirt stud, plural.'"

"What are you making it?" asks Oscar. "Two diamonds?"

"A three-letter word," I admits, "meaning 'the answer of a town souse to the question, "Will you have a drink?"'"

"That'll be enough of that," blazes the frau.

"Who says a two-letter word meaning 'therefore'?" I yelps.

"I said so," she shoots back.

"Let him be," urges Mrs. Splivins. "He's got a cute idea there. The game needs bizarre twists like that to make it more popular."

"I hope a three-letter 'negative,'" I mutters, fervent.

I'm getting kinda worried. Hank ain't come yet, I'm running dry fast and Madge slips over the notion into my head that maybe I'm helping to keep the puzzles alive instead of drowning 'em in disgust. I decides to go on, though, and all the time I'm playing the diamond hand I keeps up the palaver.

"You're down one, ain't you?" asks Oscar when I'm through with the mitt.

"Yep," I returns, "I'm a three-letter word meaning what 'the hens does on eggs.'"

We're getting ready to deal 'em again when I pipes Tillie coming into the room. I gets up to meet her.

"Where's Hank?" I gasps.

"Over to the house," says Mrs. Ritter kinda grouchy. "He's locked up in his study and I can't even get a answer outta him. He just growls at me."

"He been drinking?" I inquires.

"I wouldn't be surprised," she tells me. "He always acts like this around the first of the month though. A few bills makes a ogre outta him."

"Play my hand," says I to Tillie. "I'll bring him over."

Hank lives only a few houses away across the street, and in a coupla shakes I'm banging on his door. At first they ain't no answer, and I'm about ready to kick in the panels when he opens up. I snatches a quick look through the cigar smoke and nearly takes the count.

Ritter's desk is all cluttered up with dictionaries and encyclopedias, with a open cross-word-puzzle book in the middle, all covered with eraser dust. "Sheepish" don't describe Hank; it just hints.

"Well, I'll be 'what the river gets done to it' in six letters!" I exclaims.

"That's it!" bellows Ritter. "Six letters! No six-letter word's gonna make a bum outta me. I'm bigger than any six-letter noun, ain't I?"

"So you've flopped too," I says, disgusted.

"No, I ain't," shouts Hank; "but no six ——"

"Ain't that a cross-word puzzle you're doing?" I asks. "When did it happen?"

"It didn't," yelps Ritter. "Listen! The wife left this one laying around with only one word she couldn't get. I thought I'd surprise her by finishing it up for her just to show what a cinch it is."

"How long you been working at it?" I inquires.

"What time is it?" he comes back.

"Nine o'clock," I tells him. "When d you start?"

"Seven," admits Hank; "but I'll stick till hell freezes over before I'll let a six-letter word take me to the cleaner's."

"Here," says I, "lemme see it. I'll clear it up for you in a second."

I sits down to look it over. Pretty soon they is a knock at the door. I looks up and there's Kate and Tillie Ritter.

"Can't you let a feller outta your sight for a minute without following him?" I growls.

"A minute!" shouts the wife. "Know how long you been gone?"

"Maybe a half hour," I answers. "What of it?"

"It's a quarter to twelve," says the misses. "Come on, we've got to say good-by to our guests. Let that cross-word puzzle alone and hurry up."

"Not me," I yelps. "No six-letter word's gonna have the laugh on me. I'll stay with it till it hollers for help."

"What's the word?" asks Tillie.

"You women wouldn't know," says Ritter.

"What is it?" persists his frau.

"A six-letter word," I tells her, "with a 'c' and a 'o' in it, meaning 'it comes with clocks.'"

"H'm!" sniffs Kate. "I worked that out this afternoon."

"What is it?" cries me and Hank.

"'Cuckoo,'" she answers.

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# GERMANY'S NEW BID FOR POWER

(Continued from Page 4)

Within the past year the number of workmen employed in making military clothing has increased nearly 150 per cent, and stores for troops are being maintained in all depots. The extraordinary fact is recorded that in the Reichswehr arsenals there are now five hundred thousand newly manufactured gas masks, making five per man of that organization. The charge is also made in the report of the control commission that within the past few months Krupps have recommenced the manufacture of rifles. Heavy guns have been detected in the same works, and five years after the peace the German munition concerns have not been dismantled. According to Allied officialdom this is about the most serious charge in the commission's report. An eminent authority has stated that "present-day armies consist rather of armaments than of troops!"

Before the war there were eighteen German mobilization areas east of the Rhine. With the peace this number was reduced to seven. But Germany is just as well off today as she was in 1914, should she desire to issue a general call to the colors. This is due to the regimental fires. There was nothing in the treaty against the imperial regiments' keeping up a peacetime veterans' organization, after the fashion of the American G. A. R. Therefore annual campfires were formed by practically every regiment of the old army. These fires have been kept burning brightly; through them the prewar mobilization plans have not been radically changed.

The "control" of disarmament thus has proved illusory; and military experts and diplomatists, for once united, have no faith that a task at which the Allied Control Commission failed will be done successfully by a new mission operating under the authority of the League of Nations. It is all very embarrassing. The Germans now declare that disarmament has taken place, and point as best proof of this to the discontinuance of the control commission. In face of an already strong and well-poised Germany the Allied quandary aggravates.

Memorable glimpses of the new German Army were given me during my recent trip. From the moment one crosses the frontier the green police are everywhere. At the customs barriers, at railway stations, in all public buildings, these helmeted, armed, stalwart and dignified veterans examine your credentials, answer your questions and direct your way.

### Control of Street Traffic

In provincial cities, where the vision of the control commission scarcely ever penetrated, one occasionally gets a fleeting vision of the Reichswehr, drilling with the same precision as the old Imperial Guard in maneuvers on the great Tempelhofer Field in Berlin—now turned into an aërodrome. One of the largest regular contingents is stationed within easy call from the capital, at Potsdam, a place still redolent of Kaiser days. But a most striking demonstration is to be had in Berlin itself.

You step out of the Hotel Adlon, the gathering place of all foreigners, into the crackling air and bright sunshine of a fine winter morning. You saunter along Unter den Linden and watch the traffic that surges across Wilhelmstrasse toward the Tiergarten. In New York there are lighted towers and policemen to see that the signals are obeyed. In Paris there are signals, lights and electric gongs and many policemen to exchange threats and tirades, and to see that the boulevards are less dangerous on weekdays than on Sundays, when the ban is off. In Berlin there is a lone member of the green police on point duty in the center of each roadway. Another, who gives whistle signals, keeps an eye on the waiting line in the cross street. The whistle sounds. The man on point duty turns Robotlike in the new direction that the traffic may pass, right arm thrown rigidly out, pointing the way. The eyes of every driver are fixed on the stiff, motionless arm.

The whistle sounds again. The automaton clicks his heels, turns smartly to right or left, throwing his arm in the new direction. His face is a mask. His eyes are fixed straight ahead. A pale ragged youth on a bicycle slips a few inches beyond the line. With a spasmodic jerk the Robot throws his arm straight up above the head. The trembling boy moves the wheel to the side of the road and waits. He huddles against the curb until a lull in the traffic permits the Robot to summon him to his side for an explanation of the crime. The culprit demonstrates that the bicycle brake did not work. A glaring offense has been committed, but the traffic is heavy, and finally the Robot motions the boy on his way.

### Well-Trained Troops

A new sound enters the roar of the traffic. It is the rhythmic tramp, tramp, tramp of perfect soldiery. It is a few moments before noon, and down the Linden swings the Reichswehr guard, about to go on duty at President Ebert's palace in Wilhelmstrasse. Except that there are slightly fewer soldiers, that the uniform is different, and that they do a right wheel into Wilhelmstrasse instead of parading the length of Unter den Linden to the old Schloss that was the town residence of the Hohenzollerns, the program of guard mount is exactly the same as in Kaiser days. These Reichswehr soldiers do not own bright helmets and dress uniforms of prewar cut, so they turn out in the dull steel helmets and the *feldgrau* uniforms of war. Like a splendid machine, they move along the Linden, rifles across shoulders in exact alignment—the pick of Prussian young manhood. Still machinelike, they relieve the warriors who have been on duty, and who with heavy tread return to barracks near the Tiergarten. They are entirely different from the debonair guardsmen posted at the Élysée Palace, or the line of horizon blue that occasionally gives one a glimpse of the French war machine in the Paris boulevards.

The German presidential palace is far back from the street, fronting on a large, square and ugly courtyard. Flanking the street gates are two hideous stone lions. Ordinary mortals may pause before these gates and gaze within. Far back, at the end of the dismal courtyard, is the massive black doorway of the palace. Sentries stand at either side of this door. Their gray uniforms fade into the gloomy background of the stone walls. The helmets appear almost black, and throw the whites of their eyes into sharp contrast as they peer out under the low visors. A ray of pale winter sunlight touches the rifle barrels. The soldiers are still as statues. The effect is sinister. That French war machine gives one a thrill, but the German war machine gives a chill.

Germany is a nation of ancient discipline and modern spirit, and, next to the United States, she possesses the greatest materialistic civilization of any nation of the world. Go into the small towns of Italy, France or even England, and you will find many folks living in surroundings and with conveniences of the eighteenth century. Germany, like the United States, has the most modern conveniences of living—electric lights, central heating, telephones and a superfluity of bathrooms and radio sets. She proposes to keep intact all that she has worked for and what she believes she has suffered for. Germany frankly considers that she is encircled by ill wishers or active enemies. So she trusts entirely and solely in herself.

The question of war guilt still crops up, officially and unofficially. I have talked with many Germans upon this theme. It may seem incredible to some, but the argument of who began the war will probably last until judgment day. The Germans simply do not see as the Allies see, and that is all there is about it. The Allies build monuments to their dead that are beautiful or otherwise. The Allies recount the number of their dead. The Germans build monuments that are beautiful or ugly, and cite a death roll as long as that of any Ally. Germany does not want war, but she conceives that the maintenance of peace will be assured by her possession of a formidable army. She already has it.

The Germans themselves told me that at present their army is still short of the necessary equipment of artillery and aëroplanes. Otherwise it is munitioned and ready to take the field. Unless a new and more competent form of Allied surveillance is now established the German factories will speed up work by day and by night until all missing equipment is supplied. Within six months from the time these factories begin work the German Army will be ready to fight.

### The Dawes Plan

This picture of present-day Germany seems to clash definitely with their acceptance of the Dawes Plan and the economic comeback that the country is in process of achieving, now that she has accepted the debt-paying scheme presented to her by the Allies. I shall describe the economic situation in a following article, and at present shall only mention the political aspects of the Dawes Plan as viewed in Germany. I have already said that the prompt acceptance of the plan by all hands has undoubtedly kept the peace, at least temporarily. The immediate-payment provisions of the plan are so easy that Germany is complying with them without the slightest difficulty. More important than this to the German mind is the great political as well as economic result, so favorable to themselves, which the plan achieves.

"The Dawes Plan gets the French out of the Ruhr," one hears everywhere. This is quite true. I passed the final part of my recent trip in the Ruhr, visiting all the centers. The French have already evacuated the eastern side of the territory. They are retiring gradually, but at the present rate they will be entirely out by summer, which is the time limit set by the London Conference. Even where they remain they are scarcely noticeable—a complete change from a year ago, when one could see the steel band encircling the entire region. As a result the Ruhr is running full blast. Every furnace works full time, and smoke pours from every chimney. A few indifferent poilus lounge about Essen and Düsseldorf, bored beyond words. The German's own argument is that the Dawes Plan came into effect in

PHOTO, BY KADEL & HERBERT, N. Y. C.

*The Review of the Reichswehr in Strassburg*


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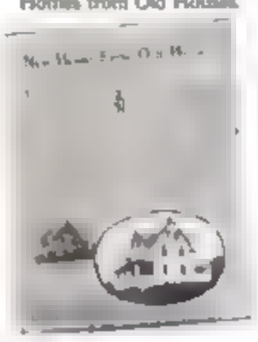

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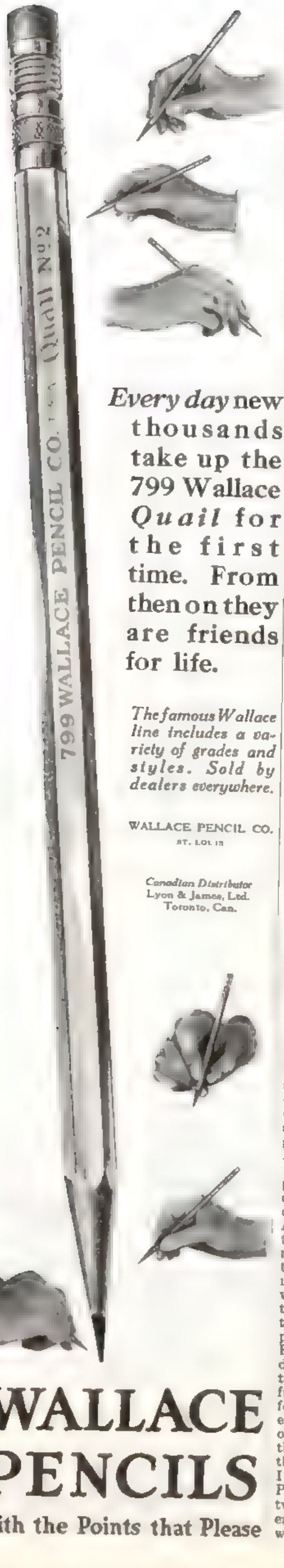


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with the Points that Please


the very nick of time for the benefit of Germany. Whether it came too late for everyone else remains the question.

The final German argument—the economic argument—concerning the Dawes Plan is, simply, that the present universal tariff wall against German goods is incompatible with the principle of reparations. But one does not hear that argument yet, except in secret. For the moment they pay, and pay cheerfully, while they get their industrial machine fully under way and put the final touches on the army. They may continue paying for another three years, during the budget-moratorium period of the Dawes Plan. Even then Germany will not want another war any more than the Allies, but the time may then be at hand when the rejuvenated nation will, on several sore points, call for a show-down.

A few months ago there were German naval maneuvers in the Baltic. It is strange to hear of the naval maneuvers of a power whose great high-seas fleet was ignominiously scrapped at Scapa Flow, and who is now permitted only a defense navy of little ships. But one visits Hamburg or Bremen or any German port, and the water-front activities make it clear that Germany is building many boats. Her new mercantile marine certainly constitutes the greatest amount of work under construction, but here and there is a new craft designed and destined for war. However, these naval maneuvers in the Baltic were really a small affair. Practically nothing appeared about them in the newspapers, and they would have had no significance except for a report made by some Polish officers who happened to see them when cruising off Dantzic.

At the moment the German ships steamed into full sight a tiny speck appeared on the distant horizon. This soon turned out to be another small navy occupied in high-seas maneuvers. From the mastheads of these ships flew the flag of Soviet Russia. A brief press communiqué stated later that the two fleets came together at the same time and same place quite by accident. But the Polish officers noted that the subsequent maneuvers of the two fleets were complementary. Their report stated: "It was clear that the operations were carried out from one high command. It could not have been otherwise." The Poles are depressed by the thought that, in case these two navies ever operate openly under a single command, the first nation on its hostile-intentions list will probably be Poland.

It does not take close inquiry within Germany to learn that, after France, the most favored nation in such hostile lists is Poland. The Polish occupancy of Upper Silesia is the sorest of the sore points.

### Frontier Contrasts

That territory, which until recently belonged to Germany, bordering what was called the corner of the three empires—where Russia, Austria and Germany once met at the same frontier post—contains some of the richest coal deposits to be found anywhere in the earth. Although the deposits do not cover so great an area as in the Ruhr, they are of better quality—of thicker vein and richer grade. Upper Silesia, like the Ruhr, is an ugly, forbidding country, with a whole sky line of great chimneys pointing like black fingers into smoky skies. At least it was so before the greater portion of it was turned over to Poland.

In the old days, although it was a sooty place, one was impressed by the neatness, order and prosperity of the towns, and the comfort everywhere. I visited it during the Armistice, when the agitation had begun as to whether it should become Polish or remain Prussian. I remember motoring out to the frontier line. Although it was an imaginary line, it might have been a high wall, so great was the change from one side to the other. The Prussian side industry, the Polish side idleness; the Prussian side prosperity, the Polish side poverty; the Prussian side organization, the Polish side disorder; the Prussian side contentment, the Polish side restless misery. From the frontier line one could see substantial, comfortable German homes facing Polish hovels. The Poles explained that centuries of oppression had made these conditions, and that they could not be otherwise—unless the Silesian industries were given to them. I remember one frontier post where two Prussians guarded one end of a bridge and two Poles the other end. The war had just ended, and Germany, the defeated nation, was negotiating for peace. Poland was in the list of victors. At this obscure outpost the German sentries wore the dashing uniforms of Death's Head Hussars, their rifles and all equipment in shining order. The Poles were nondescript, in coats of what appeared to be from one uniform and trousers from another, and all ill-fitting and ragged.

I motored back to the splendid German town of Kattowitz, the chief town of the territory, where thousands of people filled the squares in protest meetings against changing the frontier. But since then the frontier has been changed. It has moved west, and with it has moved the sloth of Poland. One goes again to the frontier wall, and sees disorder and poverty and misery on one side and only the remains of a great prosperity on the other. Kattowitz now belongs to Poland, and Kattowitz is practically a dead city. Nothing happens there. Factories and stores are closed, and the smelters of the surrounding region are shut down. Upper Silesia is dead. The black fingers still blot the sky line, but they do not point into smoke. The sun shines brightly over the ruin.

### Silesia Not Forgotten

Germany contends that Upper Silesia was a part of Prussia during centuries that the Poles were a downtrodden people. Undoubtedly the prosperity of Upper Silesia was German prosperity, and the present ruin is chargeable to Poland. Therefore Germany intimates even now that some day Upper Silesia must be restored, perhaps by the United States of Europe, or perhaps by war. A German officer said to me: "When we are ready to take back Upper Silesia we will go over and get it." It sounded quite simple. I was reminded of the Russian attack on Poland, several years ago, when red cavalry arrived almost at Warsaw. General Weygand, chief of staff to Marshal Foch, set forth hurriedly and saved the situation. The German officer explained that if Germany makes a similar demonstration against Warsaw, it will be impossible for General Weygand or any would-be savior to arrive on time. He estimated carefully that a war between Germany and Poland might last a full week, but that there would still be ample time for the victors to square about and see what the Allies on the west front intended to do about it.

If such procedure took place today or in the immediate future, it is certain that the French program might have serious consequences for Germany. But the fact remains that France, under the Herriot government, is reducing her forces—mainly for lack of man power—to such an extent and with such rapidity that the British General Staff now considers the situation dangerous. It is probable that in the near future the British Government may ask for a halt in the decrease of French armaments, in the interests of common security.

The British army of occupation, under the Treaty of Versailles, was supposed to withdraw from Germany during January, 1925, provided that Great Britain and her allies then considered that the Germans had sufficiently fulfilled the treaty obligations. But His Britannic Majesty's army is still on duty at the Cologne bridgehead, and is likely to remain there, just as the French intend to keep watch farther south on the Rhine. The headquarters of the British force are located in a former Cologne hotel, across from the great cathedral. By day and night two lively sentries guard the door, and give the stolid Rhinelanders proof that Britain is on the job. Except for some top sergeants, and of course the officers, only a small percentage of this army saw any actualities of the Great War. The majority of Tommys now in the Rhineland are innocent of mustache. On parade, or doing sentry duty at Cologne headquarters, they present a memorable spectacle. For a space of five minutes they stand stiffly before wooden sentry boxes at the sides of the door. They then take quick breaths, swing rifles across shoulders and do a rapid march along the sidewalk, twenty paces in opposite directions. There

they stamp upon the ground, click their heels, whirl about, and advance upon each other. This performance lasts another five minutes, at the end of which they again stand still for the prescribed period.

A taxi drives up and an officer gets out. Tall and languid, he wears a monocle, cream-colored gloves, and carries a riding crop. He leans against the taxi, arguing in imperfect German concerning the fare. He mutters against the stupidity of foreigners not understanding English. Then he recovers his balance, fixes the monocle, takes firm grip on the riding crop and strides into the building. The guards click heels, bring them to smart salute and ground them with a resounding bang. The German onlookers gape before turning into the beer hall next door. One feels that this army will again do its best should Germany become menacing.

But Germany is not likely to become menacing, especially if the Allies in about three years agree to talk sense on several important matters. Germany does not want war. What she really wants, what she intends to have, and what she is even now in the process of getting, is a new commercial foothold. This will suffice her, for it will assure material comfort and national prosperity, and will also give her international supremacy and a voice in world affairs. The industrialists are now having their innings in Germany. Before the war these people were quite important, but socially they were forced into the background by the Kaiser and his Junker court. Therefore in their inmost souls they are not keen now about sharing the future limelight with a returned or restored monarch. Also there are the foreign financial interests to consider. For example, millions of good dollars have raced into Germany from the United States. Powerful bankers throughout the world now feel their right to advise Germany concerning her political course. The great German capitalists know as well as anyone the disasters that war can bring.

### An Affable Autocrat

Too, there is the honest doctrine of German culture, as expressed by a well-known savant, Doctor Bonn. "People speak of a fulfillment policy," he writes, "which is really a liberation policy. Those who wish to pursue a policy of force must have the strength to enforce their demands. For the liberation of Germany there is only one policy. A fulfillment policy that is not consistently followed will never command confidence abroad. Today we have come to a point where there is little disagreement among ourselves on the necessity for political conciliation, but we must be able to convince the world that our policy is really sincere. We shall liberate the Rhineland only through a policy of national sacrifice. Only then will there be a solution of the German question, Is the Rhine a German river or a German boundary?" This would seem to clinch the argument that one futile attempt on the part of Germany to take charge of the whole world was enough.

But back of all argument and behind all interest, industrial and political, there remains the secret and real master of Germany, the man with the concrete plan—Von Seeckt, chief of the army. The general is reputed to be a really splendid person. He often takes tea at the Adlon, thus permitting the foreign colony to take a good look at him. He is most affable when away from his Reichswehr. At the embassies he is highly spoken of, and the diplomats all consider him an excellent companion. Aside from being a soldier, Von Seeckt is a universalty man, externally the perfect gentleman, versed in the refinements and graces of life. He is but fifty-seven years old, in perfect army condition, and thus will probably be able to influence the destinies of Germany for some time. Mentally he is a type much like our own General Goethals—pleasant, agreeable, but a tremendously dominant and often czarlike force.

It has been said of Prussia that it is a country without a soul, and that because of that lack it has been able to keep its iron grip on the remainder of Germany. Von Seeckt is the true Prussian, even though he has a soul. If the Von Seeckt soul could be revealed, and were it a material entity, it might sound a crashing, discordant note if touched by anything anti-German. If it could be sensed with the tips of delicate fingers, the discovery might be made that it is metal. It is primarily Von Seeckt who makes Germany's new bid for power.

Editor's Note—This is one of two articles by Mr. Williams. The next will appear in an early issue

# Music

Far away in a spacious hall, a great orchestra unrolls the rich melody-pattern of a master symphony. Far away in a vast cathedral, an organ pours forth the theme of an age-old hymn. Far away in a world-famed opera house, a drama is revealed in song.

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# Radiola

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# DOG STARS AND HORSE HEROES

(Continued from Page 17)

a young ex-lieutenant in the Army who owned another German police dog and made a picture with the animal. It netted close to $250,000. When one considers that a picture with the best Galloping Grandmothers kind of title, full of expensive jazz parties, costly dresses and costlier stars, is considered to be satisfactory when it earns $100,000, and when one further considers that only 25 per cent of the pictures released during that year made more money than the dog-star movie, it will be seen what cause the men who make our motion pictures had to prick up their ears

A third German police dog, Peter the Great, who had been playing minor rôles, was immediately thrust into the limelight. Several weeks ago he proved that his producers' faith in him was justified. He opened at a theater on Broadway during a week when Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino were packing them in to the right and left of him. With this competition he did not start to draw very well; and Harry Rapf, the man who had been responsible for his contract, watched the theater rather dolefully from his office a few blocks away. Day by day, however, the dog seemed to pick up, and at the end of the week it was found that his picture had grossed almost $1000 more than that of the screen's most ardent sheik.

This dog had carried the picture to success on his own merits and popularity, just like any other star, for although he had been provided with capable support—the leading woman was one of the best known of the younger ingénues—even his sponsors admitted that the screen story was frankly impossible.

Like other stars, the dogs might complain about the stories given to them, for their plots have not got beyond two ingredients—a dog's love for his master and hatred of his master's enemies. With these it is almost too easy to build one reel in which the master is unjustly accused of murder or robbery and a few more reels during which the dog pursues the real malefactor with his whole bag of tricks, jumping onto moving trains, dashing over fences and down cañons, climbing through windows, speeding along the countryside, swimming rivers, fighting men and dogs *ad infinitum*, but somehow never *ad nauseam*, judging by the deep "ohs" and "ahs" of the adults and the delighted shrieks of children, who are among the greatest admirers of dog pictures.

### A Dog's Life

In round figures, then, the dogs have justified their fat black letters on the posters, and the producers are not ungrateful. Peter the Great, who belongs to a dog trainer, is supposed to be the best paid privately owned dog. He is highly bred, the descendant of a long line of German police dogs, and if he were purchasable he would be worth about $5000. Peter brings his master in a little more than $1000 a week under a contract to which he has duly affixed his paw. Rin-Tin-Tin, another privately owned dog and also one of the major stars, gets a salary of $500 weekly, or the same price as a rather well-known vampire who is much in demand at present.

Then the lesser fry that are billed on the posters as appearing with certain actors, generally with the added comment that this is a new wonder dog of the screen. A certain fox terrier that responds to commands very quickly, and is therefore a favorite with the much-tried directors, has earned a small fortune for his master in driblets of $350 a week throughout a number of years. Another, a small white dog, generally cast with children, makes $250 weekly and works all the time, sometimes in two pictures at once. There is a beautiful white poodle, highly trained and with stage experience, that is paid twenty-five dollars an hour for his work at the studios. A great Dane, who belongs to a producer, earned some little fame for himself even before the days of the dog stars. He was the first dog that directors thought of when they had a rough-dog part, until he got too old and tame to pursue villains valiantly.

The pay envelope of a trained canine never contains less than $150, or about twenty dollars a day, as compared with the $7.50 a day meted out to the two-legged extras.

In other essentials, too, such as food and care and working hours, the human extra may well pray for a dog's life. In one recent picture a special house was built on the lot where the star lived with his trainer so that he might not have to take the tiring journey from his kennel in a suburb of Los Angeles to the studio every day. He never worked more than six hours a day, and sometimes, if he felt so disposed after a particularly trying stunt, he would stop at the end of two hours, go up to his master, whom he obeyed implicitly otherwise, look up with imploring eyes as if to ask pardon for an unwonted assumption of authority, and then refuse to do anything else. In which case work was off for the day, as it never would have been for any except the most famous human stars.

Once when this dog was playing in some racing scenes on location he signified his weariness, and the whole company filed back to town long before noon. The production manager was standing on the lot when the automobiles drew up.

"What's the matter? Finished shooting so soon?" he asked of one of the players

"No, the director didn't want to work any more."

The P. M.'s eyes popped out of his head.

"What's a matter with that guy?" he started to rave. "Where does he get that stuff? He's got no right to stop shooting. Just let me talk to that ——"

### Canine Emotion

"Well, the dog was tired," added the actor weakly.

"Oh, that's different," said the P. M.

This may assuage the fear of some people about the cruelty which they imagine makes possible the histrionics of animals. The cruelty in fact is quite on the other foot, for it is the director who suffers in the making of animal pictures, even of dog and horse pictures, though the latter are the most intelligent of the tame animals. I have been told by trainers that horses have even more brains than dogs, but they are too skittish and temperamental to be as valuable.

The German police dogs score so heavily not only because they have the element of reliability in their characters but because they have the advantage of the stereotyped training given to their breed for generations back.

They are first of all taught to obey commands by the association of ideas, which is sometimes instilled into them by artificial methods. Wire is used in certain stages of training. Thus if a dog is being taught to obey the commands to run and to halt, a wire may be attached to a windlass which will wind it up nearly as fast as the dog runs. The other end of the wire is fastened to the dog's foot. The command is given, say, to charge at the windlass. This starts winding immediately, and if the dog doesn't obey promptly, it will jerk him off his feet. After one or two such experiences, the association will be formed in the dog's mind that when he is told to charge he must do so at once.

I am not talking now of the training of animals for the motion pictures, but of the ordinary schooling of any valuable watch-dog or police dog. They come to the studios with their tricks already learned and their trainer has complete charge of them. Generally, the dog will not obey the commands of any other person, so that the director must transmit his wishes through the trainer, unless indeed he happens to be both trainer and director, as Lawrence Trimble was of Strongheart.

Even with the close harmony between a dog and his owner, by which he obeys any and all commands instantly, and even reflects his master's moods, he must be tricked into exhibiting the emotions which surprise picture fans by their intensity and make them sure the dog has been tortured.

For example, in one dog picture there was a scene showing the animal in great anger, followed by poignant grief, when the den with his mate and pups was blown up by a man.

"To get the scene," the director explained, "I placed the blanket of a dog which my dog hates in the dirt of the den. When the star passed before the camera he caught a whiff of the scent of this blanket. His hair bristled and he darted for the den, thinking the other dog was there. He started digging in the débris of the den and stopped when he heard the bark of the other dog, which, caged in a wire box, was brought within sight but out of range of the camera. My dog moved away from the den toward the other dog, his ears flat against his head and showing his fangs in a vicious snarl. He was now looking in the direction that the man who brought disaster to his home had taken and reflecting the anger which we wanted him to show.

"'Aren't you ashamed of yourself?' I now said from behind the camera, and I turned my back on him. He was scorned by me, his master. This is the worst possible thing you can do to a dog. He was the picture of abject misery. He groveled in the dirt. He appeared to be heartbroken over the loss of his mate and his pups, but the fact of the matter is that he was in deep shame because of my rebuke for his attitude toward the other dog."

Rex, the King of Wild Horses

### Clever Dog Pictures

"In another scene, at dusk, the dog is on top of a hill, again the picture of misery, lying flat on his stomach, looking with the saddest of expressions down into the valley and apparently still mourning his loss. But he really isn't mourning any loss. He is simply obeying my command to stay on that hill until I come back. He sees me walk away down the hill, and thinking he has done something wrong, he puts on a very sorrowful expression, with head between his paws, yearning for the word that will release him."

No dog picture seems to be complete without a scene showing the dog cocking his head in amusement at the spectacle of two lovers kissing. A director may get this result by calling to the dog suddenly from behind the camera, "Well, Michael, how would you like ——"

The dog, which has probably been used to hearing this expression in connection with a bone or a walk, cocks his head and pricks up his ears, and the camera shoots.

One can see that this sort of thing requires an enormous amount of patience. Dogs vary in intelligence just as humans do, and with not so highly constituted a canine, sometimes three weeks will be spent in working up one important scene.

For instance, a great Dane was once hired for $150 a week from an animal circus to act in a story which called for him to be the heroine's protector and fend off an onslaught by the villain. The first part was easy. The dog liked the girl star, followed her around willingly, and allowed himself to be petted. But how to get him to engage in an honest-to-goodness lifelike fight with the villain without hurting the man—there was the rub. First of all, the villain made friends with the dog. Every day for several weeks he put on a heavy jacket, reënforced his trousers, and wrestled with the great Dane on the floor of the studio.

"Let's play," he would say.

The dog understood that it was just fun and so they would play, gently at first and then more and more roughly. The dog was trained—most of them are, by the way—to put his teeth even on the man's neck without hurting him and hardly leaving a mark. But he was such a powerful brute that each day the villain rose from the floor with black-and-blue marks wherever the dog's strong paws had touched him, though ever so lightly. Finally it got to a point where the fight looked realistic enough from the camera side, except in one particular. When the dog had won and was supposed to stand on top of the villain, stiff and straight in his triumph, that dog would climb up, then look down at the recumbent man with a light of humor in his eyes—and wag his tail! The wag was unmistakable. It meant, "You and I are just playing, aren't we, old man?"

### A Camera Lie

It took two weeks to straighten out that tail. When it started to wag, the owner would jump up, stiffen it and admonish sternly, "Keep still," until the dog learned.

In this same picture the camera lied, as it often does in spite of the belief to the contrary, to show the dog being knocked unconscious by a chair which was handled with such force on the screen that it splintered in the process. This was a double exposure, the man flinging the chair—specially constructed so as to fall apart as if it were broken—in one portion of the film and the dog leaping up at the man's throat in the other portion

It seems unnecessary to repeat that not only are the dogs not mistreated but they are fed on the fat of the land and carefully tended. They are the dogs that bring in the golden shekels.

In the studios they behave like well-bred children. They keep close to their masters, they will accept pats on the head politely but make no sign unless their masters so order. I was in the lobby of a New York hotel when one of these stars with his director passed me on the way to the elevator. I stopped to say hello to the man. The dog meanwhile stood motionless.

"Say good morning," the director told him.

At once he looked up at me out of great wise eyes and lowered his head. It was for all the world like the grave and courteous nod of a man of affairs.

Whether these dogs appreciate their importance, it is impossible for any but their owners to say, and they say yes. They prick up their ears at the word "Camera" and know it means work. They resent the presence of another dog on the set, and though they have worked with other dogs, and even with movie-broken wolf cubs, this is merely another sign of the efficacy of their training. They will not allow other

(Continued on Page 101)

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"I have never ridden in a car with a quieter, smoother engine"—*says Dr. Lee de Forest, the father of radio.*

"It is surprising. I drove the car at all speeds and found absolutely no vibration"—*says Glenn Curtiss, of the Curtiss Aeroplane Company.*

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Prominent men in all walks of life, such as *Franklin D. Roosevelt, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy; C. E. Welch, President of the Welch Grape Juice Company; Bud Fisher, the noted cartoonist*—are all outspoken in their enthusiasm over the wonderful smoothness of the Willys-Knight.

## Vast Advantages

The vast difference between the extraordinary performance of the new Willys-Knight and the performance of other cars is only partly the result of the vast advantages which the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engine has over all poppet-valve engines.

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Automobile engineers have yet to invent and build another type of engine that possesses the long-wearing qualities of the Willys-Knight engine. An engine of brilliant smoothness when new—it grows smoother, quieter and actually more powerful with years

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Fifty thousand miles of uninterrupted service is commonplace, the usual thing, with this extraordinary engine. And even after five, six, seven years or more, when other engines have spent their life, the Willys-Knight engine is still young. Repair costs are next to nothing. For this engine has no clashing cams, no hammering pushrods, no pounding valves—no carbon troubles—no valve-grinding. The action of its big power is quiet and silky.

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*You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.*

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY · MILWAUKEE

(Continued from Page 96)

dogs or children, of whom they are intensely jealous, to approach their masters, and they will not work with actors who show fear of them.

The schedule of Peter the Great calls for him to be up at 6:30. He takes a shower and a constitutional, which consists of a run on the lawn, and then breakfasts on six raw eggs. At eight he is driven to the studio, arriving half an hour later than his coworkers, who have to put on make-up and screen costumes and such. From nine to twelve he works. At noon he drinks a quart of milk and rests till one, when he goes on duty again. He does not average more than six hours' work. At five he eats his dinner of the best raw veal or Hamburger, and at 7:30 he is in bed.

The rise of dogs, like the rise of infant phenomena, has added to the importunings that beset producers. Harry Rapf, who is known to have unearthed Rin-Tin-Tin and Peter from obscurity, has received 5000 letters begging him to use his influence to get pups of these dogs which can be trained for stardom. In addition he averages one letter from a dog owner and one call a day, offering anything from the only white police dog in the world to Russian wolfhounds, terriers and just plain curs.

At the studios the property man is in charge of casting animals. One man showed me a file of 500 animals, of which half contained the records of privately owned dogs. Besides a description, the owners of animals must write what they can do and whether they will work with strangers.

Naturally the studios are not so beset with horses. Their owners can't lead them around by the halter to show their merits; and anyway, the producers and the stars of Western thrillers have very adequate stables.

The importance of the horse in the movies stretches farther back than that of dogs, though it is conceded that horses will never rise to such heights of stardom. William S. Hart's inseparable pinto pony—I think it was always called pinto or the pinto pony—was the first to be featured with its master. He was so highly valued that, though Mr. Hart did not employ a double for himself in dangerous stunts, on several occasions when the pony had to jump down a cliff and clutch at crags, he would use a substitute horse.

When the maker of Westerns contemplated retiring from the screen he gave as one of his reasons that his little pinto pony, as well as himself, was getting bunged up. And in 1924, when he did finally retire, he said with satisfaction, "That little pinto horse is restin' now under a white oak on my ranch in California."

Tom Mix carried on the Western tradition by featuring his first horse, Old Blue, who died several years ago. Then he bought Tony, also dignified by the title of Wonder Horse. Tony has a separate contract with his producers, although his salary is included in that of his owner, and in that contract it is stipulated that his billing shall be one-third as large as Mr. Mix's. Tony has also starred by himself in two pictures, both using his name in the title. From now on, however, he will share honors with a great Dane called Duke, which Mix is adding to his retinue.

### Life Insurance for Dog Stars

Out of the mass of press stuff about Tony, one gathers that Mr. Mix bought him either with a bunch of range ponies or from an orange huckster—opinions vary—for $12.50. He is an ordinary cow pony, a dark-red sorrel about nine years old, but such a beauty that he has often been commandeered to pose for sculptors, and a bronze replica of him stands on a street corner in the capital, supporting a doughboy. He, too, is well looked after and conveyed to and from the studio in a specially constructed automobile truck.

Like many of the dog stars, Tony is worth a good deal more dead than alive. If he could be bought he would fetch on his own merits only $150; but the producers have insured him for $50,000 and Mix carries a $20,000 policy on him.

The amount of insurance carried on these horse and dog stars, however, is really a press stunt, except of course for the owners, and for them rates are too high to make feasible the taking out of large policies. Rin-Tin-Tin, to be sure, carries a policy for $100,000, but it has been taken out by the producing company chiefly to safeguard them while they are filming one of his pictures. Strongheart must carry a like amount of insurance, since his owner is also his producer; but Peter the Great, so far as can be learned, has only been insured by his owner for $1500 against accident.

To go back to horses, not long ago there was released one rather remarkable picture which starred a beautiful black horse named Rex. He belongs to Hal Roach, the producer, who conceived a story which had to do with the gradual taming and capturing of a wild horse. Rex was bought from the State Reformatory in Colorado. He was an unbroken and very vicious colt, and for picture purposes had to remain unbroken during the first part of the story, and yet he had to act within range of the camera.

A highly experienced horse trainer, well known on the coast, was of course responsible for Rex's screen career; but his feats, such as jumping riderless over a chasm and diving from a high cliff into a whirlpool, were none the less wonderful. They were accomplished by carrots and sugar, food and water, offered patiently over and over again or placed temptingly beyond an obstacle and out of range of the camera, and finally by the experienced urging of the trainer. Recently this trainer died and operations on Rex's next picture have been held up until a new one can make friends with him.

There have been some pictures planned lately about the life of race horses. Like the recent films of cattle exoduses, these movies are built around a series of conventional photographs of animal life, such as one sees in the news pictorials. The cattle and horses just act natural in their wonted haunts.

### Simian Screen Hits

Horses and dogs are not enough for the producers, always on the lookout for novelty. The vogue for animals reaches into every picture, even dramas of exalted society. A director will go out of his way to include a swan or chickens or a cat or a couple of cockroaches in his story, even though the animals are expensive, and the sequences are later, as often happens, cut out.

One producer with a passion for the impossible has been putting out a series of comedy pictures using but about half a hundred barnyard animals, cats, dogs and monkeys. Monkeys, by the way, are rated among the cleverest screen performers, and two or three owned by comedy companies do very amusing work, though they do not come within the scope of this story.

This producer keeps a ranch for the special purpose of rearing stars for his pictures. He has specially constructed sets with bungalows, street cars, a hotel, a schoolhouse, all fully furnished and cut down to quarter size. He keeps a wardrobe for his animals, and a director, who acknowledges off scene that if it weren't for the intelligence of the monkeys and dogs he would go crazy.

"You can make monkeys do things by doing them yourself a number of times, until they just naturally imitate you. You can instruct a dog," he says; "but heaven help you when you have to direct that bonehead of all animals, a chicken, or when you have to get a goose to enter a room of its own free will."

He spoke with deep feeling, remembering two days when he had tried to get a gander to do that very thing. Fifty-eight times the gander started for the door, and fifty-eight times the gander stopped short at the entrance, and not all the director's tears would move him an inch.

"Oh, you dumb-bell! Oh, you idiot!" he could be heard wailing all over the lot, and finally—"Take it away! Kill it! Off with its head!"

The studio feasted on gander meat next lunch time, and a new actor was imported from the ranch.

In one recent comedy this director was staging a burlesque of a fight scene in a specially built arena, with two gamecocks and two monkeys as the bruisers, monkeys in the press box, and chickens, geese, dogs and goats for spectators.

The fighting cocks had been trained, and the monkeys boxed by imitating the director and his assistant, out of range of the camera. The ducks marched into the arena in an orderly fashion, tempted by large pans of water, which attendants held out of range of the camera also. Two geese drew a little cart with a puppy dressed in the latest fashion, and they drew it because they were following an assistant, who balanced in front of him a pan of water. The chickens had to be shooed into their places and tied to their seats with invisible wire, which, by the way, is often used in the direction of fowls. It was a wow of a fight. The whole gallery engaged in a battle royal of its own. The squawking could be heard all over the countryside. Ten studio employes fell in their tracks with laughter, not to speak of the ear-splitting effects which it had on audiences later.

Besides tying with wire, there are certain common tricks that always get results from animals. Take a cat, for instance—an almost impossible creature to direct. In the picture of a child star who was floating on a raft to a desert island with his cat, the latter was supposed to jump into the shallow water and run to shore. Cats and water are enemies, but so are cats and mice. On shore, and just beyond the camera, stood a man dangling a mouse on a string. The cat jumped regardless of the water, to get at that mouse.

The ordinary scene of a black cat crossing the path of a man as a presage of disaster is obtained by putting a saucer of cream or a fresh fish in such a direction on the other side that the cat cannot but cross the man's path.

For a week one company waited while the director solved the trying problem of making a cat and her kittens choose a stove for their home. They were supposed to have been deserted in an old house and he needed some shots showing her lifting the kittens into the stove, and also an inside view of the home in the stove.

### Feline Tenderness

The property man put food inside the stove, then lifted in a couple of kittens. The mother cat promptly crept inside and carried them out, at first untempted by the saucer of cream. Later she would come back and imbibe a little, at which the property man would promptly put her kittens in with her, until she became too lazy to drag them out.

The special cameraman detailed to the cat watched his chance to take the necessary inside shots. Then, when the animals had become used to their new home, he one day took the kittens out. The mother, creature of habit, lifted them back in again, one by one, and there he got the final shot. On the screen one saw only the touching bit of the abandoned feline looking about for a safe place for her children, placing them inside the open stove for safekeeping, and then the kittens blinking in the darkness of their new home.

How the personnel of that studio longed for those quiet cats next week when the same director decided to use a goat for a comedy touch. The goat was expected to march on, garlanded with flowers and bearing a girl actress on his back. He had no objection to this, but he liked his part so well that he refused to permit himself to be led off by the English actor whose duty it was to do so. He was one hard-boiled goat!

He went on a huge rampage, butting the frail walls of the set, butting the chairs and tables, butting the carpet, and finally butting the English actor, who kept yelling in his fear and agony, "Pull yourself together, old chappy! Pull yourself together!"

Though the director bears his full share of the general anguish, the burden of procuring animals and of caring for the extra animals falls to the property department. This department works from a casting file and also from a list of stables which cater to the movie trade at standard prices. Dogs command the highest rates. Horses are hired for from $5 to $7.50 a day, goats $7.50, cats $3, birds $25 a week up, though the studio, if it is a large organization, prefers to buy its birds and chickens.

In the property man's vocabulary there is no such word as "can't." Does a director order flies on the coldest day in winter, and it is an axiom back of the screen that directors always order flies in winter, a man is sent out to a slaughterhouse to trap them. There is a case on record of an agency or a stable which couldn't dig up any flies as ordered, but sent a whole hive of bees, with fatal results.

Or perhaps there will come a demand for roaches.

"I want some great big ones," said one director. "And," he added helpfully, "I'll tell you where to get 'em. Just go down to my hotel. They run around the corridors and they're so big they could knock down a man."

### Dogs With Trick Tails

If he meant that as a joke, he learned better, for the grateful property man sent someone to this hotel, and as a special favor got permission to dig under the floor of the kitchen. The man worked for two days laying in a supply of roaches.

A day out of a prop man's life may begin after breakfast with a search for roaches. The next hour will bring a demand for trained pigeons. After calling up all the bird stores in town, he learns of a vaudeville performer who will rent his eighteen pigeons for $35 a day. Done! The telephone rings again.

"Get me a couple of curs and those starved-looking kind of cats for an East Side set—right away!"

A messenger is dispatched hastily to the city pound and another to make the rounds of the homes for indigent dogs and cats.

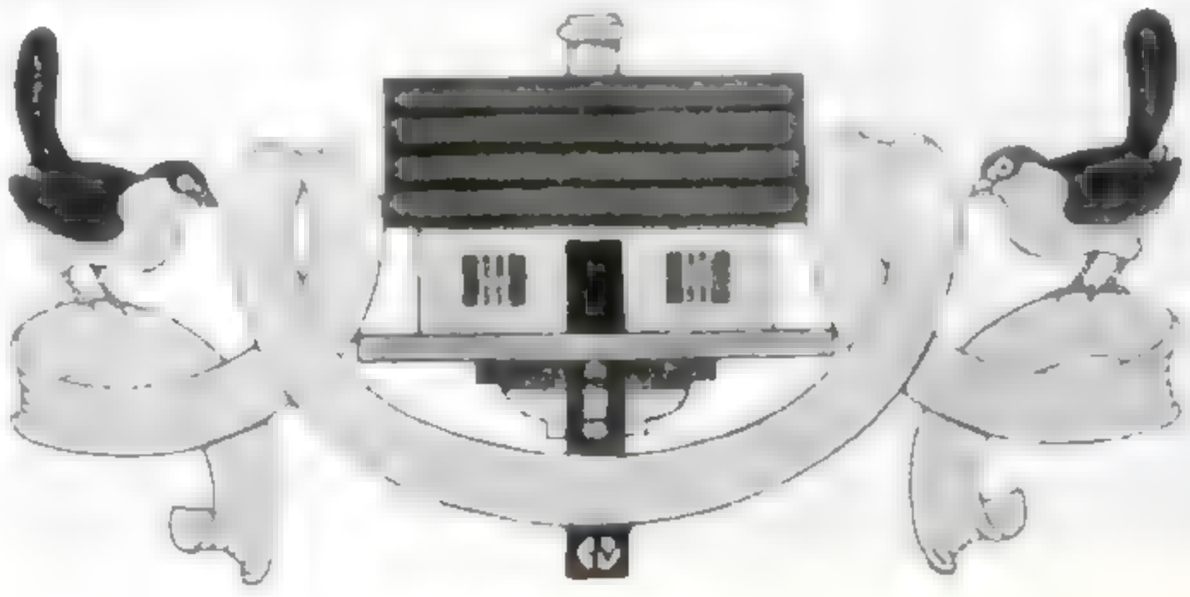
I saw the results of such a tour once for the biggest East Side scene of the season for which a specially constructed cobblestone street, house fronts, trolley-car lines, and so on, had been built in a New York studio. In the property man's room on a nest of straw lay a bunch of the sorriest-looking pups, all whining a bit and bearing that apprehensive yet resigned expression to be seen on the faces of street beggars and street curs.

One of the dogs had no tail. A group of street arabs were to tie a tin can to an artificial tail which was being affixed to the dog. When this is shown on the screen, cries of rage against cruelty to dogs will probably go up and the studio will have to explain for the millionth time that the dogs used in such scenes are provided with artificial tails.

The next call on the property man's list may be for anything from swans to a pig or a flock of chickens or some cages of canaries. These latter are bought if possible, so that at the end of the week the office will be hung with cages; most of the spare time of the prop department will be spent counting chickens and the rest feeding the pig. Some of the birds thus acquired are kept for years and become studio pets. The pigs generally end in studio raffles and pig roasts, while the chickens are a godsend to neighbors, over whose fences they gradually find their way.

Of course, the prop man has only to do with the lesser animals. The stars, dogs and horses, have their own valet service. One can imagine them passing the prop department with their noses in the air at the scent of hoi polloi, the curs from the pound, the dray horses from the livery stable.

And undoubtedly, at the end of the day's work at the studios, this hoi polloi gets enviously on its knees and prays to be made flaming miracle dog stars or moneyed wonder horse heroes.



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# ROADSIDE OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from Page 9)

room, the parlor, or keeping room, as they called it; then again on the cheek of the stairway and on the ceiling of the largest upstairs chamber. That, as well as the number of rooms, shows you they were somebody!"

She did not, of course, make all these discoveries the first day. She merely satisfied herself that her find was a veritable treasure, and then hurried home. Within a fortnight they had bought the house, and the slow, laborious process of restoration had begun. It was a task after her own heart and she went at it with characteristic enthusiasm, instituting a kind of three-ring circus of activities at one and the same time. She set experts to working for her in half a dozen lines; she hired workmen to tear down the old mill portions and to clear out the heavy timberings and floorings which incased the old house like a rusty sheath; and at the same time she began to delve into ancient state records, inventories and histories to learn what manner of people were the original owners, for she was determined not merely to reconstruct the outward material husk of that old house but also to breathe into it the actual breath of life of its times. In addition, in the course of her constant motor trips to and from town she began to establish contacts, as she jokingly called them, with all the antique dealers, good, bad and indifferent, in the radius of a hundred miles. She hobnobbed joyfully with every gift-shoppe owner and antique dealer along the Boston Post Road. As a result, early Americana began to converge in upon her from the surrounding countryside as the spokes of a wheel converge in upon the hub.

This part of Connecticut, in common with the rest of New England, is the happy hunting ground of dealers in the antique; likewise the semi-antique and the demi-semi, and the fake antique. They have settled down on the land like a plague of locusts. And they get away with murder. Chiefly their places are filled with hideous old junk, yet they drive a thriving trade. For dratted junk is what the public wants. Not all old things are beautiful; in fact, beauty has nothing to do with age; it connotes age, that is all, and unless the ancient object has been wrought by the hand of an artist it has no right to survive; it belongs not to the ages but to the incinerator. Nevertheless, even in these junk shops, crammed to the roof with trash, cheap pottery, fake glass and worthless, broken-down hulks which have somehow missed cremation, there occasionally lurks, like a jewel stuck in a sow's ear, some lovely relic of the past. It is all a matter of luck. And Mrs. Prescott haunted them all. She fished in all kinds of waters. One day she would adventure forth in quest of an old desk box with drawers, sire of our present desk. Or perhaps it was a quaint old corner cupboard with a carved fan-shell dome, or a maple four-poster bed, a clock, a handsomely carved old wainscot chair with a damask seat pad, or a graceful old Windsor with a high comb back.

### Uncle Peleg's House

On some of these adventures I accompanied her. I had not seen her house. Nobody had. "And nobody's going to," she declared firmly, "so long as it's in the rough. Not until it's restored, furnished, ready to live in.

"What bothered me about the house," she continued as we sped one afternoon through pleasant stretches of Connecticut woodland in quest of almost anything we might run down, "was that paneling. The paneling is of pine, plain beveled, of excellent workmanship—but it was just about a hundred years later than the rest of the house. And that put me off. At length my husband suggested that perhaps some rich man had bought the house and put in the paneling afterward. It seemed like the work of some cabinetmaker or artisan who had learned his craft in those old Salem shipyards where fine carving and accurately fitted and proportioned work were in great demand for the ships—for the Yankee shipbuilders of those days were known the world around. We decided that whoever had command that paneling put in had something to do with ships. And did I tell you that the large upstairs chamber with the paneled ceiling has a fine view of the Sound? That suggested that the owner might have been a shipbuilder or one of those early merchant princes of New England who traded in all parts of the world. Well, we dug into the old records and found that the latter guess was true. I'll not tell you his surname—but his first name was Peleg. My boys call him Uncle Peleg, and they've named the house Uncle Peleg's House.

"Uncle Peleg, according to the records, was a rich merchant, who, retiring, bought the place, and then, as we think, added the paneling, the handiwork of the best wood-carvers in the shipyards of his time; after which he furnished it according to his taste. You may be sure that he didn't put in that fine paneling and then stuff the rooms full of foreign stuff from France or Holland or Spain. Why? As a merchant, with his ships trading in all those European ports, he must have been an excellent judge. And if he preferred American cabinetmakers it was because he knew that our own Yankee artisans couldn't be beat at their craft. And so we think Uncle Peleg furnished his house with particular richness, picking his pieces with care, not especially because they were American but because they compared favorably with the best European examples. Everything in a very handsome vein, accompanied by a subdued richness of textiles, pottery and silver—but dignified, harmonious, restrained. That was Uncle Peleg's House!"

### Where They Get It

She broke off as we halted before an antique shop by the roadside. "This," she said, "is a really good place. I'm hunting for a maple four-poster bed for Uncle Peleg's room. I'm going to have the bed hangings of painted calico, as they used to call it—that lovely old pattern in rose and green with the tree-of-life design."

But we did not find the bed. The proprietor, who owned branch stores on half a dozen of the leading motor roads around New York, and carried a large stock of good though not distinguished early American furniture, declared firmly that there was no bed—outside a museum—such as Mrs. Prescott described.

"I've had my buyers inquiring all over the countryside. About six months ago a prize was picked up by a buyer, in the rough. It was at an old farmhouse. He'd been poking through the attic, but unearthed nothing but trash. Then the farmer led him around back to the barn. Nothing there. But behind the barn, on top of a refuse heap in a disused pigsty, he found the old carved bed. Of course it was a sight! He bought it and then sold it, just as it was, in the rough, to a museum for a thousand dollars. Those buyers have all the luck!"

"How do you get hold of your stuff?" demanded Mrs. Prescott.

"Three ways: People bring things in, we send buyers out, or, sometimes, we go out on the road ourselves. That's really the best way. Then you can judge with your own eyes. Ten years ago, when we were starting out, we did that altogether. We'd take our little bus, cruise around back roads, and then, in front of some old farmhouse which looked as if it might contain treasures, our car would accidentally stall or I would develop a sudden thirst for a glass of buttermilk, or we'd try to buy some vegetables—anything, you see, to start the ball rolling and get inside of the house to see what kind of stuff they had. If we'd said plain out that we were antique dealers they'd have charged us a million dollars a look. But we'd fetch a wide circle, ask them casually how long they'd lived there and if their ancestors were old-timers on the land; and then, if we'd lay eyes on something we liked, very casually we'd begin to talk of furniture, glass or prints, and presently they'd be showing us all they had.

"Those were the good old days when the country folk didn't know the value of antiques. For that matter, they don't know much now. They can't distinguish good from bad, so they put a stiff price on everything. And what trash they tote in! They think everything that's worm-eaten is worth its weight in gold! I could stand ignorance," she added candidly, "for we profit by it. But in the past we used to be able to pick up fine old things reasonably, restore them and sell them at a moderate price. We can't do that any more. The fact is, the whole business has been ruined by buyers in the rough. These are men—experts if you like—who scour the country for antiques, and have reduced squeezing the farmers and the dealers to a fine art. They are traders, speculators. They buy low and sell high. They go over a neighborhood with a fine-tooth comb, pick up stuff for a song, and then sell it in the rough to dealers at fancy prices. And if dealers pay high for pieces in the rough, naturally they must charge high prices to their customers. For wages are high. A first-class cabinetmaker gets as much as sixty-five dollars a week; and it takes considerable time to put one of those old pieces into good repair and ready for a customer's home. The result is, the public has to pay outrageous prices—much more, sometimes, than the piece is actually worth.

"But what can we do? These buyers have us by the neck. For example, recently a woman came in who wanted an old lowboy. She was willing to pay two hundred dollars. I didn't have one, but I said I would see what I could do. So I went to a man who was a buyer in the rough. He had one that he'd sell me in the rough for one hundred and fifty dollars. That was an awful price! For it was in bad condition, weatherbitten, battered and chipped. It would take two weeks of a cabinetmaker's time to restore that lowboy and make it fit for sale. Can you see my profit? Still, I bought it and took a chance on breaking even. And after I'd paid him the buyer turned and said with a grin, 'Want to know how much I paid for that lowboy? Thirty dollars!' And he leered at me, rubbing his hands.

"That's one reason the price of American antiques has doubled and trebled inside the last ten years. The other reason is that there's a large and growing public interested in those things, but that public is still half-baked; they'll pay fantastic prices for the most fantastic fakes. And not all antique dealers are honest—it's hard to be honest with such a fool public. Some of them will reproduce anything there's a demand for, and swear it's a genuine antique. It's no more antique than my foot. That's what's flooding the market today with hybrids and fakes."

"Do you make any reproductions?"

"Not now. We used to, but it doesn't pay. Labor is so high that we have to charge just as much for reproductions as for the originals. So we gave it up. Here's a little modern candle stand of maple"—she held it up—"made by our cabinetmaker. Price, seventy-five dollars. Well, you can pick up a little original table in good condition for the same price—maybe less."

"And do you sell much in the rough?"

### Fine Pieces Scorned

"Yes—no. It's this way. To customers like you, who know, we prefer to show the pieces in the rough, just as they come to us, scarred, battered and chipped. That's really the only way the customer can tell he is getting the real thing, for after a piece is restored by an expert it is almost impossible for the lay person to distinguish which is original and which is new. But the trouble is, the average customer won't buy furniture in the rough. 'What!' she exclaims. 'That old rubbish! Why, I'd be ashamed to have it in my house!'" She smiled. "They know a little—but not enough. So, for them, we restore some of the old pieces, wax them up and keep them on view."

They lingered, swapping experiences. Finally Mrs. Prescott tore herself away. She had another rendezvous down the road.

"That woman," she said as the car slid forward, "is French, and yet she knows more of our early furniture than most Americans. She has the typical French respect for good work, and their typical contempt for poor. She tells me they employ all foreign cabinetmakers—French, German, Italian. No native Americans to be had. And yet look at our early Yankee artisans in wood—the tradition is in our blood."

"There's not," I suggested, "enough speed in the job for the modern American. We've ceased to be the thorough, painstaking people our forbears were."

We passed numerous antique and gift shops at which Mrs. Prescott merely shook her head as the chauffeur glanced inquiringly around. The next halt, a score of miles farther on, was at the workshop of an old German, blue-eyed, bespectacled, whose ancestors had been cabinetmakers for generations. The love of woods was in his blood.

"What wood is this?" he challenged Mrs. Prescott, laying his hand upon an ancient drop-leaf table with graceful Dutch legs and a mellow old patina through which shone a faint glimmer of red.

"Lovely!" murmured Mrs. Prescott, narrowing her eyes.

"Yes, but what wood?"

"He makes me play this game every time I come in," she sighed. "Maple?"

"*Himmel!*"

"Not pine?"

He shook his head.

"Nor cherry. Poplar, perhaps?"

"Wrong."

"I give up. I can tell oak, walnut and mahogany, but these light woods confuse me."

"Tulipwood," he pronounced triumphantly. "You know the tulip trees you see out in the front yards in the spring with great blossoms of pinky white? That's it. But it's difficult for amateurs to tell woods, especially when overlaid by successive coats of paint and stain. Of course you can tell pine readily, for it's soft and you can dent it with the thumb. But some others fool even the experts. They have to be taken to the shop and scraped down to the original wood. Now what is this?" He touched an old box desk.

"Oh, I don't know. Apple wood?"

### Right and Wrong in Restoration

"Cherry!" He laughed. "Made about the time George used his famous little hatchet. I shouldn't be surprised if George's father, when he viewed the wreck, said, 'That's good cherry wood. I'll season it and have a desk made for my wife.' For those early cabinetmakers used anything and everything. They had a great diversity of native woods to work with—all those big primeval forests and the local fruit and nut trees. The oak used in America is lighter than the English oak. Then there was the fine Virginia walnut; the American pine, white and yellow, for ordinary kitchen furniture; and hickory, ash, elm, birch, maple, cedar, not to mention cherry, pear and apple wood. Those early fellows had a feeling for woods, and they knew how to combine them too. Come out back and I'll show you how we scrape them down."

Still talking, he led us around to the barn overlooking the Sound, stuffed full of ancient furniture in the rough.

"The idea," he explained, "is to scrape off all the old paint and varnish, get down to the original wood and then work up from that. Some dealers, without much wood sense, do what they call bleaching to take off the surface paints, instead of the slow, laborious method of hand-scraping. But that's a bad process, for the strong lye eats into the wood and turns it a kind of gray. Maybe you've noticed some of those restored pieces which have been treated in that fashion. In spite of all the oil, wax and hand-rubbing applied afterward, they still retain that dead gray look. It's because the wood has been eaten by lye. Don't let anybody bleach your old furniture. Scrape it. Here, Giuseppe, scrape off that piece of Chippendale." The Italian obligingly took his scraping tool and scraped free a small space down to the original wood. "Now touch it up with oil."

The workman did so, and under that subtle emollient the dull surface of the mahogany sprang into life, revealing its rich color and grain, like a multicolored pebble on the beach touched suddenly to prismatic charm by the ripple of a wave.

"After it's well scraped by hand, we begin to build it up again. First, we patch and mend. This is so carefully done that it's very hard to detect. The fact is, restoration of pieces of rare old furniture is a fine art. It's very like the restoration of old paintings, the process requiring the same kind of expert knowledge and painstaking care. Take, for example, that old sideboard Giuseppe is working on now. It's a magnificent piece of about 1790, but in bad condition, bad repair, veneer warped and swollen, and edges crumbling away. But just because this old mahogany veneer is warped and cracked is no reason why we should throw it away and put in new—as some cabinetmakers would. We're not trying, you see,

(Continued on Page 108)

SUPERTWIST is now used in all Goodyear Tires—balloons and standard sizes

GOODYEAR

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# Making Goodyear Mean Good Wear

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And this assurance costs you no more.

*Goodyear Means Good Wear*

# "BALLOONS"

*Made with* SUPERTWIST

(Continued from Page 105)

to reproduce something new which is just as good; we're trying to restore the old—two entirely different processes. So we soak and glue and wax and polish by hand in order to get the old piece into first-class condition—and yet, mark you, still showing the scars of usage and age. We don't want to give it a new face! We love the old face—this beautiful old patina and the mellowing marks of age. Those marks mean history, experience, human usage; in short, beauty—like the mellow beauty of an old woman who has been through the fire of life and still keeps a lovely soul. Well, fine furniture has a soul, and it's the business of a good restorer to make that soul emerge."

He called our attention to an old maple table, set, not without art, against a hanging of dull leaf green.

"Nothing like green," he observed, "to bring out the values of maple. It's like pale honey, or sunlight in a tree. It suits simple country houses to perfection—goes with everything. I can't get enough tables like that to fill the demand. Do you see the red stain, just sort of glimmering on the curves?"

"It's not red," said Mrs. Prescott. "It's the ghost of red."

"Well, it's a ghost that's hard to lay. Very persistent. Some dealers try to fake that red ghost. Actually, it's a red stain used by some of the early cabinetmakers with some woods. It's a vegetable stain, probably a wild berry. Some say sumac. Anyhow, it colored the wood a bright carmine. Not everybody used it; probably it was only used where sumac grew, and even then they didn't use it on all woods. Chiefly on maple and pine. It's practically impossible to remove, and so this ghost of carmine is still to be found on many old tables, cupboards and beds. The public has come to associate that red stain with age. They demand it. To them, it is a proof of age, of authenticity, you see. So what do some dealers do? They simply fake the ghost! They apply a modern red stain, wipe it off, leaving a few traces, and then they wax and polish over the top. Result—a nice red ghost. The public enters, sees the faked red, and exclaims, 'Oh, yes, that's a real antique! I can tell by the traces of red!'"

The old cabinetmaker—who will never be rich because he loves his rare things and hates to part with them—accompanied us to the door of his workshop and stood retailing some backstairs scandal of his trade.

### Ignorance and Arrogance

"Do you know Mrs. X?" he demanded, a twinkle in his eye.

"Yes," said Mrs. Prescott, a corresponding twinkle in hers. Everybody in the countryside knew Mrs. X, who was remodeling an old colonial farmhouse. Fantastically rich, she was a moron in matters of art; like the "late dear queen," her taste was unerring—that is, unerringly bad. She had come to the old cabinetmaker because he had been highly recommended to her as an authority, a Brahman in the realm of the antique. And that was what she wanted. Real antiques. Guaranteed antiques. With contracts, pedigrees and all that. She desired, she said, distinguished antiques. Aristocratic antiques. Money no object. In fact, the higher the better. And she wound up her impressive harangue with these words: "Italian or Spanish. I'm remodeling it into a Florentine villa, you see."

Shades of Cristoforo Colombo! A simple old farmhouse of austere Puritan antecedents wedded to a pretentious Italian villa! What kind of international mésalliance was that? Why didn't she make it over into the Quirinal or the Palazzo of Cosmo de' Medici, and call it a day? The old cabinetmaker could scarce keep his face straight.

"But, madam," he said, "you mistake. I have nothing Italian or Spanish. I sell only American antiques. For the others you must go to the city. Here, in the country, you will find only Americana—and naturally, for here the first American furniture was made and used."

"But I want distinguished furniture," she expostulated. "Something elegant, aristocratic in tone. And early American furniture isn't that. It's primitive, peasant, crude. Cottage stuff, without refinement or charm."

"I will show you some distinguished American furniture, madam," said the antique dealer stiffly, "if you will step this way."

She stepped—reluctantly. She had already made up her mind upon the subject, and she did not wish to have her prejudices dislodged. The cabinetmaker, who has restored early Americana for some of the best collectors in the country and whose opinions are quoted with respect, led her to an ancient bureau, a masterpiece of Yankee skill, perfect in proportion, exquisite in every detail.

"There!" he pointed triumphantly.

Mrs. X stared at the bureau, her eyes goggling in astonishment; her face got turkey-red; she gasped, threw up her hands and fairly squeaked with wrath: "Why—why, what do you mean? I wouldn't put that—that trash even in my chauffeur's room in the garage!"

"You see," laughed the expert, "I showed her the piece in the rough! Without ever thinking! I supposed she knew a little something about antiques. Well, I tried to explain—said most experts and collectors preferred to buy the pieces in the rough so they could see just what they were getting, and then have them restored under their own eye—it's a hundred per cent more fun! —but she wouldn't listen to me. I saw I had clean shattered her faith. She stalked out of the shop muttering 'Impudence!' and slammed the door. I wager she thinks I'm a regular faker!" And he laughed immoderately.

### New England Cabinetmakers

"It's all right to laugh," said Mrs. Prescott later as we sped along toward our next rendezvous, "but that contemptuous, patronizing, no-good-can-come-out-of-Galilee attitude exhibited by some Americans toward all things American sickens me. Who but an American would buy a simple, quaint old house, steeped in the atmosphere of our past, and then ruin it by converting it into a sham Italian villa? Can you imagine an Englishman or a Frenchman taking one of their old houses and then butchering its spirit and tradition that way? No—and why not? Because they're proud of their history, their traditions and art. But some Americans are not. We've got the Europe complex. Partly, of course, it's been put over on us by the Europeans who have come over here with brain patterns different from ours. Because we're doing things on a different slant, they criticize us, patronize us, and intimate that we're a race of dubs, with no original genius. And the more slavishly we ape them, the more we throw dirt on our own native forms of art, the more we make those aspersions true. We'll never amount to a thing artistically until we smash that Europe complex, stand squarely on our own bottoms, hang on to our own native genius, our own background, history and tradition, and develop along our own lines.

"It is true that, in the very beginnings in New England, a good deal of the furniture was primitive, cottage stuff. Some of it was crude and poor and ought to be burned—just as some of the poor English, French and Italian stuff ought to be burned. But—and this is the point—we made masterpieces too! We didn't stay crude. The colonists who settled in New England, where the first American school of furniture was founded, came of sturdy yeoman stock, mixed with tradesmen and artisans from the cities. And among these latter were master carpenters and cabinetmakers, trained in the best English and Dutch schools. These men were not peasants. They were not illiterate. They knew how to use books—to study models, to modify and adapt designs. And they were surrounded by big forests containing a great diversity of woods, the like of which they had never seen. The first thing they did, naturally, was to build houses, to make bedsteads, stools, chests and tables. Soon joiners and chairmakers were to be found in every hamlet. They were hampered, not by poverty of imagination, but by lack of money.

"But as the years went on and money began to flow into the colonies, fine furniture began to be the mode; the artisans began to form guilds. And before the first fifty years had elapsed so much precious metal had been brought in by overseas trade that silversmiths—always a sign of a sophisticated community—began to flourish. By 1676 there were seven hundred and thirty ships from Massachusetts trading with Europe, and before the first half century of Puritan immigration had passed, the colonies were well equipped with practically all the necessities and many of the luxuries of a well-ordered, prosperous existence. Their silver and furniture, fashioned by native artisans, were as fine as any in Europe, though marked by a certain grave simplicity combined with a perfection of workmanship that distinguished these New World artists. You see, they were not slavish copyists. They took their own line, and that line was—American. And, personally, I like to believe that this difference, this typically American flavor which marked the best of our early styles, was due to the fact that, during those first fifty years, we were cut off from Europe, freed from their schools and thrown upon our own resources. Our artisans, left to themselves, began to have confidence in their own creative ability and to strike out new forms—just as, later, we struck out a new form of representative government. They had character, they had confidence—and both those qualities are reflected in their work. You recall that Paul Revere, the famous silversmith of his day, was also the famous patriot. But long before his time, in 1675, an English visitor to Boston wrote: 'The merchants seem to be rich men and their houses as handsomely furnished as those in London.' For even in those days our trading vessels were bringing back rich textiles, damasks and velvets and brocatels which were used for chair pads, stool cushions and cupboard cloths. One has only to read the inventories of the late seventeenth century to see with what good taste, charm and distinction those Colonial forefathers of ours surrounded themselves.

"I don't mean, of course, that those early founders of the industrial arts did not use the past, as every true artist does. Of course they used it; they fed upon it; but also they modified, adapted and re-created the old forms in accordance with the spirit and character of the New World society.

"What I'm trying to show is that those early New England ancestors were not the rigid, crass, crude, suppressed ascetics whom we popularly associate with the so-called Puritan spirit. The actual picture knocks that myth into a cocked hat. The fact that even before 1700, when the foreign influence began to make itself felt, Yankee artisans had already begun to make a distinguished name for themselves, proves that they must have had a solid body of customers who appreciated their art—customers with artistic taste and discernment who were willing to pay hard cash for beautiful things. For it is a law that no art can flourish without an artistic response in the community; it dies in barren soil; and the fact that these early arts did not die, but on the contrary took root, flourished and grew strong, demonstrates that our ancestors were not, in fact, narrow, harsh, hag-ridden and fanatical bigots who stoned the artists in their midst, as some popular fictionists would have us believe, but men of genuine artistic perception, with warm impulses toward man-made beauty—which is art. And that, I think, disposes of Mrs. X!"

### A Real Find

Our last stop was at the workshop of another expert, a man thoroughly conversant with cabinetmaking, history and woods. He came out to meet us, calling, "I phoned you this morning. Got a surprise for you. Guess!"

Mrs. Prescott's eyes sparkled. "An old fireside settle?"

"Nothing to sit on."

"Tell me!"

"A cupboard."

Her face fell. "A corner cupboard of pine?" The shops were full of them; with rare exceptions they were crude, ugly, and fit only for the rubbish pile.

"No, sir! An old court cupboard. Museum piece. Fine condition. Come in and look."

We followed him inside. He was right—it was a museum piece, a magnificent early specimen.

Mrs. Prescott caught her breath and went a little pale. "I can't afford it," she groaned. "You know I'm not trying to cram my house full of museum pieces, but simply to reconstruct a pleasant living habitation in the spirit of the old times. But—I want it. There! I'm putting all my cards on the table, and if you bankrupt me on one piece I won't be able to buy any more. Well—how much?"

The antique dealer laughed; he was enjoying the little drama and wished to prolong the suspense.

"Hold on! Let me tell you about it. You know the G's?" She shook her head. "Well, they're an old family around here. Got a pedigree as long as your arm, but run down, gone to seed. They have some grand pieces in their house. Wish I owned that collection! Old man G was a lover of fine furniture; he was always cruising around the country looking for stuff. Sometimes I used to take him on trips with me and let him do the dickering. He was a smooth old card. Well, he died, and his daughters, three old maids, are closing up the estate. Going to Italy, I hear. What with our old-timers who go over to settle in Italy and the Italians who come over to settle here, it's about fifty-fifty, I guess. If you don't like your own land, get out of it, I say. Well, the girls drove over to get me to appraise their furniture and arrange to have it sold at public auction in town. They're going to sell it at the A—— Galleries, for that's where the bon ton go. When I was running through their stuff I came across this cupboard. I recollected when the old man bought it and how much he paid. He drove a shrewd bargain; squeezed the owner because he was hard up. Well, I asked the daughters if they'd sell it to me for what the old man paid. They agreed. Now, Mrs. Prescott, what I'll do is this: I'll give you the first bid, at six hundred dollars, on that piece, and then if you don't like your bargain you can put it up for resale with the rest of the collection, and if you don't double your money I'll eat my hat."

### Mutilation to Order

Mrs. Prescott knew that he spoke the truth, and she clinched the bargain on the spot. The month previous she had put up for sale at auction on a fashionable Saturday afternoon in town an old chest for which she paid forty dollars; the antique hounds had boosted the price to two hundred and fifty, and the auctioneer had beamed down from his high seat with a jovial aside, "You're making money today, Mrs. P.!"

"Tell me," she asked casually as she blotted the check, "how much did your old Mr. G pay for that cupboard ten years ago?"

The dealer eyed her a moment in silence. "Seventy-five dollars. But that was a crime."

Mrs. Prescott laughed.

He showed us other treasures. "The trouble is"—he paused before a walnut highboy in the rough—"that the market's getting full of good-for-nothing trash. Some dealers will fake anything their customers ask for. The other day a woman came in here who wanted a highboy —— That's a modern word, you know; they used to call them high chests.

"Well, that woman wanted a highboy decorated with fan-shell carving. This, you see, has none, but it's a fine old piece nevertheless. She seemed to think, however, that since it didn't have the fan she'd it was a fake. That was her sole test of authenticity, you see. But there is no one test. An expert judges by the whole, by the spirit and feeling, and then confirms his judgment by details. But this woman would have none of my highboy. She went away. Some weeks later I dropped into an antique dealer's, and noted that a highboy, which I'd examined last summer for a client, was gone.

"'Sold your highboy, I see,' I remarked.

"'Yeah—sold it to Mrs. X.'

"'The deuce you did! But I thought she wanted one with fan-shell carving.'

"'Well, that one had fan-shell carving.'

"'Not when I last saw it,' I said, and I looked him hard in the eye. 'Guess you had that carving put on.'

"Well, he bluffed a little, but finally admitted it was so. He'd ordered his ... workman to carve the fan shells on. And he justified himself by saying that so many women liked the fan-shell decoration that he thought he'd just have to satisfy them! But the point I'm trying to make is this: These old pieces are just what they are—revelations, emanations of another age. They reveal to us the spirit, the character, the imagination of another day. That is their value, and if we're going to hack and mutilate and improve them according to everybody's whim, we might as well throw them back into the refuse dumps from which we've rescued them.

"Well," he concluded pessimistically, "I don't know as I care what they do. This business isn't what it used to be. What with the buyers in the rough trying to hog all the profits, and the dealers themselves putting out frauds, there's no place for an old fellow like me. The business is getting commercialized. It used to be a fine art."

Still grumbling, as if he had not just cleaned up more than five hundred dollars on a single sale, he saw us to the door.

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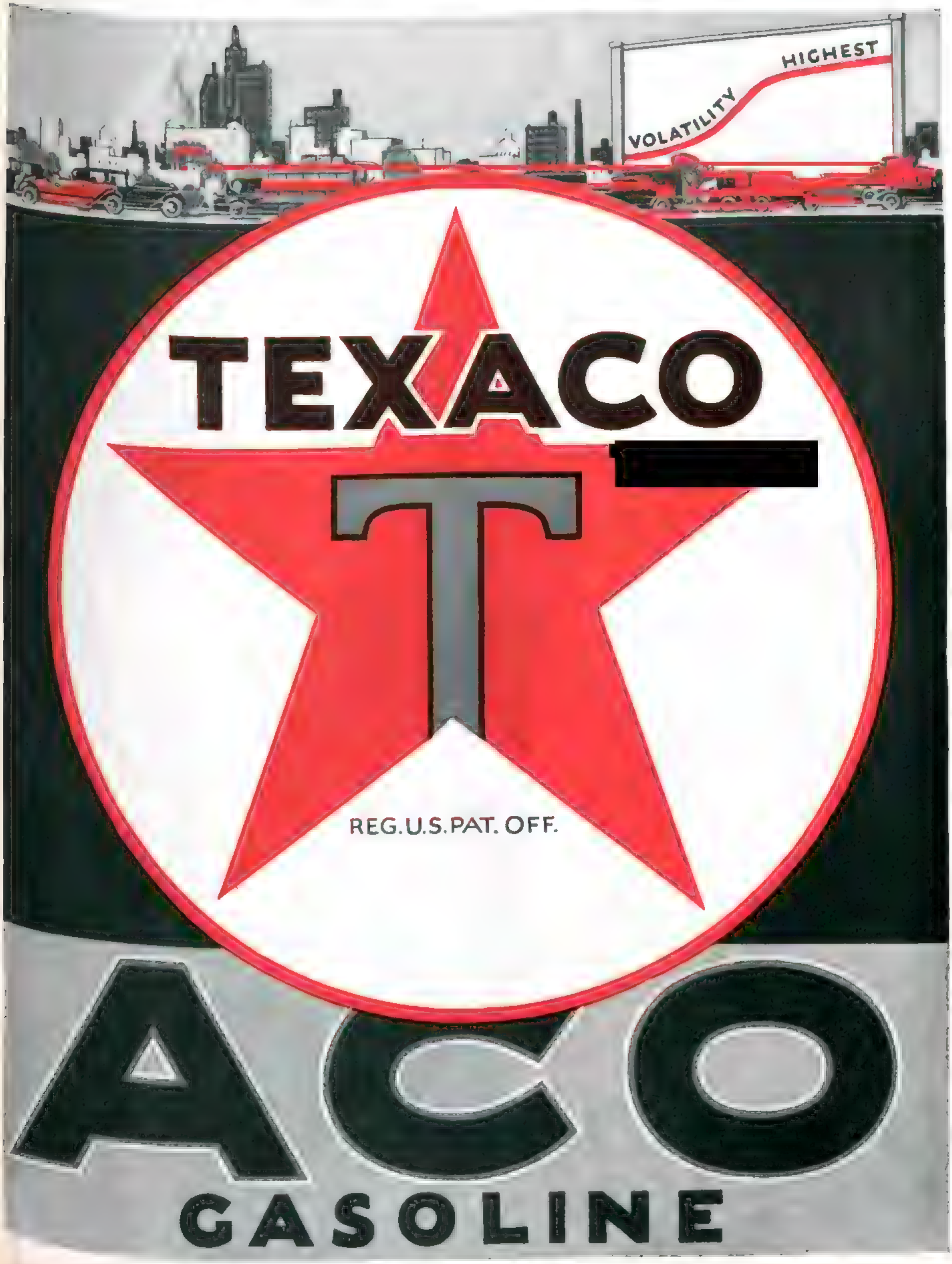
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# Music Master

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# BANKING AS IS BANKING

(Continued from Page 23)

Salome out to the mine and I sold him the Pile of old Pipe to use for Poles for his Telephone Line and he went ahead and put up the 32 miles of Pipe for Poles from here to the Mine and strung the Wire. When the Kid comes back a couple of weeks later he Rared around Something Awful when he found the Pile of Pipe gone and when I told him what I done with it he hired a couple of Mexicans and started digging up all the Telephone Poles made out of the Pipe to find Which One had his Money in. The foreman had set all the Pipes in Cement to make them hold good and by the time the Chuckawalla Kid had dug up 8 or 10 of the Poles the foreman come in from the mine to see what was the Matter with his Telephone Line—and him and the Kid had a fight and I had to Compromise it by making the Kid agree to Plant all the Poles again in Cement when he Got Through and found his money.

The Next Day someone come in from the mine and said as how a couple of men were at Work at the Other End of the Line digging up Poles too, so the Kid had to hire some more Mexicans to dig at Both Ends of the Line and in the Middle while he rode back and Forth the 32 Miles to Watch Them All, but he either couldn't or didn't watch them Close enough because they never did find the Pipe with the Money in it and if they did he never see it. It took him over a week to get all the Poles Dug up and two weeks more to get them Planted again and I had to loan him the money to buy the Cement and finish the Job and he ain't got it all Paid Back yet.

It was things like This made us start the Bank - and as Usual I had to do the Starting because Nobody else thought there would be Anything in it, at First—but this was One Time I Fooled them all—including Myself. I did a Lot of Figuring on it First so as to be Sure what I was doing as I didn't aim for this to be no Philanthropic Institution but a Regular Place of Business, to Take, Make and Keep Money—with Me playing the 3 Principal Characters—Taking, Making & Keeping. I figured there wasn't No Use in having too much Paid Up Capital, especially if I had to Dig Up the Capital and was going to Own the Bank, because the Less Capital the Bigger dividends I could Declare and Pay and the Main Thing to Look Out for was to Get Lots of Deposits.

I organized the Cow Boys, Miners & Mechanics Salome Safety Bank with a Paid Up Capital of $1,000 (One Thousand Dollars)—One Hundred Shares of $10 Each and had it Printed on the Face of the Certificates so there wouldn't be No Question about it and I bought all of the Certificates—100 of Them—from Myself. This was the Start—and I made a Pretty Good Start of it.

It was All on Paper yet and the Bank didn't have No Place of Business or any place to Keep any Money in and I didn't see No Sense in Taking Real Money out of one Pocket to put in my other pocket or Taking any Chances I didn't have to, so I Paid My Bank for My Stock with My Note for $1000.00, all made out in Regular Form, and I carried the Note around in my Other Pocket until the Bank could get a Safe Place to Keep its Money and Assets in.

I elected myself President & Cashier and Director and Chairman of the Loan Committee and give the Reptyle Kid 1 Share and made him a Director and Night Watchman and give Scar Faced Scroggs 1 Share and made him Vice President and a Director, so as to get the Cow Boys' Money. The Reptyle Kid was working for me in the Garage and Scroggs owed me Money, so I made them Endorse their Certificates over to Me, in case Anything Happened at Any Time.

This give us a Bank in Name Only—and Folks Waiting & Anxious to Put Money in, but no Place of Business—so I held a Meeting and Sold the Bank my old Adobe that I didn't have no use for, for $2,000, payable, $1000 Down and a mortgage for the Rest of it.

The Bank had my Note for $1000 that I had give it for all the Stock, so I Took Back the Note for the 1st Payment on the Old Adobe and marked it Paid and Tore it Up. This Left the Bank all Organized and with a Place of Business and Me Owning All the Stock and the Bank Owing Me $1000 on the Mortgage on the old Adobe. I'm Surprised that More Folks don't Start Banks. I guess they would if they Knew How Easy it Was.

All we needed now was Some Gold Signs on the Windows and a Safe to Keep the Money in—and Some Money to Keep in the Safe—but all this was Easy, with the Good Start I had Got.

I highgraded an old safe from the old Bonanza Mine which has been closed down for twenty-odd years and no one has had no use for since they didn't have no more Bullion to keep in it. Something was the matter with the Combination but it Looked Like Business from the Outside and the General Effect was Good, so we moved the Safe in where everybody could See it and kept the Money under a Loose Board in the Back Room under the Reptyle Kid's Bed—and there ain't Nobody going to Bother No Money the Reptyle Kid is Sleeping on Top of, even if they did know it was there, which Nobody didn't.

A Sign Painter come along on his Way from Iowa and Indiana to California with a Spring Broke and Him Too, like Lots of Other Tourists headed for the Land of Plenty of Town Lots & Subdivisions, Eternal Sunshine & Diurnal Disillusionments, and I Traded him a New Spring and 5 gallons of Laughing Gas for to repaint the Front of the Safe, some Gold Signs on the Outside Windows and some signs over the Take In and Let Out Windows inside the Bank. Boy, she Looked Swell when he got through —so Good I Almost Believed it Myself. The Reptyle Kid and Me had took the old Mahogany Bar out of the Rough Neck Saloon, which had been closed up since Volstead was Elected, and with it and parts of old automobiles we had Wrecked down at the Garage we made the Inside of the Bank look like Real Money. The old Mahogany Bar made a dandy counter and on top of it we rigged up Ornamental Brass & Iron Work with a couple of Windows to Attend to Business through and make us Look More Dignified & Businesslike—otherwise all the Customers that knows us So Well might not show us Proper Respect—which is the 2nd Principle of Successful Banking & Handling Other People's Money so as to make some Money out of it for Yourself. Always Make your customers Take their Hats Off and Step Soft and Sweat when they come into The Bank to Talk about Money—no matter if some of It is their Money that you are Taking Care of and Talking About.

They'll think more of you for it, Most of them.

Over the Big Take In Window we painted a Sign which said: "Put Your Money In Here. 4% Paid on Time Deposits. VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME." It didn't say on the Sign how Long you had to leave your Money in to get the 4%, but on the Inside of the Back Page of the little Customers' Books I had a little memorandum printed in small type which read: "Money Grows if you Give It a Chance. 4% Interest paid on all Money Left with us for 1 Year or More." We kept a Big Book at this window, called the Take In Book, and whenever anyone put any money In we always wrote it Down in this Book, excepting sometimes once in Awhile we would get to Talking and forget it—but this didn't Happen Very Often after we had got used to it.

At the little Let Out Window we kept a Little Book to Keep Track of what money we had to Let Out and over the Top of the Window we Painted a Sign which Says: "Ten Per Cent (10%) Charged on All Money Took Out of Here & If You Can't Pay, Don't Play."

With this all Done we had a Pretty Good Front—and with a Good Front you can generally Back Up most anything if you've Got the Nerve—and if you haven't Got Some Nerve you're Out of Luck Almost Anywhere you Go—especially trying to Run a Bank in a Town of 19 People like Salome—Where She Danced. It Beats All How Much Money you can Dig Up—or Get Others to Dig Up for you—in a little town like this, when someone Opens a Bank or a Poker Game or comes Along selling Life Insurance or Water Melons and Oil Stock or Guaranteed Bonded Goods. You may think Times is Hard and everybody Broke but You, and everybody Else is Thinking and Acting the Same—and all of a Sudden Something Comes Along or Happens, like a Circus or an Oil Stock Boom or the Elks' Convention in Los Angeles and everybody commences to Frisk themselves

*He Packs the Bank Roll Into the Back Room and Starts to Count It. It Took Us So Long We Didn't Get No Supper That Night*

Here's Blue Label Ketchup again-
with that same mellow, fresh tomato flavor you've never forgotten!

Not too spicy-
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What say
*we order a bottle now?*

Go kind of good with some frankfurters and sauerkraut tonight!

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and you Wonder where All the Money in the World Come from.

The Morning we opened up there was 14 People Waiting out in Front, besides 3 Tourists and 7 Natives of Buzzard's Roost who had Heard about the Bank Opening Up and come down Early to try and Borrow some of Salome's Money—and a Fat Chance They had of Getting Any of it—but some of those Folks will Try Anything. It looked Almost like Center Street in Phoenix in front of the Republican Office when Folks stands around for two or three Hours watching the Little Ball run all around the National League Ball Ground Bulletin waiting to see if the Little Ball will Drop Off the Board or Wondering What Holds It On. When we opened the Bank Doors for Business and Folks commenced Coming In and Giving Us their Money, I was Glad I had Opened the Bank—and the Further I got into the Banking Business the Funnier it Seemed to Me.

The Reptyle Kid almost had a Fight with Two or Three Folks, all Crowding around the Window and Trying to Get Theirs In First, like it was buying Tickets for the 1st Show at some Movie House before the Seats had all Got Full. I was so Busy for awhile I forgot to give some of them their Receipts and some of the Others that had never Done No Banking before or felt Nervous in the Presence of So Much Mahogany & Fixtures, including the Hand Cuffs & Ball & Chain & Steel Bars, they said Never Mind the Receipts and for Me to just Keep Track of it would be O. K. with them—which was O. K. for me as it Saved a Lot of Book Keeping in our 2 Books—the Take In book and the Let Out book. Before Noon I reckon we had almost All the Money in Town in the Bank, excepting that of 2 Folks that didn't Like Me and 3 that Owed Me some Money and was afraid to put any in My Bank—but I was More than Satisfied.

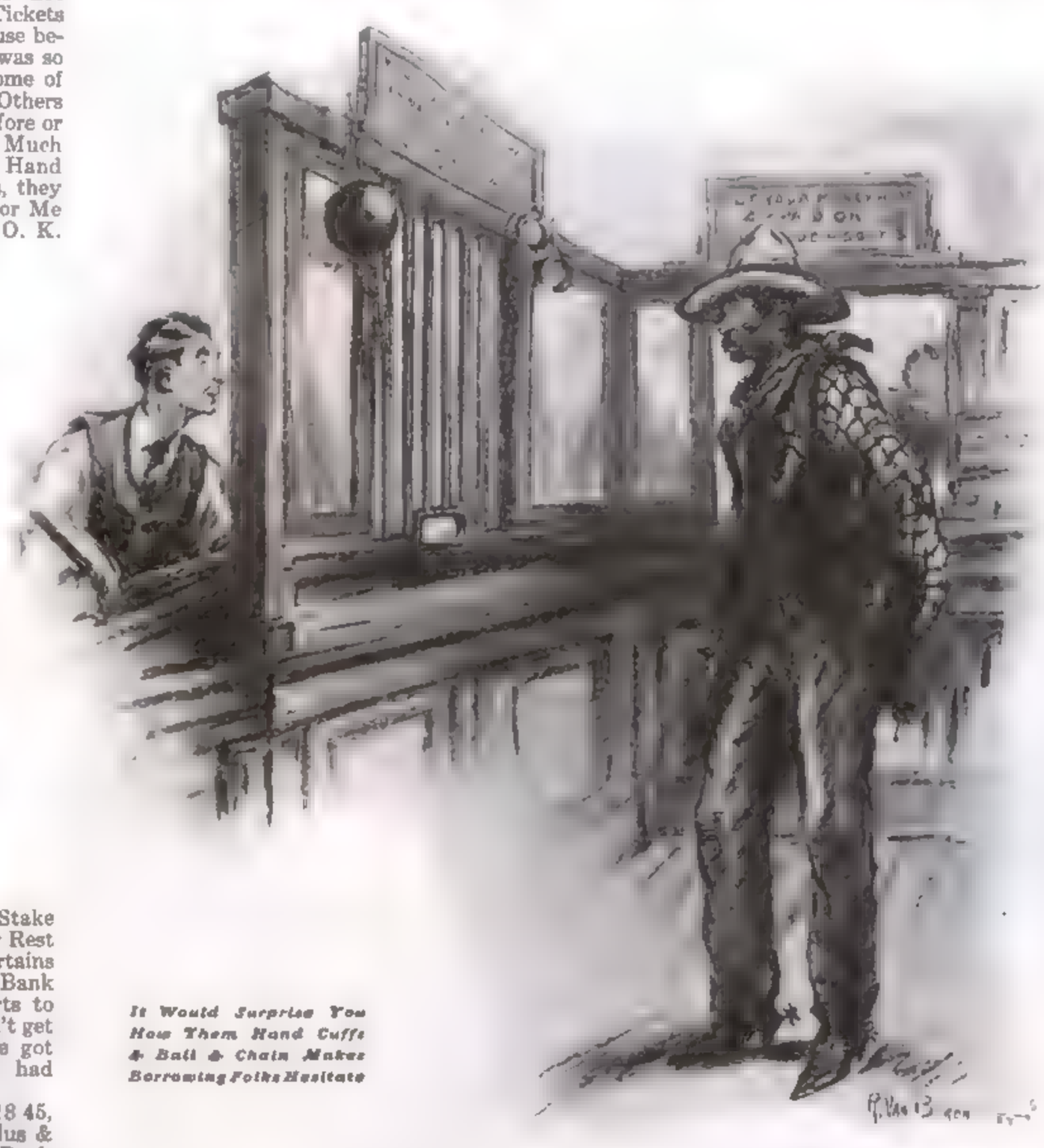
By the time Night come we had Over a Bushel Basketful of all Kinds of Money—more than the Reptyle Kid and Me ever saw in One Place at One Time before. Banking Looked like a Good Business—and I was Surprised I hadn't of Thought about it long Before this.

The Reptyle Kid asked me what was we Going to Do with all of it—and I said I'd be Dog Goned if I knowed What to Do, but Let's Count it first and see How Much it Was.

I figured it would be Handy to Have Around in case someone Started a Stud Poker Game over at Blarney Castle, which is the Dump where all the Live Irish Roost when Any of them have made a Good Stake out in the Hills and come to Town for Rest & Recreation. After pulling the Curtains all Down the Kid and Me packs the Bank Roll into the Back Room and starts to Count it. It Took us so long we didn't get No Supper that night, but when we got through counting we figured we had $4726.85 in Cash On Hand.

The Take In Book only showed $4318 45, which Left Us with $408.40 of Surplus & Undivided Profits for the 1st Day's Business—Not So Bad for a New Bank in a Little Town. Scar Faced Scroggs, the other Director, wasn't there that Day to help us Get Started, so Me and the Reptyle Kid held a Directors' Meeting and Declared a Dividend on the 1st Day's Business. I took the $400, me being the Largest Stockholder, and give the Kid the $8.40 for his Share, which he said was All Right with him if his Wages at the Garage for that Day run along as Usual—which was All right with Me, because we had done so Well at the Bank it didn't Matter Much about the Garage business that day. The $18.45 we Put in the Safe and the other $4300.00 we Hid under the Floor under the Reptyle Kid's Bed. The Banking Business Sure looked like a Good Thing that Night—with Me owning All the Stock in the Bank and the Bank in Good Running Order with $4318.45 in Cash On Hand and Me with $400 Cash profit for the 1st Day and the Bank Owing Me a Thousand Dollars on the Mortgage on the Building—and Me not Out Nothing A Tall. I wished Salome was a Little Bit Bigger Town.

The Next Day we didn't do No Business Much, because we had got About All the Money in Town the 1st Day and I see I had to get Busy and figure out some way to get Folks to Taking it Out and putting it In again and circulating it, so as I could make some Money out of It instead of just Keeping it to Look At. There wasn't enough Loose Money left in town to Start a Crap Game with and I thought Business was going to come to a Stand Still, the way Some Folks Sit in their Front Doors and Watched the Bank. I suggested to some of them that they Borrow some money at the Bank, but none of them could figure what For they would want to Pay the Bank 10% to Borrow Money for when they was Only getting 4% on What they Had in There—and I hadn't been in the Banking Business Long Enough Yet to Tell them Why Either. Finally I Sold Three different Folks a Share of Stock apiece at $25 a Share, which was Pretty Good Profit for Me and a Pretty Good Buy for them, as there was only 100 Shares in the Bank and over $4300.00 in it, or About $43 a Share for every Share—and the Bank only Running One day yet. No Telling how much it Might Make when it got to Going Good.



*It Would Surprise You How Them Hand Cuffs & Ball & Chain Makes Borrowing Folks Hesitate*

About all the business I done the first week, after the 1st Day's Big Business, was to cash a check on a Texas Bank for a Tourist who had broke down and run out of Ready Money and had to have his car fixed at My Garage—so I cashed his Check and made him Stay at the Blue Rock Inne, my Hotel, until I could hear from the Texas Bank whether his check was Good or Not, which took a Week to do, and by the time he had paid his Garage and Hotel Bill he was Broke Again and had to Cash Another Check and wait another Week until I could hear from the Bank in Texas again, which made Business pretty Good for the Blue Rock Inne.

It didn't take me Long to Wake up and see that there was Lots of Ways of Making Money if you have got a Good Bank and some Good Side Lines to work along with it and I see now How these Bankers in the Big Towns can smoke Big Cigars and Wear White Shirts and eat What they Want every day in the Week instead of Just Sundays like Other Folks. I'll just bet there's a Lot of Ways to make Money Banking that I haven't Found out about Yet—but I'm Learning a little more about Banking Every Day.

There wasn't enough Tourists coming through to make the Cashing Checks and Hotel Business good enough to Suit Me, and so many of them had traveler's checks which I only charged them 10% for Cashing—and a Lot of them Hollered like Hell about this, but I asked them how in the Devil did they expect me to Run a Bank and Make a Living in a Place Like this only cashing two or three traveler's checks a Day unless I charged at least 10% for doing it, and if they didn't like it to Keep their Checks and I would Keep My Money—but Most of them Had to have the Money. One fellow from Somewhere Back There where Tourists Come From got so Orey-eyed about it and leaned So Far through the Window starting to Tell Me what he Thought about Me and the Way I Run My Bank that I had to Drag him the rest of the way Through and Take his traveler's checks away from him and throw him Out the Back Door—and then he Made so Much Noise I had him Arrested for Disturbing the Peace and the Judge fined him Just as Much as the traveler's checks I took off of him amounted to—and Me and the Judge Divided the Pot. A Good Banker can Always Find New Ways of Making Money—in a Live Town like Salome.

Business got to dragging along, with Nobody putting much Money in the Bank, only Just a little every day, what they was taking in, and no Good Poker Games going on because about all the Money in Town was in the Bank, so I got hold of Poker Joe and the Chuckawalla Kid one afternoon and ribbed them up to start a Stud Game that night at the Hotel, in the dining room of the Blue Rock Inne, so as any Tourists who was Present might take the Notion to Join In. I agreed to Stake the Boys and give them a Third of the Winnings if they would act Carelesslike but Play Careful, which was agreeable to them, so I took and give them a Couple of Hundred Dollars apiece out of the Bank, to make a Good Flash with and they went down to the Hotel and sit down to a table like they was waiting for Supper and commenced to matching Dollars.

Pretty soon a likely looking Tourist come in and ordered Supper and got to watching them matching Dollars while he was waiting for his Supper and his Curiosity got the Best of him and he says Let Me In if you don't mind, so they made it 3 Handed and the Odd Man took the 2 Dollars from the other two every time. He didn't have Much Luck, just enough to Tease Him on, because Poker Joe and the Chuckawalla Kid understood each other Pretty Well and most of the time, when the Kid would show Tails Joe would show Heads and Vice Versus, so that no matter what the Tourist showed he would have the same as either Joe or the Kid and one of them would be Odd Man and Get the Money. Once in awhile they would both show Heads or Tails and let the Tourist Win a Bet to keep him Interested. They started in at a Dollar a Time but after the Tourist lost quite a Lot he raised it to $5 and then $10, trying to Get Even—and by the time his Supper was Ready he had to Borrow enough from Poker Joe to pay for his Supper, which made another Good Customer for the Blue Rock Inne, as he had to Cash a Check on a Missouri Bank the next day and wait around for Ten Days until My Bank could get a Letter from His Bank. You would think that a Tourist from Missouri would have sense enough to Know that he couldn't come a way out here away from Home and Take any Money away from Us Folks that Lives here, Matching Dollars or any other Game of Skill—but they have to get away from Home to Learn.

Traveling is a Education for some Folks. Some of them Ought to Travel More than they do.

After winning the Tourist's Money Matching Dollars, Joe and the Kid started a Stud Game, playing Single Handed, just the Two of them and Losing Back and forth to make it Interesting for the Onlookers.

By the time Supper was over the Boys around Town had heard about the game, and commenced to Dropping in, and when they see the Big Rolls that Joe and the Kid had in front of them and the way they was Betting and winning Big Pots off each other, most all the Local Live Ones wanted to Get In the Game—but they didn't none of them have enough Cash Money to Buck the Rolls which Joe and the Kid have, on account of nearly all the money in Town being in the Bank.

Pretty Soon they commenced to coming to me and wanting to Know How About getting a Little Money out of the Bank.

I felt it my Duty as a Banker to warn them, of course, how Foolish it was to Draw Money out of the Bank where it was earning 4% in Safety, just to Gamble with, and told them I would have to charge them 10%, deducted in Advance, for all they drawed out, and being as it was Night Time and after Banking Hours there would be an Extra Charge of 5% for Overtime, opening up the Bank at Night that way, unless they wanted to wait until Morning—but it wasn't no Use Talking to them or Giving them Good Advice. They said a Good Stud Poker Game don't wait for Nobody and when a Miner or a Cow Boy or almost Anybody Else wants to Gamble, they Wants to Gamble no Matter what it costs, so I opened up the Bank and Loaned out $2700.00 that Night, less 10% Deducted in Advance and 5% for Overtime, which made it $85 in Cash I give them for every $1,000 I charged them with, and the Bank—which is Mostly Me—Earned $270 Interest and $135 Overtime. Not So Bad for 1 Night's Business in a Little Town.

After the Boys had got out what Money they Wanted and had Signed Up for it so as there wouldn't be No Arguments the Next Day, after they had Lost it, I went Back and Set in the Game myself, to see that everybody got a Square Deal and No Tourist Got Away with any Salome Money. You can't always tell about some of these Tourists that look like the Devil and Play Poker to Beat Hell—and I figure it's part of a Banker's Duty to try and Keep the Money at Home and circulating around here where we can All of Us Get a Chance at it from time to time.

(Continued on Page 118)

SIX-ROOM HOUSE NO. 631 Courtesy of American Face Brick Association

One of the 154 small Face Brick houses for which complete building plans are available at nominal cost. Home-builders have purchased more than 3000 sets of these plans in four years.

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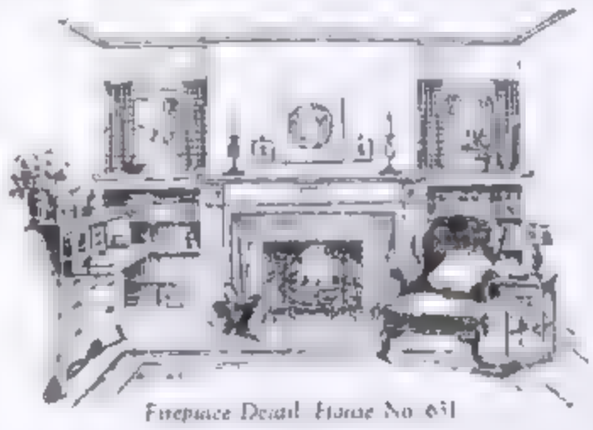

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(Continued from Page 114)

It was a Pretty Good Game we had that night, Me and Poker Joe and the Chuckawalla Kid and a couple of Tourists that had dropped in on their way to the Coast and two or three of the Boys; seven or eight handed most of the time and More standing around waiting for others to Go Broke so as they would drop out and Let Them in to do the Same. The Tourists didn't Last Long after the Boys around Town commenced to get in and Boost the Game. Stud Poker is a Pretty Fast Game when you make it that way and when you've got a Tourist in the Game it's a Good Plan to Play Fast and Clean 'em Quick before they Get away. It don't matter so much about the Boys around Town because they are Always Here and you can get their money Any Time—whenever they have got Any. The Boys have a sort of Gentlemen's Working Agreement to Play together and get His Money First whenever there is a Tourist in the Game so as to keep it in Town where we can All get a Chance at it sooner or later.

Along about the Proper Bed Time for Tourists, Poker Joe was Dealing and he Give the Tourist that had the Most Money an Ace in the Hole and the other Tourist a King and then the 1st Card Up he give the 1st Tourist another Ace and the 2nd Tourist another King and they Bet $10 and everybody dropped out excepting the Chuckawalla Kid, who had a 9 Spot in Sight. The Next card the 1st Tourist got a Jack and the 2nd Tourist got a Queen and the Kid got a Deuce and $25 was Bet, which the Kid just Called. The Next Card the 1st Tourist got a six Spot and the 2nd one a Eight and the Chuckawalla Kid got another Deuce, making him with a Pair of Deuces in Sight. Both the Tourists Passed it Up to the Kid and he Bet $50 and the 1st Tourist Raised him Fifty More and the 2nd Called and the Kid Raised him a $100 and they both Called him. The Last Card the 1st Tourist got another Jack and the 2nd one another Queen and the Kid only got a Lousy Little 4 Spot and the 1st Tourist Bet All he Had Left—$116—and the 2nd one called him for what he had left, only $38, and the Chuckawalla Kid covered the Bets and the 1st Tourist Laughed and turned over his Hole Card, a Big Ace, and Started to Rake in the Pot with his Pair of Aces and Pair of Jacks. The 2nd Tourist turned over his King, making him a Pair each of Kings and Queens, and then the Chuckawalla Kid turned over his Hole Card, only a Little Deuce, but making him Three Deuces, which Wins the Pot and Sends the Tourists to Bed where they Belonged—but What the Wife of One of them Said before Retiring would make a Dictionary of All the Words old Noah Webster Left Out of His. I never Did like to see the Women Folks hanging Around where the Men is Gambling and Attending to Business

Both these Tourists and their Wives had to Stop at the Blue Rock Inne for over 2 Weeks while they cashed Checks on Banks back in Massachusetts & Ohio—and I never did Hear so Much Conversation in All My Life. You would think they had Lost Over Ten Thousand Dollars instead of about seven or Eight Hundred all told, to hear them Women Talk. One of them Used to Wake her Husband up in the Night to Tell Him about it and ask him Why didn't you Do This and What For did you Do That You Big Boob until other folks trying to Sleep in the Hotel would have to Holler out Lady Let Him and the Rest of Us Sleep Tonight and Bawl him Out tomorrow.

I'll bet his Grandchildren Some Day will hear about Him Trying to Play Stud Poker out in Salome, Arizona—Where She Danced.

Well, to Make a Long Story Short we played until just Before Breakfast Next Morning and when we Quit the Chuckawalla Kid & Poker Joe had All the Money and the Rest of the Boys had Had a Good Time and Something to Talk About for awhile. I always Figure it Looks Better for Me to Lose a Little in the Game and not Win None—Because I Always Get Mine in the End. After Breakfast Joe and the Kid come up to the Bank with Me and we Divided Up the $3826.50 we had Taken In, which made $1275.50 for Joe and the Kid to Divide between them for their Share, and Left Me, or the Bank, a Profit of $2551.00 for doing the Financing. This, with the $405 Interest & Overtime earned the Night Before made a Total of Almost Three Thousand Dollars that the Bank had Earned in the Last Twenty-four Hours not So Bad for a Bank with a Paid Up Capital of Only $1000.00. A Good Wide Awake Banker can Always find Ways & Means of Making his Bank Earn a Good Profit if he don't Get Lazy and Sleep on the Job. I see Now why they have opened up the All Day & Night Banks in the Big Towns. The Big Bankers is Getting Wise to the Big Money Earned at Night.

After I had had a Little Sleep and done some figuring that after Noon I see it was Time to Declare another Dividend out of all this Surplus & Undivided Profits, so the Next Day I called in the Reptyle Kid and Scar Faced Scroggs and held a Directors' Meeting and we declared a Cash Dividend of $25 a Share, or $2500 all told for the 100 Shares—95 of Which was Mine and 1 each of the Reptyle Kid, Scar Faced Scroggs and 3 Other Folks I had sold them to for $25 a Share. When these Folks got a Cash Dividend of $25 a Share on the Bank Stock they had only Paid $25 a Share for less than Two Weeks before, it made A Lot of Talk around Town and Everybody wanted to Buy some of My Bank Stock and was offering as High as $100 a Share and More, trying to get the 5 Shares that was Out besides Mine.

It didn't take me Long to see that I could make some Quick Money selling Bank Stock which hadn't Cost me Nothing and which had Already Earned me $29 a Share in Cash, besides the Big Boost for my Hotel business, so I passed the Word around that I would Sell a Few Shares Only to Representative Citizens.

Everybody in Town must have thought that they Represented Something, because they all Come to me on the Quiet and explaining how they Ought to be let have More Shares than someone else, so I let out a Share here and 5 Shares there and 10 Shares to this Fellow and 3 Shares to that one, at an Average of $110 a Share. It kept me Busy making out New Certificates and the 2nd Night, when I come to Figure up, I had Sold a Hundred and Nine Shares which was 14 Shares More than I owned and 9 Shares more than there was in the Bank. I Almost overplayed my Hand that time. At first I thought I would Increase the Capital to 200 Shares but this would take so much Red Tape I decided to Let Well Enough Alone and be Satisfied with a Good Profit, so I took the 2 Shares the Reptyle Kid & Scroggs had and then I had to have Poker Joe go out around and buy up 12 More Shares for me to Get the Bank Back Inside of its Corporate Clothes. It cost me on an average about $165 a Share to get these 12 Shares Back and you can Bet I was sure Glad when I got them and Tore them Up so as there would only be 100 Shares Out all told.

This left me without any Stock, so I had to call a Stockholders' Meeting and have them Elect a New Board of Directors & Officers and turn everything over to them—which wasn't Much, as everybody had drawed out all the Money they had in the Bank to Buy Stock with, so all there was to Turn Over was the Bank Building and the Fixtures and Appurtenances and two new Take In and Let Out books. I thought I had better keep the old ones, as everybody had drawed out all they had put in, less the usual 10% and some 5% Overtime, and it would Look Better to start the New Officers in with New Books and make a Clean Start. Black Jack Sullivan, who was elected the New President and runs the Pool Hall, wanted to resign and said it was a Hell of a Bank when he found there wasn't No More Money in it, but I told him it was just as Good as it was the Day it was Born and he had the Same Chance to Make Money Running it as Me. Things looked kind of Dubious for awhile at the Meeting so I withdrew, not being a Stockholder No More and having no Right to attend the Meetings.

The Bank didn't do so well after I got Out of it. The Boys who was elected Officers all had other work to Look after and none of them seemed to know what to do, and there wasn't No Money to do Nothing with and Folks was a little Afraid of putting any more money in it, when money was so scarce on account of Most of them using up all the Cash Money they had had to buy the Bank Stock from Me with. The President & Cashier got Tired of setting around all day looking at the Fixtures and the Empty Safe and nobody coming in to leave any Mopey, so it wasn't very long until he quit opening up the Bank every day—and inside of three months they let it stay Closed all the time. When My Mortgage on the Building come Due I had to take the building Back for what the Bank owed Me—and everybody in Town seemed Glad of it.

Some of the Folks is After Me to Start Up the Bank Again, but I don't know I ain't spent all the Money I made yet and there ain't Much Use Working and Worrying to Make some More when you can't Spend what you've Got, is There? I had a Pretty Good Time though, and if Time gets to Hanging Heavy on my Hands and some Good Sign Painter comes Along so as I can change the Name of the Bank and have some New Gold Signs painted on the Front, maybe I will have some More Stock Certificates printed and Start another Bank in Salome.

I think I'll have 500 Five Hundred Shares this time, instead of 100, so as to Have Plenty of Stock Right from the Jump Off. I'm Learning. Gradually.

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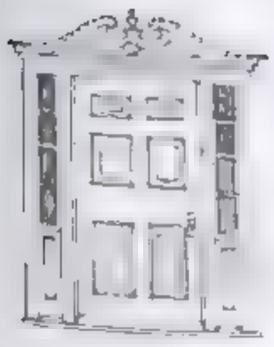
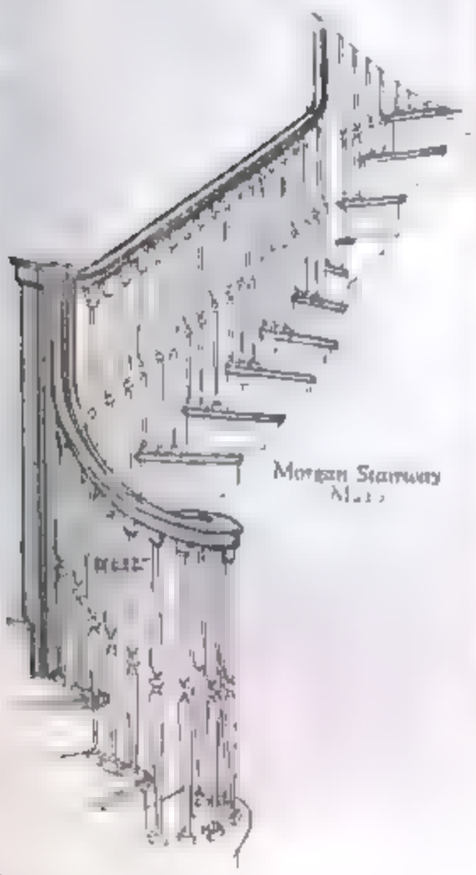
*Mount Baker, Washington, From Chain Lakes*



Morgan Entrance M508

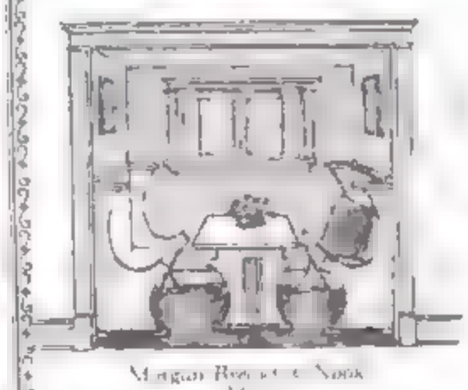


Morgan Stairway M333

Main Floor Plan

Morgan Plan Suggestion No. 16A

"There is no added cost for Morgan-Quality"



Morgan Breakfast Nook M...

Morgan Mirror Door M888

# Unwisely chosen furniture may be easily discarded-not so with *woodwork*

WHAT THE SPECIFICATIONS CALL FOR YOU MUST LIVE WITH FOR YEARS

Morgan China Case M375

Joyfully, for months and months, you plan your new home. Eagerly and enthusiastically, you study types of building—exterior finishes—roofing effects—room arrangements.

Now—how much time are you going to devote to the woodwork—the right kind of an entrance—the stairway, bookcases, china closet, mantel, cabinets, breakfast nook, to say nothing of the doors and trim?

These are items that should be selected with care. They are character marks that play an important part in the beauty, the comfort and the convenience of the home.

Under the general term of "woodwork," many home builders are content to let these important fixtures ride through the specifications. But those who *know*, consider differently. They realize that once in place the die is cast. They understand that woodwork cannot be torn out or remodeled or made over, except at great expense.

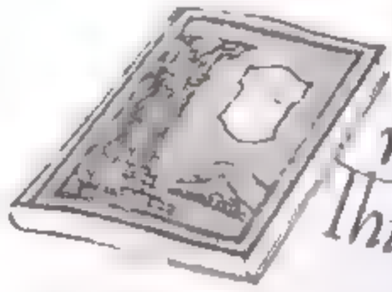
Therefore, they are careful to specify their woodwork by name. And in many thousands of instances it is "Morgan-Quality." They insist upon having the genuine with this well-known quality mark stamped on every piece—MORGAN.

To those familiar with the products of this concern, the name Morgan stands for (1)—Over 60 years of woodworking experience. (2)—A great organization of master craftsmen, factories and the most modern woodworking equipment. (3)—Vast acreages of timber, supplying lumber at lowest cost. (4)—A perfected system of Standardized Manufacturing which reduces "quality" production cost to a minimum. (5)—Highest standards, rigidly maintained through three generations of service to the home owner.

Morgan Fireplace M514

Due to the tremendous volume of our production and the modern methods employed, "Morgan-Quality" woodwork is surprisingly inexpensive.

When you are ready call upon the Morgan dealer. He will gladly help you. In the meantime it will pay you to have a copy of our book, "Building with Assurance." Thousands of home owners, builders and architects recommend it. Read the description to the right and send the coupon for prospectus which tells how you may secure a copy.



## *Before you build your new home get this* 440-page Master Book on Home Building

"Building with Assurance" (Second Edition) contains the information you need to help you cut costs, save time and avoid mistakes.

"BUILDING WITH ASSURANCE"
*indorsed by over 15,000 authorities*

This great book shows page after page of homes of all types in colors—with floor plans. The home illustrated above, for example, with complete floor plans, will be found on page 39. In addition, you get help on room arrangement, interior decoration, floor coverings, lighting, heating, plumbing and landscaping.

*Mail coupon for prospectus*

"Building with Assurance" is not for general distribution. It is for earnest home lovers. Our prospectus tells all about it—shows beautiful homes in color, with floor plans. The prospectus is gladly sent to those who mail the coupon.

211

*Address nearest office, Dept. N. 2.*

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Gentlemen: I am a home lover, so please send me at once a copy of your beautiful prospectus which describes "Building with Assurance."

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Look for that mark on every Morgan Product

# "MORGAN-QUALITY"
STANDARDIZED WOODWORK

MORGAN WOODWORK ORGANIZATION

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MORGAN MILLWORK COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.; Jersey City, N. J., Greensboro, N. C.

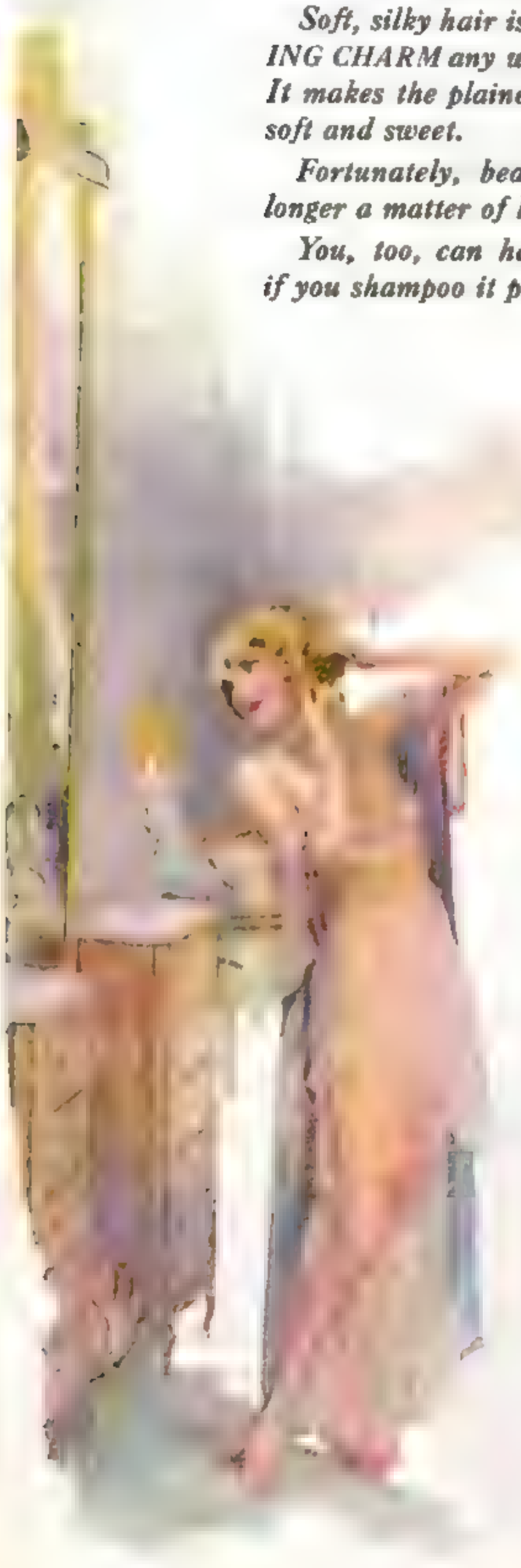
# *Your Whole Appearance depends upon Your Hair*

***Without beautiful, well-kept hair, you can never be really attractive.***

***Soft, silky hair is the most ALLURING CHARM any woman can possess. It makes the plainest features appear soft and sweet.***

***Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.***

***You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.***



PROPER shampooing is what makes your hair soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color, and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

### *A Simple, Easy Method*

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, fresh, warm water. This is very important.

### *Just Notice the Difference*

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky. The entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for children—fine for men.*

**Mulsified**
**Cocoanut Oil Shampoo**

# MEET THE COOK

Continued from Page 22

*She Demanded and Employed the Equipment of a Chef*

bedded down. Hattie Bunts, notable for camphorated headaches and a gingery tongue, called her an emissary of Mohammed and Brigham Young.

The cobbler reposed, an edible island in a sea of sirup, on a great circular platter, itself a treasure from a closet of Nankin dishes. It was a gigantic ring of ivory whiteness touched with oozing spots of brown and embossed with translucent quarters, halves, rhomboids and teardrops of pear, so cooked that a topaz alone could equal them in russet glory. These jewels, mounting to the center, fell over into a well of unthinkable richness. Being cut, the slice, traditionally served in a soup plate, revealed an inner stratum of something dark as agate, slightly grained and resembling butterscotch—the deepest secret of this culinary wonder. With it went cream, unsweetened, and whipped just enough so that it would still pour. Because the cream was not whipped to a tasteless fluff, but only to the exact point where its body is sufficient to guarantee that it will not sog the pastry, it added to the pears the fleeting aroma only to be had in ancient grain bins, or the breath of cows—a thing abstractly compressed in Mary-call-the-cattle-home. To the cobbler itself there was a flavor exactly the essence of pears that have sunwarmed on the orchard floor and have begun to cool at evening.

In casting all possible glamour about this recollected delicacy we have omitted only the incidental music. There wasn't any, unless the distant ground swell of ocean rolling in from Point Judith, a bourdon of sound on which the whole *sinfonia domestica* of dishes, silver, voices, the dog, the clock and Asher's asthma played the upper tones, may be taken as something quite equal to the newer music. At any rate, the above is just about what people have in mind when they glorify the feasts that were. Associated values all poured in one direction to prove the utter lusciousness of what they are drooling to taste again. Was the pear cobbler all we thought it? A French chef is a good jury in such a matter.

It is a far cry from Esther Stillman's kitchen and a lapse of years to the office of a chef premier twelve floors above the pedestrian level of New York. To that Olympian, almost impenetrable lair of Monsieur d'Alençon you might take the apples of the Hesperides, and he would hurl them out the window if they disappointed him. He guessed the whole secret right away. But he finished a large portion of the pear cobbler first, and Buttons had sidled out with the tea cart and shut the door before *le grand maître* spoke. Then he leaned back, tapped the fingers of one hand with a pencil, gazed at the top of the sky, the middle of the sky and the smoke screen over Brooklyn—I thought he was trying to look over to France, where, perhaps, in a rose-clad cottage of the long ago some dear dead auntie of his own had dwelt, and was preparing to put a clamp on my tear ducts when he almost spoke. No, it was only a passing display of excellent dentition. You have to do all this before delivering opinion if you have a Vandyke beard and are a doctor, a dentist, a chef, or a Secretary of State. Finally he swiveled around and drew open the bottom drawer of his desk for a foot rest

### The Secret Discovered

"Simply another proof," he began, "of my contention that the American cuisine never stood in need of outside inspiration. Had tradition here been assured to the generation by an *institut* or a *société*—ah, well your aunt had the flair, the ineffable. It's all in the method. *Bien!* A merely stewed pear is an insipid thing—flat, slippery. A baked pear? What? Delicious but detestable as to the texture of the skin. You baked the skins with stems and cores, did you not, in a pan, by themselves?"

"*Oui, monsieur, et bien sucrées*"—for a touch of French makes the whole cuisine kin.

"From them you derived a highly flavored sirup in which you stewed the slices. Then you made a purée of the pieces that went mushy in the cooking, reduced them with the dark sirup and with cream to a sort of candy. Something between a *nougat* and a fudge for this mysterious inner layer."

So there you have it. He guessed even that—the inner core of the old secret! He went on at length to the effect that pears and quinces, apples—everything of their family—have their flavor near the skin and that if they must be peeled in cooking the flavor of the peels should somehow be returned to them. Probably the Chinese practiced exactly such methods about the time Europeans were bruising their wives with stone hatchets. Peaches, of course, come to us in their summer flannels. They are another matter, and take flavor from the stone, whose inner chamber hides the quality of prussic acid.

D'Alençon said nothing of the shortcake. That, even with all the appliances of a hotel kitchen, I could not hope to make quite what it was under Esther's magic hand.

If there was ever any discussion as to serving cobbler or shortcake—all the fruit-bearing dumplings—in soup plates to accommodate an inundation of cream, Rhode Islanders never joined in it. They stopped their mouths with the article in question and let the parsimonious world scrape around on a dessert plate if it must. All the fashion of Newport has been trailing these twenty years across the bay to a place in old King's County where, well ahead of the tea-house game, a born native served shortcakes—strawberry, blackberry, peach—in this abundant go-the-limit fashion. She retired worth a million—of friends.

Artists are not eccentric enough these days. Self-control has become so rampant that even our leading prima donnas furnish no frenzied copy, and it is a satisfaction, in detailing certain dishes that have survived in some quarters and have the simplicity of Federal days, to dwell upon one glorious cook who turned cussedness into cash, cooked with the abandon of a virtuoso and built up a following of awe-struck faithful patrons. An awful bell jangled far to the rear of his little restaurant when the innocent visitor ventured within. A voice that would go beautifully in a pirate play bawled from the penetralia, "Nothin' doin'! Get out! 'Tain't ready!"

Then a panel in the wall where dishes could slide through to a sink would open to frame a visage, iron-gray and of appalling severity.

"If you're one o' these fools that's got to eat between meals, there's two pies in the show case. One's cut. The other's mince and ain't cut. If you stick knife into that one, I'll stick a knife in you. Whatcha standin' there for? Didn't your mother teach you to sit down? That shelf ain't for hats; it's for catchup bottles. Don't you see them pegs in the wall? If you wait, there's Philadelphia fries and johnnycakes and—— What? Potato salad? Cold swill! Is that your idea of food? Well, stay sat then."

Bang! The panel shut. Coal hods rattled. Something went splash out the window, over the wharf and into the water.

And if you did wait, you could look out across a lumberyard, down the alley between towering coal pockets to the harbor, or out the door to a wide street laden with market trucks and littered with wholesale discard of the fruit and vegetable mart of New England. Freight cars gaped their sides by a cavernous warehouse and men bore into its shade bunches of green bananas.

You wondered which one of them would feel something cool go sliding down his shoulder. For in the pent-up office next door was a big display of things in alcohol that come with the bananas from Costa Rica—tarantulas, fer-de-lances, coral cobras, green-palm vipers, roped and coiled jewels to make you dream of tropic islands.

Buck Mullet? Did he cook for the navvies? Yes—if they wiped their feet at the door and would stand for correction, insult, castigation. Chiefly big-paunched brokers, florid persons in conservative gray, with reindeer watch fobs, lean internes from the Marine Hospital, silent physicians and other professional men. A newcomer was always welcomed by the crowd because of his initiation—the thundering Buck, the flood of caustic soda. Yet with his oldest friends he was ever censorious.

### Temperamental Buck

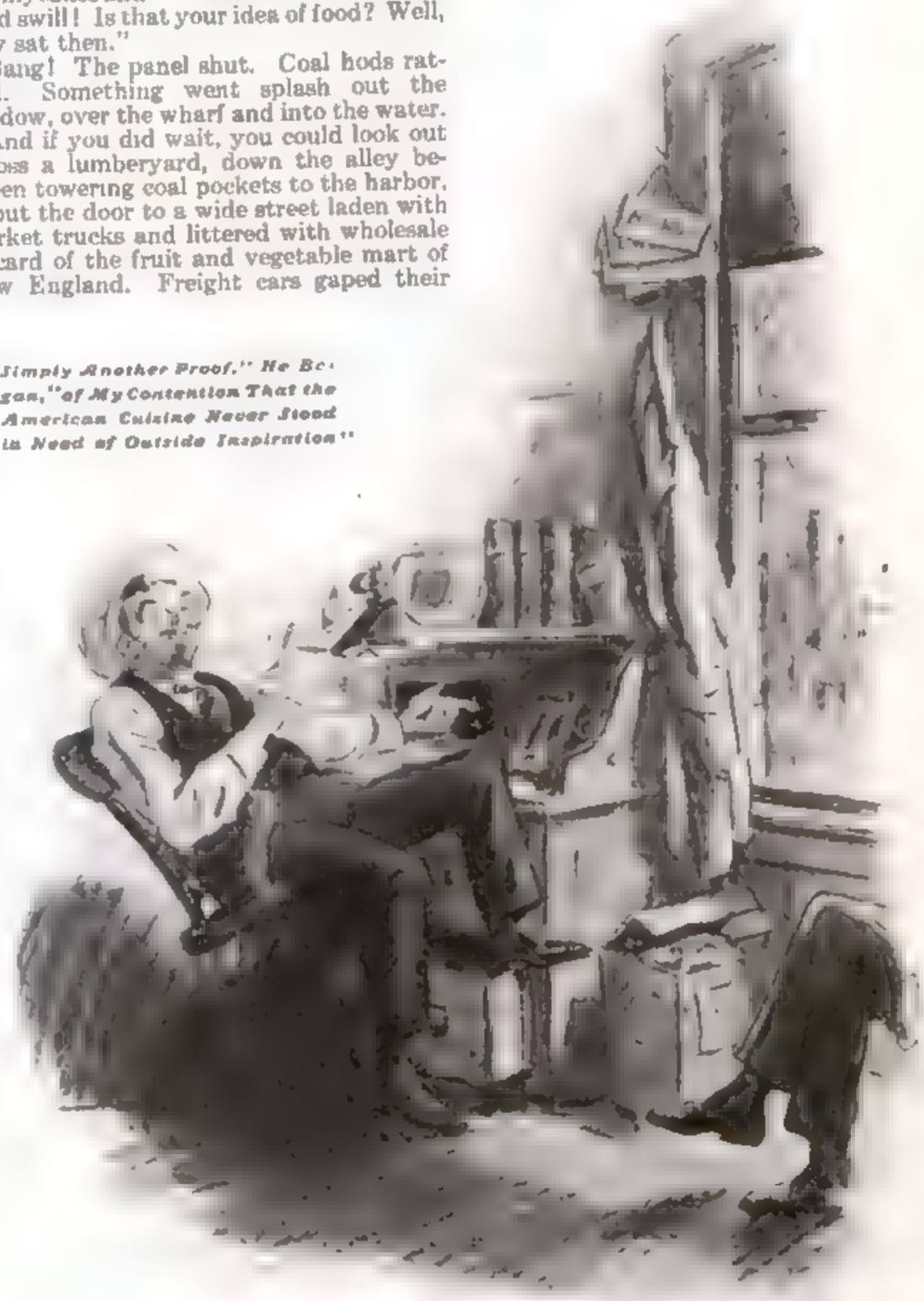
"You insult me again by wiping that table with a paper napkin an' I'll throw you out the door. No; if you ever ask for chowder again on Monday, it'll be the end of you in this place. Want I should tell you the day of the week? Ain't you learned to read? Whatcha teachin' school for?"

This was not play-acting, for he could bundle a customer out of the place, neck and crop. A person whose taste ran to the unspeakable perversion of clam chowder with tomatoes came, learned his lesson and never returned.

Buck's chowder, the classic thing, odorous only of sea breeze, a whiff of onion and a touch of potato, had made him famous in a dozen clubs along the shore before ever he went into business.

To tamper with that chowder? Perish the thought! Did Moses require salt and pepper for the manna in the wilderness? The newcomer was caught, *in flagrante delicto*,

(Continued on Page 124)



*"Simply Another Proof," He Began, "of My Contention That the American Cuisine Never Stood in Need of Outside Inspiration"*

# Home Lighting

## *Julia S. Groo of Portland, Ore.* wins the $15,000 Electrical Home

This home is the first prize in the Home Lighting Contest which was a cooperative educational activity sponsored by the electrical industry of the United States and Canada.

By taking part in it and studying their Home Lighting Primers, 2,000,000 school children from 4,784 communities in the United States and Canada brought the knowledge of how to correctly use electric light into their homes and the homes of two friends.

These children, their families and friends now know that electric light correctly placed and shaded, conserves eyesight, beautifies the home and promotes better health.

Of the 2,000,000 children that took part in the Home Lighting Contest, 45,000 won local prizes. The international awards include ten university scholarships, 1,000 distinguished essay medals, and the first prize won by Miss Julia S. Groo—the $15,000 Electrical Home.

### *International Prize Winners*

FIRST PRIZE
JULIA S. GROO,
87 North 23rd Street, Portland, Oregon.
Age 18, $15,000 Model Electrical Home.

SECOND PRIZES
GAUDENCIO R. PINAROC,
451 Elwood Avenue, Oakland, California.
Age 16, $1200 University Scholarship
DOROTHY LATHE,
Aylmer, East Quebec, Canada.
Age 10, $1200 University Scholarship

THIRD PRIZES
JOHN PATTEN CRAWFORD,
1226 West Walnut Street, Kokomo, Indiana.
Age 14, $600 University Scholarship.
LUCILE BREWER,
Gainesville, Georgia.
Age 17, $600 University Scholarship

FOURTH PRIZES
JOE KELLY,
839 East Washington Street, Martinsville, Indiana.
Age 14, $600 University Scholarship.
IRENE KLINE,
274 State Street, Lowville, New York.
Age 14, $600 University Scholarship.

FIFTH PRIZES
ROSWELL EDWARD BRETT,
937 Gotham Street, Watertown, New York.
Age 16, $300 University Scholarship.
MARY W. HOLMAN,
Huntsville, Missouri.
Age 17, $300 University Scholarship.

SIXTH PRIZES
EVERETT EHLER WIGGER,
40 North Main Street, West Alexandria, Ohio.
Age 17, $300 University Scholarship.
ELEANOR KATHLEEN LINK,
58 Aurora Street, Lancaster, New York.
Age 17, $300 University Scholarship

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

# Contest Winners

## The Winning Essay

### A Well Lighted Home

We do not keep a horse and buggy simply because our father had one. Instead, we use the new and more serviceable means of travel. The man in the office, the factory manager, the contractor all continually strive to find labor saving devices. They do away with antiquated apparatus and replace it with machines for increasing output. Greater production by the individual is a demand of the times.

Yet when these same men reach their homes the thoughts of advanced methods and convenience seem left behind. They retain lighting equipment which was probably considered the best when it was installed but which is now obsolete because of the developments in the industry and the knowledge of proper lighting learned from experience and investigation.

Careful thought was given to the lighting of our house and has resulted, I believe, in our having a well lighted home. It is well lighted since each fixture was selected to provide sufficient light where it might be needed. A center light gives general illumination, while portable lamps placed by easy chairs, for reading or sewing, bring the light directly where desired. A shade in harmony with the fixture and the room covers each bulb but all are dense enough to prevent glare or eyestrain. Some are glass, some are silk and some are parchment, each being adapted to its surroundings. The basement shades are metal.

Small bulbs are used in decorative lamps to prevent annoying bright spots; frosted bulbs, where there is a possibility of their being seen with discomfort. Portable lamps are placed on each side of the mirror on the dressing tables and brackets on each side of the bath-room mirror to illuminate the features on both sides, thus avoiding shadows. The shades prevent a bright light from being reflected into the eyes.

Each room has bulbs in excess of one watt per square foot and since the walls are light, very little light is absorbed by them, thus avoiding the necessity of larger bulbs.

The center fixture in the living room has two 150 watt bulbs. There are two floor lamps and one table lamp, each containing two 40 watt bulbs. The brackets over the mantel and two small decorative lamps each have a 15 watt bulb. Four single convenience outlets permit rearranging the furniture.

A fixture with four 40 watt bulbs hangs 26 inches above the dining room table while 15 watt candles are at each side of the buffet. A double convenience outlet is under the table and another by the buffet.

Our kitchen is lighted by a 150 watt ceiling fixture with a 40 watt lamp over the sink. Appliances may be attached to a double convenience outlet.

Each of the two bedrooms has a 40 watt lamp at the head of the bed. The three double convenience outlets make rearrangement of the furniture easy.

The two 40 watt brackets by the bathroom mirror furnish sufficient light. The 40 watt center fixture is unnecessary because of the smallness of the room. The double convenience outlet is for appliances.

The basement has 40 watt lamps in the trunk room, in front of the furnace and at the coal pile. A 100 watt lamp is over the laundry tubs. A double convenience outlet is available for appliances. Two 40 watt lamps should be placed over the workbench to prevent shadows on the work.

Our long hall has a 40 watt ceiling fixture and a 40 watt bracket.

*$15,000 Electrical Home won by:*
*Miss Julia S. Groo*
Keally & Thompson
Architects

The LIGHTING EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE
680 Fifth Avenue • • • New York, N.Y.

HOME LIGHTING CONTEST

# Nights of Forgotten Clocks!

IS that Havana?.....Why, there's Oakland!.....Chicago again.....Atlanta—I know that fellow's voice!

Paragon has no respect for bedtime hours. Its invisible "feelers" reach ever out for pulsing messages from farthest horizons. Its *one simple tuning dial* chooses and separates them quickly. Its fascination beckons young and old.

Paragon Receivers have made radio history. This newest Paragon, priced within the means of all, is adding more pages to the record. If your regular dealer is not showing the new Paragon Four, write us for address of nearby store that sells it.

"STATION PLEASE"

is a folder describing the new Paragon Receiver line. Send a postcard for it today.

THE NEW PARAGON FOUR $65

Four tubes. New Paradyne Circuit—non-radiating. Single dial control. Clear tone. Loudspeaker volume over almost unlimited range. Mahogany case, 21 in. long.

NEW PARAGON THREE $48.50

Another Paragon surprise. Three tube set that brings in distant stations clear and strong on loudspeaker. Single dial control. Mahogany case, 17 in. long.

NEW PARAGON TWO $27.50

A two tube wonder. Excellent loudspeaker tone and volume from stations within reasonable range. Almost unlimited phone range. Mahogany, 11 in. long.

*N. B. West of Rocky Mountains prices 10% additional*

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*Makers since 1915 of Round-loading Radio Receivers*

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PARAGON

*Look for the* Red Triangle


*(Continued from Page 121)*

holding the catchup bottle upside down, discoloring, ravaging, ruining a plate of chowder. A hand like a ham caressed his neck. Another hand slowly removed the bottle and put it on the shelf.

"There's your coat and hat, sir." Buck's eyes bulged, his mouth set. "We does the proper seasonin' in the kitchen. There's plenty o' restaurants in this town. Good day, sir."

The very air was punished. Customers ate on in silence. Buck cursed in his kitchen, not loudly and pleasantly, but in a low, menacing thunder.

Baked beans he had in two styles—with molasses for the Boston trade, without for Rhode Islanders.

He abhorred a bean pot.

"Beans were never meant to be cooked in a jug; they needs ventilation. They've got to cook in a thick cast-iron pan," was his dictum.

He had the pans—probably eighty to a hundred years old. Curved sides, twenty inches by fourteen, an inch thick on the bottom. I have seen their like at country auctions or on the junk heaps, whence they went with other treasures of the old cuisine to be melted down. Buck was memorable for three things not found in the repertoire of many cooks—a shellfish stew of great excellence, johnnycakes and Philadelphia fried oysters.

One was an expert blend of ocean flavors, the second the essential goodness of corn meal caramelized as is possible in but one manner, and the third a miraculous package of oysters in a crumb jacket with a sauce inclosed. Three prime stars in the constellation of our cookery.

Philadelphia fried oysters! Outside a restricted number of head cooks there is probably not one in ten thousand who knows the technic of this tricky and Lucullan dish. Even plain fried oysters are seldom well done in the home. Buck did not fake this delicacy by pasting the oysters together with flour—a method that is resorted to by the inexpert even in the home section of this dish. No uncooked flour in his pièce de résistance. He simply laid oysters, two and two, overlapping one another, until he had four oysters in a neat pile, with mayonnaise filling the chinks. They rested on a crumbed board and were covered with crumbs. He lifted each pile separately with a griddlecake turner, lowered it into beaten egg and deposited it in a big pan of crumbs—crumbs very fine, with a slight proportion of corn meal sifted into them. More crumbs went over them. Thirty little heaps reposed there until his fat kettle was smoking hot. Lifting them from the crumbs to the fry kettle was the ticklish job, and before actually plunging them in he always brushed away the excess of crumb.

### *First Cousin to Bouillabaisse*

Buck had no kettle thermometer. The fat was sending off blue smoke when he considered it ready. But there was not a dewdrop of grease on the finished fry, which showed a dry, crisp crust of wonderful flavor and a content of oysters and sauce in epicurean mixture. This dish was once the hall mark of a fine kitchen in hotels, taverns, oyster houses. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell remarked that it could be done only by the colored cooks from Philadelphia southward. Buck had traveled, had hobnobbed with kettles, ranges, spoons and pans and their overlords in many places.

Shellfish stew as he made it must have a complicated history. I have seen and copied from old family cookbooks seven formulas practically identical with his; and while two originate in Portsmouth, one in Boston, another comes from Long Island, the rest from the South, even as far away as Biloxi, Mississippi. It was a sort of sublimated chowder, almost first cousin to the *bouillabaisse* which Thackeray celebrated and which has helped also to make New Orleans famous.

Buck would sit down of an afternoon to a great pan of oysters and another of clams, which had been boiled up once and drained. With scissors, he would snip away the tough portions. The rest, reserved for the stew, went into the ice box. All their liquor was boiled up with chopped onion, cooled and skimmed; crab meat and the firm claw steaks of lobsters, were heated with butter and lemon in a pan, but not browned. Cream and flour went into the liquor of the oysters and clams; and finally, in a wide, shallow pan set in another of hot water—exactly like a huge chafing dish—all the ingredients were combined. Had he used a deep saucepan, there would have been a settling of the various meaty elements and they would have broken up in what he called a "horrid hash." He was very careful to keep the lobster sections from shredding. Lastly—inebriating thought—he poured in sherry with his eyes shut. Even without that addition, however, it was about the blandest stew that ever wafted the incense of shellfish to the human senses.

Never did Buck make enough of anything. He liked to see people go away hungry, disappointed, angry—he didn't care if they never came back, because they told their grievance and created a wild desire in others, who above all things would get there on time if they had to leave a wedding, a funeral or a corporation meeting. Everything that was ever said about treating customers with smiles, tact, accommodation, he refuted—and he filled his place to capacity every day! One helper he had—a brow-beaten colored boy, over whom he waved the rolling pin and the threat of jail. This minion washed and wiped and swept and turned the johnnycakes. That was as far as his culinary talent was allowed to go.

### *The Beauty of Cookery*

Johnnycakes are the basis of a certain condescension in Rhode Islanders. They hold up their heads and disdain the yellow meal of other New Englanders. They point to their own white-flint corn and the meal ground in their ancient water mills and still older windmills. Buck scalded the meal in a fiery-hot bowl with boiling salted water. It stood there, covered and burning hot, for two hours. Then he thinned it with rich milk. Big spoonfuls went onto a drum-top griddle—a gem of old casting, on whose cyma-molded flange was written, East Dighton Furnace. It must have been made prior to 1850. Turned, flattened, slowly browned, the perfected johnnycake came to table, the only thing to share honors with the universal corn pone and batter bread of the South.

Buck knew that into the twentieth century he had brought a delectable touch of the nation's old opulence, that he was a prandial patriot. He stuck to two or three superlative things and out of them he made his pile—and he disdained every offer to set up a place in a fashionable quarter. On order, he did some specialties, such as a split mackerel broiled in a jacket of bacon. This and his shellfish stew he told me he learned from the skipper of a tugboat that plied between Boston and Philadelphia.

Buck had an uncontrollable passion for sinking his savings in whatever came along that looked like a good, bottomless sink hole. Rats were his aversion, and it was an excellent bait on the part of a man who sold him a controlling interest, in fact a whole dishpanful of securities, in the manufacture of a contraption that was to prevent seagoing rats from coming ashore. He said all the governments in the world would compel their use.

Practically all Buck's waking hours and most of the night were a warfare against wharf rats. From midnight on, these creatures moved through the alleys in battalions and hollow squares with banners, seeing one another off on foreign voyages, welcoming home-comers, holding meetings, nuptials and pitched battles. Now they were to fall into traps on the hawsers of vessels, being unable either to arrive or to go away!

Poised on the very gangplank of expectancy, happy, carefree travelers, they were to fall into a gin, be removed by the bushel and drowned in the bay! Vengeance lay back of Buck Mullet's investment. That's why it went to pot.

What this cantankerous artist went after was flavor. The mere appearance of things was not his prime concern. He did not confuse cookery and millinery, as do so many of our tea-room ladies, whose decorative salads and color-scheme cakes would make such fetching hats. Nor did he make lilies out of turnips in the manner of the Nipponese, to whom filigree work with parsnips and the cameo cutting of carrots are part of art, philosophy and religion. The beauty of cookery is not in its ornamentation, anyway. Music is no better because there are violets on the piano. A pie is neither a waltz, a new hat, a bunch of roses nor a water color; and when it is all dolled up, varnished and embossed, it is almost as detestable as the rainbow-colored cakes that are usually displayed along with it by those bakers who seem to operate not more with the rolling pin than the paint pot, being mostly of that race who anciently painted their own Parthenon, anyway.

Consider the work of Mary MacTeague. From under her hand, and out of that intuitive sense of what's what that characterizes a Raphael or a Savarin, there came such perfection of beauty in cooking as required no extraneous bow knots, no Persian wreaths to make it glorious. Yes, before catching a train for the South to inquire into certain dishes without which Mann, Randolph, Page and Jefferson could never have conceived nor survived the writing of the Constitution, such things as boned turkey and batter bread, trained biscuits and smothered terrapin, we cannot do better than to celebrate Mary MacTeague and her tailor-made crusts, her maple and butternut fritters—just two of her miracles, selected the one to point a moral, the other to portray the nuttiest, most melting sweet that ever concentrated the goodness of America in a single mouthful.

Mary hobnobbed with grandeur. The effulgence of wealth, coronets and titles lay proximal to her childhood. She carried coal, mopped the baby's bottle, waited on the nurses' tea, peeled potatoes, and slept in the attic at Castle Bog. By and by she was second cook's assistant, then second cook herself to a man chef, a French East Indian, captured in Calcutta, a little goatee with arms and legs, a curried temper and a fondness for speeding up the help with redhot pokers.

In London, Mary learned much; and in forty years on this side, thirty of which she cooked for one family, she absorbed the essentials of our American cuisine and gave to what she learned the absolutely final touch that only great talent and training can impart. She was solemn, terribly laconic, a creature to enter a room and shut the door in the manner of a Norn come to curse the noble heir and reveal the awful secret of the Ballyshannons. Mary wore sensible boots that made a sensible noise.

### *A Domain Worthy of Mary*

She dramatized her own life into cookery. She lived in an exalted realm of high teas and low teas, early breakfasts, late breakfasts, little lunches, big lunches, just dinners, company dinners, grand dinners and midnight collations. Fortunately the family were able to supply their cook that background of terrific wealth and self-sufficient grandeur which matched in some degree her early impressions, although there were no hunt breakfasts or other sporting events in the austere elegance of her New England home.

It was a great Georgian mansion, five windows wide, seven windows long, three floors high below dormers and balustraded roof, with a hall eighteen by sixty and a mahogany staircase of such luxurious ascent that Mary upon her word declared you could carry a coffin down it widthwise. Paneled walls, classic architraves, doors that shut back not into the room but into the thickness of the walls, floors of teakwood, three drawing-rooms and a dining room whose great dimensions alone could excuse its heavy overdoors and carvings.

This brings us within shouting distance of Mary, but the foregoing were all in her consciousness and on her lips. She had every pendent crystal, every inch of Aubusson and Turkey carpet under her unsparing vision. That all this staid and shadowy elegance had been there a hundred and thirty years, that the slave traffic, the East India trade and then a million spindles had sweated, sailed and spun to make this second loveliest of all colonial mansions a sort of geologic buttress to the social fabric was her boast.

She liked to recite the distinguished people she had cooked for and she had that gift which is the peculiar jewel of the Irish, that of appearing to make a mistake while in reality carrying home a needle thrust of meaning. She would refer, for instance, to Mr. Lodge as "the ambassador from Boston to Washington." Stretching from the northerly end of that dining room whose three windows looked westerly over roofs and spires across five miles of a New England city clad in a forest of trees, there was such an array of pantries, china rooms and butler's dozing dens as made a round trip to the kitchen a matter of commutation tickets with stop-over privileges. People used to build that way to keep the slaveys on the move.

*(Continued on Page 127)*

*A real estate office in Los Angeles. A floor of 385 square yards floored with Armstrong's Marble Tile, No. 76, with a border of plain black linoleum. Underfloor, Concrete.*

*A clothing store on Fifth Avenue in New York City. The floor is Armstrong's Marble Tile Inlaid No. M-62 cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt.*

*A manufacturing optician in Buffalo chose this floor of Armstrong's black and cream Straight Line Inlaid for his salesroom. A floor of impressive elegance and restraint.*

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ONE look tells you that the floors in this office are handsome and dignified. Another look tells you that this is not only an impressive office and a pleasant one, but that it is laid out for efficiency as well.

People get work done here.

The floor of Armstrong's Marble Tile Linoleum adds to the efficiency of the office because it is quiet as well as good-looking. People can move about without disturbing one another. Visitors get no sense of noise or confusion.

This is a permanent floor with a beauty that is also permanent.

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Ⓐ

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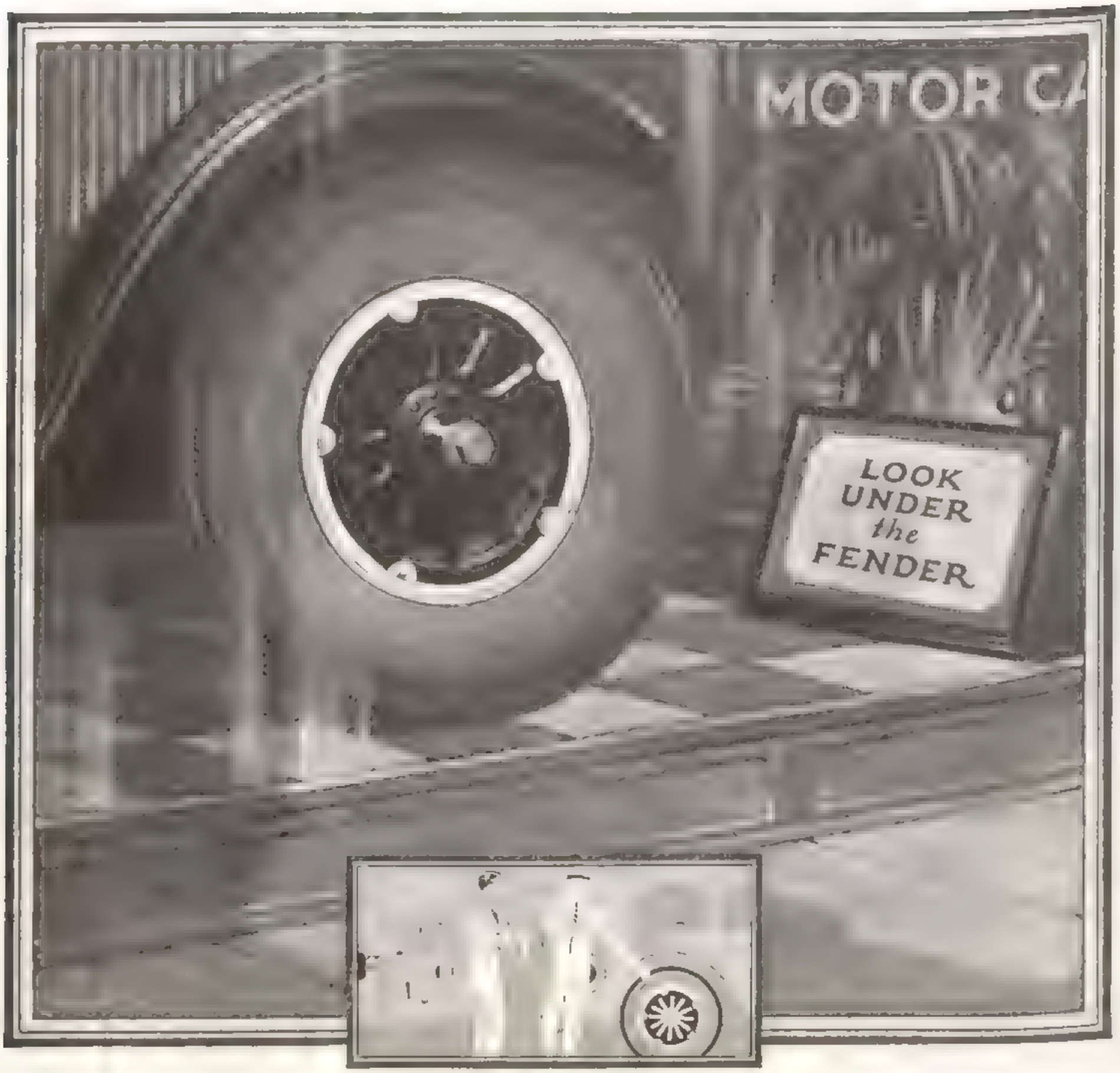


# Look Under the Fender

What your car is worth "over and above" your fenders is a matter of power and convenience. What your car is worth *under the fenders* is a matter of safety—even of life and death.

Hidden by the fenders is continual strife and strain—the impulses of exploding cylinders thrusting always forward, the broken road surfaces pounding upward, brakes pulling suddenly against momentum to a cruel, sharp stop.

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Look under your fenders when you buy your car. Mark well the name "Hayes" stamped upon the lug. Then you know all you need to know about wheels. You are sure that these particular wheels are the genuine "Hayes."

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HAYES WHEELS

WITH ATTACHED LUG RIMS ~ STANDARDIZED IN WOOD, WIRE AND DISC

(Continued from Page 124)

The kitchen had a range placed in exactly that part of a twenty-foot square room as would afford it the least light. But this was nothing to Mary—she had worked in England. Copper and silver utensils, great deal tables, glimmered and paled in spots and areas of light, for she demanded and employed the equipment of a chef. Often there came to her wide tables from the shelves of glorious china, Worcester, Spode, Copeland and Garrett, old Paris, Lowestoft, Crown Derby, a set of four oval pie dishes from which thirty people—inestimably privileged—could be served her Chicken Crust. She called it that, and it is a pretty name.

These very large and ornate porcelains went on a board into an open oven to warm, for at its consummate moment this delicacy had a temperature merely suitable to immediate munching, as well as to the sensitivity of costly china. Only the breast meat and hot, heavy, salted cream at first. Then more white meat and a rich yellow sauce, aware of butter, celery, mace and toasted mushrooms. From another oven came, first, an oval ring of pie crust that fitted the exact form of the dish—nay, perfectly fitted the depth from the sauce to the top of the dish—then an oval sheet of crust tailor-made to cover the remaining area. These crusts had an appearance as of tortoise shell, a testudo-overlapping of flaky curves.

The pie crust was not folded as for puff paste, but was rolled thin, buttered and rolled up to look like one of the blanket fasters with which expensive nurses flank the expensive baby when they park him in the modernist way on a big bed. Thin slices of this roll were placed on a rimless baking sheet so that they overlapped, like scales. Then she rolled them gently and placed on top a cardboard pattern of the priceless dish they were to cover. Cutting around this form there was left a made-to-measure lid, a crinkly carapace, a thing which, being baked, showed a design of cleavages and flakes. For all the serving dishes of rare china in that house Mary had cardboard patterns; and papers cut to measure and put away for every cake pan.

It would be interesting to know who it was in our Northern forests who invented the butternut and maple fritters. Mary MacTeague wrote them down in her book as from "Mrs. G."—some friend of the family. But something like them—fried cakes, very crisp, with maple candy of sorts melted with a stalwart mountaineer and his hale-and-hearty welcome under the lee of Mt. Moosilauke.

### Butternut and Maple Fritters

Significant it is, in relation to the French cruller basis of Mary's confection, that through Canada into our colonial frontier, from Maine to Illinois, come many elements of an old French cuisine. There are the smoked eels stewed in cream, an esteemed delicacy in northernmost Maine—a dish, we are told, relished by Richelieu! And the only old family recipe I have ever seen for butternut fritters other than Mary MacTeague's came from Schuylerville, whither, indeed, it may have traveled the train of the Deerslayer from Montreal.

A French cruller: that is, butter and water brought to a boil, flour added, the heavy paste cooled and beaten up with egg—exactly the batter of the éclair. Sweetened very slightly with maple sugar and incorporated with chopped butternuts. Even cooled, it is too thin to be rolled like a doughnut, but has to be spooned upon a paper and immersed in the fry kettle, paper uppermost. Instantly, as it blisters, it leaves the paper, which is removed. Then it floats, a ring, a figure of eight, a scroll, as the case may be, and it takes on a ruddy tan. Maple syrup with vinegar was boiled to make a fondant, which, being worked, was quickly tempered by a short cut which Mary practiced, but which your prize candy cooks will never tell. She inverted a colander over the fondant, spread a wet cloth over it, over that inverted a big bowl, set it all in the oven till the bowl was hot, took it out and in thirty minutes had a cream as workable as that which is packed for the orthodox forty-eight hours to ripen.

Reduced with cream, mixed with butternuts, it coated the fritters like large helter-skelter bonbons. Here was the flavor of the backwoods, the maple bush and the doughnut kettle refined to the elegance of the drawing-room. A *bonne bouche* without an artificial color or an artificial flavor! Great points these. Savarin, be it remembered, laid it down a rule that the luscious things of Nature all have an intrinsic taste and a color of their own, not to be frivolously meddled with except to their damage. How few of his disciples have paid him heed!

Mary prepared a breakfast food based on the ancient Brewis that for a century was one of New England's claims to distinction, but vanished when everything began to come in packages. It was brown bread, the honest kind, of rye and Indian meal, dried, toasted, buttered and sugared, cut in cubes and set to absorb warm milk and cream for an hour before serving. She used individual Lowestoft bowls to serve it and topped each with a baked apple. The bowls do not have to be Lowestoft; they may be Sevres. All this dish needs is the attention of a man in a laboratory, a nation-wide advertising of its calories, its miraculous effect on the heart, liver, lungs, hair, toes, kneecaps, and it will displace practically every machine-made cereal, grow a generation of seven-footers and ward off another war!

### The Original Boned Turkey

If the incredulous owners of that stately mansion doubted its claim to distinction as a haunted palace, Mary supplied the final word with furious belief. She had seen the images on the gateposts turn to converse in the moonlight. There was a twilight presence in the library that unlocked the bookcases and stood reading in an alcove; a wine-bibbing apparition in the cellar which betook itself from vision through the coal hole; and especially she gloried in a third-floor bedroom where footsteps, doors closing of themselves, gave her pause in the nightly round from cellar to garret during the six months when the family was anywhere from Greenland to Sumatra and it was hers to thrill alone to all those cubic feet of gloom.

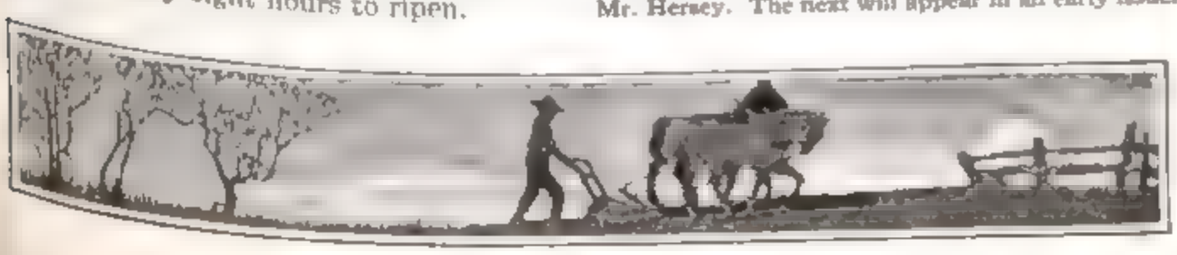
All her precious recipes are mine by right of gift, although I acquired them by one of those aberrations into decency which overtake the worst of us at times.

Even the greatest, however, cannot master everything or avoid errors of belief. Mary MacTeague's idea of boned turkey, for instance, as gained from her manuscript copy of some folderol, is exactly what it should not be. Boned turkey—as it was developed in our wilderness and handed down to the experts through stagecoach and tavern days, the big show piece on Pickwickian buffets next to or balancing the home-cured ham, as it figured through the colored-cook régime of the Astor House, the Planters, Parker's, and was prepared for New Year's receptions in homes of elegance, bustles, kaleidoscopes and wax flowers—was the original turkey-in-its-glory that had nothing to do with the game pâté, that greasy mosaic that Rossini extolled and which he was so busy in perfecting when his publishers bawled through the door that if he didn't stop cooking and finish his composition they'd cut off his allowance.

What passes for boned turkey is still the bright star at receptions, often shares the honors with some other celebrity and behaves after the manner of notables on exhibition—acts as though it were on its last leg and wishes it hadn't come. A hostess does well when inducing an author or a boned turkey to grace her party to demand a guaranty of sprightly behavior.

Lots of people have eaten boned turkey in its degenerate form and didn't know it. It tasted the way wash day and the cold joint used to smell. There was suggestion of veal, a rumor of turkey, a pink streak that might be ham, tongue or taffeta ribbon, and a reputed truffle. Thoughtful guests usually shove this last dainty to the floor, where the crowd mills it into the rug, to which thereby accrues merely another proof of a long, smutty residence in the Orient.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Hersey. The next will appear in an early issue.



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# AFTER LENINE—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 31)

With the seizure of the church treasures began the real war on ecclesiastics. Thousands of prelates and priests, including the Patriarch Tikhon, were arrested, put through a mockery of trial—often with no trial at all—and sent to prison or into exile.

Two instances, which stirred the pity and horror of the world, are still fresh in the minds of most Americans. One was the execution of the Archbishop Benjamin, Metropolitan of Petrograd, who was among the first of the victims. The second victim was the heroic Vicar-General Budkiewicz, who had been accused of sedition and who died before a firing squad with the calm courage that exalted Joan of Arc at the stake.

Not only have the Bolsheviks seized the church treasures, but they have adapted many of the religious houses to other purposes. The famous Trinity Monastery of St. Sergius, once the retreat of the warrior monks, where the czars came with their offerings, is now a museum. A similar fate has befallen the Kazan Cathedral and the Cathedral of St. Isaac at Petrograd, the two noblest church structures in Russia. The no less historic Andromevsky Monastery at Moscow is used as a concentration center for political suspects and criminal offenders, while the island of Solovetski in the White Sea, formerly the sanctuary of the most devout of all Russian monks, has become the principal camp for exiles, especially those charged with economic espionage. Other monasteries are used as military barracks, prisons and hospitals.

Behind this war on the church lurked a definite idea. Since the orthodox hierarchy was the sole institution that survived the Bolshevik revolution, it not only had to be broken down, if possible, but the destruction capitalized for propaganda.

You have only to examine the soviet legislation fixing the status of the Russian church and other religious organizations to see how each statute conveys a surreptitious appeal to and for atheism, embodies debasement of everything that contributes to spiritual observance and frowns on liberty of conscience.

Under the laws all church property belongs to the state; no revenue may proceed from the state to churches and religious organizations; the printing presses of the religious orders are suppressed; icons and other religious pictures and emblems are forbidden in schools, hospitals, railway stations and streets, which means that the last rites of the church are denied to the dying; priests are disfranchised, religious instruction to children or minors, whether in state or private educational institutions, is prohibited, with drastic penalties for infractions. These measures not only apply to the Russian Orthodox Church, but to all creeds, including the Jewish, the Mohammedan and the Buddhist.

### Lenine as a Fetish

In connection with the confiscation and suppression of the church printing establishments is an interesting story which reveals soviet mentality and method at their worst. When the offensive against the church began, hundreds of thousands of Bibles were in process of printing or binding. The Bolsheviks tore out the pages, using them for cigarette papers or selling the sheets to shops to be employed for wrapping parcels. It is no infrequent experience in Moscow to see bread, butter or meat wrapped in beautifully illuminated Biblical texts. The result is a famine in Bibles, which has been aggravated by the refusal of the government to permit dotted Testaments from the outside world to be brought into Russia.

In the face of this warfare the religious spirit not only survived but flamed all the higher. Persecution has invariably intensified faith.

The Bolsheviks now launched two characteristic movements, which were in full sewing during my stay in Russia. One is to make Leninism the creed and gospel of Russia. The man himself has been deified to a degree which cannot be appreciated until you witness the performance itself. Lenine's picture is not only displayed everywhere, but his features are wrought in flowers in the public squares and parks. Children are taught to venerate him as the one and only apostle. When I went to the largest orphanage in Moscow and through an interpreter asked a child "Who is God?" the youngster pointed to the dead leader's portrait on the wall and said "Lenine." The bible of Bolshevism is embodied in the speeches and writings of the arch intriguer whose bier has become, like the tomb of Mohammed, the goal of innumerable pilgrimages.

The second and equally characteristic effort to dislodge the old Russian ecclesiastical institution is in the so-called Living Church.

Realizing that the Russian in general and the peasant in particular could not be divorced from the tradition of a church, the Bolsheviks decided to adapt the old religious structure to their own ends. To comprehend this procedure you must be told about the cell system in soviet espionage, which has not hitherto been dealt with in this series.

Practically every public institution in Russia—and especially the highest governmental departments—contains enemies of Bolshevism. In order to spy on these individuals the State Political Police—the G. P. U.—which succeeded the Cheka as the instrumentality of terror, plants two or three good communists among the workers as informers. They worm their way into the confidence of their associates, and when the unhappy individuals betray themselves, arrest, imprisonment, exile or execution is their lot. These betrayers form what is known as a communist cell. This system is merely a replica of the boring-from-within process with which the communists seek to infiltrate their principles in labor unions, secret societies and other organizations which they aim to control.

### Operatic Propaganda

Shortly after the war on religion was launched, a group decided to establish a church which could flourish under communism. Documentary evidence exists which shows that the leaders of this movement asked the Russian Central Executive Committee, the congress of the Communist Party, for permission to form themselves into a communist cell with which to penetrate what is known as the Higher Church Administration. They also detailed how they could lodge similar cells in every ecclesiastical center of the orthodox edifice throughout Russia. The idea, of course, was to spy on the patriarchal authorities and bend the whole church structure to the will of Bolshevism.

The net result was the Living Church, which is today the only tolerated ecclesiastical body in Russia. Though outwardly carrying on the forms of religious worship, it is in reality the tool of the Soviet Government. The three most conspicuous leaders, Krasnitsky, Vedensky and Antonine, are radicals and zealots. Krasnitsky is credited with the following statement, which discloses the motive of the cause:

"We believe that by working from within we can destroy the bourgeois influence of the church. I am for the international world revolution. Our aim is to work from within the church for the communist state and the revolution."

One of the first steps was to eliminate the Patriarch Tikhon and seize the machinery of the old church. The group was incorporated into what is called the High Ecclesiastical Administration, with Antonine at the head. Subsequently all the important churches in the principal cities were taken over, and bishops and other ecclesiastics, not amenable to the new order, were removed. Clergymen who opposed the will of the Living Church were even imprisoned and exiled. As an evidence of how the new institution is regarded by the old faith, I have only to add that it is generally believed that the real reason for the execution of the Metropolitan Benjamin was the excommunication by him of three of the most active agents of the Living Church.

You may wonder, at this point, why the Communist Party tolerated this "reformed" church. Here is the explanation. The Moscow authorities, realizing that wide revolt would follow the complete suppression of public worship, have taken the line of least resistance.

At the time I write, the moving spirits of the Living Church are quarreling among themselves, which is the usual prelude to disaster. The old church is slowly but surely coming back to its old authority, exerted more in the hearts of the people than in outward manifestation. Religion has ceased to be a habit and has become a conviction. The masses regard the Living Church with suspicion.

Reënforcing the active war on religion enforced through exile, imprisonment and the execution of priests and prelates is the printed offensive, which does not belie this qualification. Every bookshop in Russia—they are practically all government owned and operated—is filled with atheistic literature. Perhaps the vilest of all the assaults on decency is a weekly magazine beautifully printed on heavy paper and entitled Without God. For unadulterated blasphemy this publication stands alone. Its cartoons are so revolting that it is impossible for me to describe them. These caricatures, which are all in color, are sold everywhere. You find them hanging in the windows of shops owned by communists and sometimes in the government offices.

Even the opera is adapted to the antireligious campaign. At a performance of Faust given last June in the great Opera House at Moscow many of the scenes were converted to antireligious propaganda. In the act where Satan ordinarily retires before the crosses made by the upraised sword hilts of the soldiers, a change was made, in which he advances and the soldiers with the emblem of Christianity retreat.

That the fire of religious faith still animates the soul of Russia is evident no matter where you go. Since his release from prison, Patriarch Tikhon is becoming more and more a spiritual leader. Every peasant home that I visited had its icons and religious pictures. Perhaps the most conspicuous illustration is at the famous shrine of the Iberian Virgin at the entrance to the Red Square in Moscow, and almost under the shadow of the Kremlin. This shrine has been the scene of many historic demonstrations, ranging from the thanksgiving over the defeat of the Poles in the seventeenth century to the manifestation of joy when Napoleon and his hosts started on their ill-fated return to France. Here Kornilov knelt on the eve of his fatal attack upon revolutionary Petrograd.

The Bolsheviks have posted a huge sign on the opposite wall bearing one of the best-known maxims of Karl Marx. It reads:

"Religion is the opium of the people."

This platitude has utterly failed of its purpose, because the shrine is still the objective of pilgrimages from all over Russia. Whenever I passed by it was crowded to suffocation, while scores waited on the outside for a chance to get in.

### Corruption of the Young

Infamous as is the attempt to crush religion, it is perhaps not quite so despicable as the organized scheme to corrupt the mind and the morals of the youth of Russia. This brings us to the soviet educational system, in which what is literally the little red schoolhouse is made a breeding place for atheism, communism and disloyalty to the home.

The government is able to exercise what amounts to an almost absolute dictatorship over the young because of a fact little known to the outside world. All Russian children are considered to be the property of the state. If left in the custody of the parents temporarily, it is only because the state is unprepared as yet to accommodate in its schools and asylums such a large number of wards. The communist mother and father in particular have no control over their offspring.

It frequently happens that where there are three or four children in the family, each one is sent to a different summer camp, there to come under the influence of instructors whose primary object is to impress the idea that the first obligation is to communism. In the course of a few years parents become almost strangers to their own flesh and blood.

Incidentally there are no such beings under the Russian law as illegitimate children. Whether formally married or not, parents are compelled to recognize their progeny, who take the name of the father. Thus to whatever misfortunes the young are heir, the bar sinister as we know it is not among them.

The Bolsheviks have made much capital out of their widely advertised plan for education; but it has been a failure, save to inoculate the young with the virus of revolt, agnosticism and disobedience. The country is plastered with posters calling attention to the "war on illiteracy," as it is termed. These bills all tend to advance communism. A typical one reads:

"Knowledge is the key to communism and power."

At the start, and because it was part of the original propaganda campaign to win the whole country, the government went to every extreme to start schools, using convents, monasteries and churches for the purpose. In the first flush of militant communism in 1918 there were 76,000 schools and 6,000,000 pupils, which was a big advance over the prewar system, which had 62,000 schools and 4,500,000 pupils. In 1923 the schools began to shrink because of the lack of money. According to the report made last October by Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education, there were only 49,000 schools, with 3,500,000 children.

### Teaching Atheism

The principal decline has been in the rural districts, the very field that the Bolsheviks are most anxious to reach. Here the dwindling attendance is due not only to a shortage of actual schools but to the poverty of the farmers. Parents are too poor to buy shoes for their little ones. Even if it were possible to clothe them adequately, the prohibitive cost of school supplies would be a deterrent. The peasants are out of funds largely because of the government manipulation of prices, especially with exports, so as to create funds abroad with which to stir up unrest and revolution.

In the cities, every possible discrimination is made against the children of the bourgeoisie, and especially the merchants who have the courage to operate under the New Economic Policy. Exclusion of children of private shopkeepers from schools is one of the weapons in the war on individual enterprise.

An illuminating instance of how the soviet mentality works with regard to education came under my observation in Moscow. A dentist, who was in his third year of study at a college for surgeons, was informed one day that he could not attend any more lectures. It developed that the only grievance against him was that he happened to be a white-collar man, and therefore undesirable. He was too neat and clean for the roughnecks who were his fellow students.

What concerns us most in the soviet educational system is the evil that it teaches. Since communism and religion are incompatible, it follows that there is no religious instruction. Every school is a nest of atheism. The ban extends to the home as well. A parent, assuming that he is fortunate enough to keep his children under his own roof, is prohibited from providing them with spiritual instruction under penalty of one year's imprisonment if he is discovered.

The government mandates proscribing religious teachings in the schools, and the reasons, are set forth in a book entitled On the Religious Front, emanating from the so-called Fifth Judicial Section, the branch of the soviet judiciary dealing with church and religious matters. Among its statements are the following:

"Religion is a conglomeration of stupid fables, inventions and nonsense of bourgeois and anarchic vulgar writers. . . . The desire of parents cannot be taken into consideration. The teaching of religion can only muddle a childish brain and the soviet authorities are obliged to protect them from it."

Another section of this book shows the usual dense ignorance of what is going on throughout the rest of the world. After stating that in Kentucky a fine of $5000 is imposed upon anyone teaching the Darwinian theory, it says:

"How horrified would the pious crocodiles of America be if they knew that our civil law punishes just the contrary; that is, the teachings in school of the old Bible fables."

All petitions demanding permission to introduce religious instruction in the schools have been rejected by the Fifth Section. These requests have come from all the faiths under the red flag. One of the largest as well as the most picturesque lodged with the government was a consignment occupying the space of an entire freight

(Continued on Page 133)

# Prest-O-Lite RADIO CHART

| Voltage of Tubes | No. of Tubes | Type of Tubes (see foot-note) | Total Rated Ampere Drain | Recommended Prest-O-Lite "A" Batteries: Order by Following Types | Recommended Prest-O-Lite "A" Batteries: Days between Chargings | Recommended Prest-O-Lite "B" Batteries: See Manufacturer's Specified Voltage | Recommended Prest-O-Lite "B" Batteries: Order by Following Types |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 5-Volt Tubes | 1 | UV-200 | 1 | 69 WHR | 23 | 22½-24 | One 24 XRR |
| | | | | OR 67 WHR | 16 | | |
| | 2 | UV-201A | ½ | 67 WHR | 33 | 45-48 | One 48 XRR |
| | 2 | 1 UV-200 1 UV-201A | 1¼ | 611 WHR | 23 | 90-96 | Two 48 XRR |
| | | | | OR 69 WHR | 17 | | |
| | 3 | UV-201A | ¾ | 69 WHR | 29 | 45-48 | One 48 XRR |
| | | | | OR 67 WHR | 22 | | |
| | 3 | 1 UV-200 2 UV-201A | 1½ | 611 RHR | 21 | | |
| | | | | OR 69 WHR | 14 | | |
| | 4 | UV-201A | 1 | 69 WHR | 22 | 67-72 | One 24 XRR One 48 XRR |
| | | | | OR 67 WHR | 16 | | |
| | 4 | 1 UV-200 3 UV-201A | 1¾ | 613 RHR | 22 | 90-96 | Two 48 LRR |
| | | | | OR 611 WHR | 15 | | |
| | 5 | UV-201A | 1¼ | 611 WHR | 22 | 45-48 | One 48 LRR |
| | | | | OR 69 WHR | 17 | | |
| | 5 | 1 UV-200 4 UV-201A | 2 | 613 RHR | 19 | 67-72 | One 24 LRR One 48 LRR |
| | | | | OR 611 WHR | 13 | | |
| | 6 | UV-201A | 1½ | 611 RHR | 21 | 90-96 | Two 48 LRR |
| | | | | OR 69 WHR | 14 | | |
| | 8 | UV-201A | 2 | 69 KPR | 21 | | |
| | | | | OR 67 KPR | 15 | | |
| | For sets using current at a rate higher than 2 amperes. | | 2¼ | 69 KRL | 22 | 45-48 | Use combinations of LRR as specified above for same voltage. |
| | | | | OR 67 KPR | 13 | 67-72 | |
| | | | 2½ | 69 KRL | 19 | 90-96 | |
| | | | | OR 69 KPR | 16 | | |
| 3-Volt Tubes | 1 | UV-199 C-299 DV-1 DV-3 | .06 | One 43 MRR | 100 | 22½-24 | Use same XRR and LRR combinations as above for same voltage |
| | 2 | | .12 | | 50 | 45-48 | |
| | 3 | | .18 | | 33 | 45-48 | |
| | | | | | | 67-72 | |
| | 4 | | .24 | | 25 | 90-96 | |
| | 5 | | .30 | Two 43 MRR in Parallel | 40 | 45-48 | Use same LRR combinations as above for same voltage. |
| | | | | | | 67-72 | |
| | 6 | | .36 | | 33 | 90-96 | |
| 1.1-Volt Tubes | 1 | WD-11 WD-12 C-11 C-12 215A 215N | ¼ | One 23 MRR Twin | 48 | 22½-24 | Use same XRR and LRR combinations as above for same voltage. |
| | 2 | | ½ | | 23 | 45-48 | |
| | 3 | | ¾ | Two 23 MRR Twins in Parallel | 32 | 45-48 | |
| | | | | | | 67-72 | |
| | 4 | | 1 | | 23 | 90-96 | |
| | 5 | | 1¼ | Three 23 MRR Twins in Parallel | 29 | 45-48 | Use same LRR combinations as above for same voltage. |
| | | | | | | 67-72 | |
| | 6 | | 1½ | | 23 | 90-96 | |

For combinations of tubes not listed: Use the same battery combinations recommended for tubes having voltage and current requirements similar to the tubes you have.

NOTE: If you use a loud speaker operated from your "A" battery, add ½ ampere to the total rated current drain of your tubes and then select a battery giving this total current consumption. This does not affect the selection of your "B" Batteries. Select "B" Batteries based upon the number of tubes used and voltage specified by the set manufacturer.

5-Volt Tubes

C-300 and UV-200 are interchangeable

C-301A, DV-3 and UV-201A are interchangeable

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# What size batteries will work best in your set?

Every radio fan appreciates the vital importance of getting storage batteries of the right size and capacity for his set. A wise selection of batteries is necessary not only to get the best in reception, volume and distance, but also to arrange the time between chargings to best suit your convenience.

The Prest-O-Lite Radio Chart now makes it easy for you to do this. It tells you exactly how to fill the battery requirements of every type of set. It is scientifically correct—*endorsed by the world's largest electro-chemical battery research laboratories.*

You can use one of the two "A" Battery sizes recommended for your set. The larger capacity battery will be found more desirable, unless facilities for frequent and easy charging are provided. (The days between chargings are figured on an average use of your set of about three hours a day.)

In selecting "B" Batteries, use the combinations that give the plate voltage recommended for your set. These batteries serve two to four months without recharging.

EXAMPLE, if your set uses five UV-201A tubes the Prest-O-Lite "A" Battery recommended by the chart is either a 611 WHR or a 69 WHR depending upon the number of days' service you wish between chargings. Your "B" Battery selection for the same set, if, for instance, the set manufacturer has specified a voltage of 90, would be two Prest-O-Lite 48 LRR. The requirements of every set are worked out in this way.

# Standardized for radio

Prest-O-Lite Radio Storage Batteries are specially designed for radio service. They are easy to recharge and require but little attention. Plates of special structure supply the smooth, full-powered current that is so necessary if you are to get the maximum distance, clarity and volume from your set.

Between the plates are separators of unusually high porosity. These separators insure an unhampered and unfluctuating flow of current. Scientific internal arrangement and improved construction avoid current leaks and contacts that, in carelessly made batteries, are often a cause of uncertain operation.

The attractive appearance of Prest-O-Lite Radio Batteries makes them "at home" with the most beautiful sets. And every Prest-O-Lite Radio Battery—in materials, workmanship and design—is made to uphold the reputation for quality that Prest-O-Lite—"the oldest service to motorists"—has so firmly established in the automotive field.

Ask your dealer to show you the batteries that the Prest-O-Lite Chart guarantees are right for your set—Prest-O-Lite "A" and "B" Storage Batteries that will, with proper care, give years of unfaltering service. Priced to save you money at from $4.50 to $38.25. Write today for our interesting and informative booklet, "How to fit a storage battery to your set and how to charge it." Sent free upon request.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., Inc., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.
New York San Francisco
*In Canada:* Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto.

The

## Oldest Service to Motorists

It is good business to select the battery for your automobile just as carefully as you choose the battery for your radio set.

Prest-O-Lite Starting and Lighting Batteries bring you powerful life that makes an instant appeal to every true motorist. Action—quick and definite in every part of the car's electric system. Full capacity for a long, repair-free life!

And Prest-O-Lite Batteries are priced to give extraordinary values; $15.20 and up—for standard automobile batteries that are unsurpassed in performance.

"The Oldest Service to Motorists" stands squarely back of every Prest-O-Lite Battery. Almost everywhere you go, you see the Prest-O-Lite Signs of Friendly Service. Buy your batteries at these stations. You not only get remarkably low prices, but you also get the same high quality battery that is initial equipment today on an ever-growing list of America's most famous cars!

Prest-O-Lite

# *Why "TRIMO" Is The Nation's Leading*

# Pipe Wrench

**When the keenest Purchasing Agents in the country specify TRIMO—when leading Railroads, Steamship Lines, Oil Companies, Machine Shops, Plumbers and Skilled Mechanics insist on this sturdy wrench—when this nation-wide preference is expressed despite the fact that other wrenches cost a few cents less than TRIMO, there must be many mighty good reasons why this tool still holds indisputable leadership.**

*Take only three of the major reasons:*

***Economy***—Not only the insert jaw in the handle but ALL other TRIMO parts can be replaced at small cost when worn; this interchangeable feature (especially of the insert jaw) makes TRIMO the most economical Pipe Wrench. Large users and mechanics are glad to pay a few cents more to secure this big money-saving feature.

***Quality***—Talk to any skilled engineer, shop foreman—any man who has to earn his living with tools—and they will tell you that TRIMO has no equal in quality of materials and workmanship.

***Superior Design***—TRIMO'S strong, sharp, drop-forged jaws with deep-milled teeth guarantee a firm grip, yet the wrench does not lock but releases readily. TRIMO'S extra long, steel handle guarantees greater leverage and less labor. Nut guards keep the wrench automatically adjusted. The frame is built to withstand the hardest kind of work. It will not break. This element of strength ensures safety, a feature which a mechanic employed on hazardous work greatly appreciates. The whole design of TRIMO is masterly—its balance is the delight of all good tool users.

**There are a thousand and one uses 'round the home for a TRIMO Pipe Wrench. When the foremost national tool authorities endorse the TRIMO, the man-of-the house can surely buy it with absolute confidence. This same wrench has been made and perfected in New England by the same manufacturers for nearly 40 years.**

**All hardware stores, mill supply houses and plumbing supply houses sell the TRIMO. Demand TRIMO of your dealer and accept no other.**

## TRIMONT MFG. CO., Roxbury, Mass.

*Also makers of the famous "Trimo" Monkey Wrench, "Trimo" Chain Pipe Wrench, "Trimo" Pipe Cutter, and "Trimo" Pipe Vise—all quality leaders*

Made in Eight Sizes

The Trimo Pipe Wrench is made with Steel Handles in sizes, 6, 8, 10, 14, 18, 24, 36 and 48 inches. Made in Wood Handles in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 14 inches.

Made in Four Sizes

Look for this display box of the Trimo 10-inch Wood Handle Pipe Wrench in your hardware dealer's store.

TRIMO

Continued from Page 129

car, sent in by the Mohammedans, asking for the right to have their children instructed in the faith.

Not only does the soviet educational system proscribe religious teaching, but its two leading courses are in the principles of communism and ant church instruction. One of the textbooks, for example, is a sort of diary of world events. Ostensibly, this is to teach history. In reality, it is a subtle attack on Christianity. On each day marking a Christian holiday or feast the space is cunningly devoted to destroying the spiritual validity of the occasion and refuting the event or doctrine which it celebrates. Four million children in the orphanages of the government, to say nothing of the pupils in the public schools and the several hundred thousand youths called up each year for the army, are exposed to this teaching.

As an illustration of how deep and insidious is this soviet process of education let me cite what happened in Latvia. The Bolsheviks occupied the country less than a year. During that time they controlled all the public schools and introduced their antireligious "educational" method. When I was in Riga I was informed that it would take at least twenty years to purge the Latvian schools of their pernicious influence.

This debauching of the spiritual side of the Russian youth is only one phase of a larger program to build up the communistic strength of tomorrow. The conquest of the young is both a passion and an obsession with the political autocracy that rules the land through its mastery of the Communist Party. Their strategy is to cling to power by force and oppression until a new generation can be reared to take over the reins of control.

With this idea in mind, the Soviet Government has fostered the League of Communist Youth, or the Comsomol—a contraction of the Russian words—as it is more popularly known. It is a federation of societies of boys and girls corresponding with the Boy and Girl Scouts elsewhere. "Catch them young" is the soviet slogan. The league is the training school for Communist Party members and is the principal spearhead aimed at the heart of religion.

### The Red Pioneers

The most important link in the chain of communist youth is comprised in the Red Pioneers, who are the Boy and Girl Scouts of Russia. Since Lenine's death, the group is often referred to as Lenine's Children. Here you have another illustration of the idealization of the dead leader.

The organization of the Red Pioneers is as complete as that of the Communist Party itself. After world revolution, it is the favorite aberration of the elder reds. Conceived with the notion of making communism attractive to children, it has become a nation-wide movement to alienate them from everything that is spiritual and enduring.

All children in Russia between the ages of seven and seventeen are eligible for membership. In recruiting the personnel the familiar soviet system of boring from within is carried out. Just as the communists have nuclei of agitators in factories, so have the Red Pioneers their little bands of poison injectors in the schools. A special drive is made against the children of the bourgeoisie. They are decoyed to summer camps, country holidays, sport festivals and other "treats" with the sole purpose of making them realize that the only pleasures in life come from the communistic authorities and through communism.

What we would call the community idea is a factor in building up the Red Pioneers. The children of the fathers and mothers who work in a certain factory are organized in a group, which in turn organizes the little ones of that particular district. These groups are self-governing bodies and are affiliated with the general organization of the Red Pioneers, which forms the backbone of the League of Communist Youth. The league is the inspiration of the Young Communist Internationale, one of the many world-wide organizations fostered by Moscow to keep the red lamp burning.

Each big Russian city has a Central City Committee of Red Pioneers. Once a year a congress of all these units is held. It is usually coincident with the annual convention of the League of Communist Youth. These congresses are precisely like meetings of the Communist Internationale. Having been coached by senior communists, the young reds make fiery speeches denouncing capitalism and calling upon their juvenile fellows to wage relentless war against society and religion. Greetings are exchanged with youthful communist organizations in Germany, the United States, Bulgaria and elsewhere. "Always ready" is the watchword of the Pioneers

The Red Pioneers have a dozen weekly newspapers and magazines. Moscow has two of these organs. The editor of one of them is a lad of twelve years who is a real fire eater. The juvenile journals are as insidious as the general Bolshevik propaganda in that they specialize in misrepresentation. The child audience is a plastic receptacle for this cunning perversion of the truth. Games and conundrums are adapted to communism and become part of the daily diversion. In other words, the Russian child is taught to play in terms of radicalism. If the Russian language were not composed of the kind of big words that children call jaw-breakers, the cross-word puzzle would lend itself admirably to this infection of youth.

### After the Orphans

At the time of my visit to Russia the Young Pioneers numbered approximately 300,000. They have an official uniform, which consists of a two-piece suit. The blouse is of khaki and the trunks of black cloth. A knotted red handkerchief worn around the neck completes the costume, except for the official Pioneer badge of red metal which every member proudly wears. During the summer shoes and stockings are forsworn. The dress for the girls is practically the same except that they wear a loose khaki middy blouse.

One phase of the Red Pioneer movement is worth emphasizing, because it shows how every effort in Russia is bent to the building up of the communist commonwealth. A drive is made to bring orphans into line. Hence each asylum has its group of Red Pioneers. These children are not only fed and clothed by the state but are given special facilities of all kinds so that they can proselyte among their mates.

A special holiday has been created for the communist youth. Since May first is the traditional occasion for radical demonstration throughout the world, the second of May is now officially designated as Children's May Day, when celebrations are held in all communities. Although parades and games are indulged in, the observance is mainly political. On May second last the event was turned into a monster tribute to Lenine. Prizes were given for the best group singing of the new dirge, Thou Hast Left Us, O Lenine. This solemn bit of doggerel has been placed among the classics by the Russian Communist Party.

The Moscow Red Pioneers dedicated themselves to the cult of Lenine in an imposing celebration held on May twenty-third in the Red Square in front of the temporary structure that houses his body. With red banners dipped, the boys and girls repeated the following oath:

"I, Young Pioneer of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, in the presence of my comrades hereby promise that I will firmly support the cause of the working class and its struggle for the freedom of the workmen and peasants of the entire world I will honestly and steadfastly obey the laws and customs of the Young Pioneers and follow the counsels of Lenine."

With the aid of the Young Pioneers, the League of Communist Youth staged what was perhaps the most outrageous public attack on religion ever made. It took place on January 7, 1922, the Christmas Day according to the old Julian—Russian calendar, which, as most people know, is thirteen days later than the Gregorian, or Western, calendar which we use.

The principal feature was a parade burlesquing sacred characters and events. On one of the floats was painted the inscription, "Communism is the Natural Enemy of Religion." Surmounting it was a banner saying, "For the Good of the Working Class."

Not content with depriving Russian children of the delights and compensations of Yuletide, the League of Communist Youth has also banned Easter, which, in the old days, was one of the most joyous of all Russian festivals. For a week before Easter the Red Pioneers go about the streets with banners inscribed, "Down With Easter" and "Away With All the Old Religious Usages."

"Laura—don't you just love this new way of serving candy?"

"Oh," cried Laura, surprised, "it's Oh Henry!, isn't it? *Sliced!* Well, I wonder who ever thought of that!"

Oh Henry! was no stranger to Laura. Many a time, motoring, golfing, at the seashore, she had eaten this famous candy . . . but she had just never thought of *slicing* it at home.

Other women had, though . . . women in Chicago. Two years ago, we found them slicing and serving Oh Henry! as a home candy, and at teas, bridge and Mah-Jongg games and other informal affairs. And now, in many, many homes, you will find *sliced* Oh Henry! as often as chocolates.

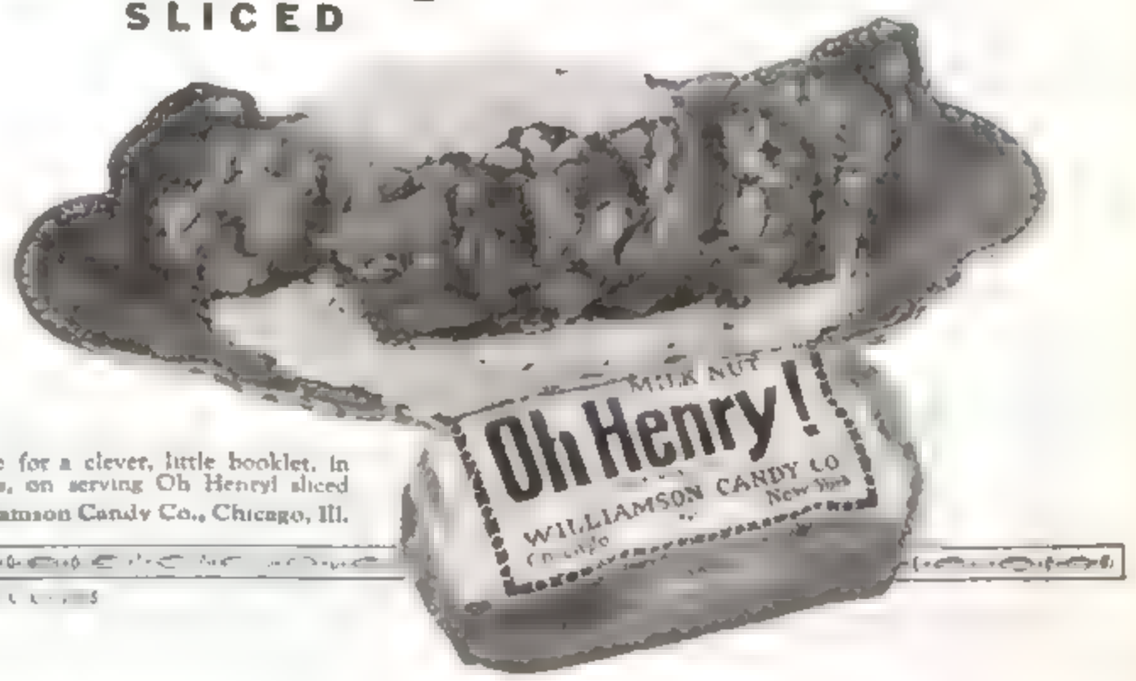
And what *delicious* candy it is! Imagine a rich, buttercream, dipped in a creamy, chewy caramel, rolled in crispy, crunchy nutmeats, and then thickly coated with the mellowest milk chocolate. Sounds good, doesn't it? Well, that's Oh Henry! . . . a new taste in candy!

No $1.25 chocolates are finer in quality than Oh Henry! or made with more infinite care. The difference is that Oh Henry! is a *fine* candy, made in a bar for the convenience of the millions of people who want just a taste of *good* candy at a time.

Telephone your grocery, drug or candy store to deliver a few bars. Slice it and serve it at home. It is not expensive . . . a 10c bar cuts into 8 liberal slices. And everyone likes Oh Henry!

**Oh Henry!**

SLICED




Write for a clever, little booklet, in colors, on serving Oh Henry! sliced Williamson Candy Co., Chicago, Ill.

# A bottle of milk is a bottle of health

"A bottle of health means a full pay envelope"

Earnings, like happiness, depend largely upon health. No man—no woman either—can afford to jeopardize earnings through neglect of health. Undoubtedly, nature's safest health insurance is milk—at mealtime and between meals, too.

*Drink more bottled milk.* Milk builds health and vigor—keeps mind and body fit for work and play. Milk was your first food. It is still your best food.

Bottled milk is clean and protected. Be sure the milk you buy is bottled in Thatcher Superior Quality Milk Bottles—your guarantee of *full measure*, and good evidence that your milkman is progressive and gives good service.

THATCHER MFG. COMPANY
ELMIRA, NEW YORK

*Operating nine large factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of Superior Quality Milk Bottles.*

*Look for the Thatcher imprint on the bottle's lower edge. It's your milkman's guarantee of Honest Measure—always.*

★ Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

THATCHER
Superior Quality Milk Bottles


Though many details of the young communist campaign appeal to the child love of sport, holiday and spectacle, the movement has really missed fire in the larger sense. Despite the embargo on celebration, countless Christmas trees still blaze with light every year, and in the hearts of millions the old spirit of the day of days survives.

Even Lenine surreptitiously responded to the universal feeling. He died in January, 1924, at his country home not far from Moscow. When some friends called on him a few days before his demise they were surprised to find a tree laden with candles in the rear room of his house. Asked why he had violated the rules of the communistic game, he is said to have replied, "I had it put up for the children of the neighborhood."

Thus one of the real menaces to the sacrilegious purpose of Bolshevism is the unshakable thing which is human nature. The war on religion will fail because it seeks to violate the very fundamentals of life, which are faith and character. In the same way the educational system that I have described is doomed. Although collectivism is the communistic fetish, experience shows that you cannot saddle the mind collectively.

The disclosures of the war on religion, the educational system, and the movement to communize the youth round out the appraisal of the principal activities of Soviet Russia. We now come to the final, as well as the most difficult, task of all, which is to hazard some guess about the future. Prophecy is always a dangerous dissipation, although the element of chance enters a little less perhaps into the Bolshevik perspective than into any other contemporary political speculation.

It grows out of the fact that, following the death of Lenine, and largely due to the conflict among his successors, the recession from Bolshevism began. This year will undoubtedly witness a further crumbling of the structure. It may take years to bring about a break-up, but the death warrant of the system is written. That eternal leveler, economic necessity, against which all propaganda is futile, has begun to shape the beginning of the end.

### Communism Waning

Week after week an attempt has been made in these columns to answer the question which gives this series its title. It is no longer a riddle. The résumé of industry showed paralyzed production and demoralized personnel. The exposure of finance revealed a so-called stabilized currency on anything but a stable basis. The explanation of the trade system uncovered an unsound manipulation of imports and exports almost solely to create funds with which to foment unrest in foreign lands. The analysis of the political structure unmasked the imposition of a tyrannous rule by the few over the many and a baffled attempt to incite revolution everywhere. Finally, the picture of the people exposed acute poverty and almost universal discontent. Failure in some degree has attended the Bolshevik effort at home and abroad.

Whatever life remains in Bolshevism, whether in Russia or elsewhere, depends upon the vitality of the Russian Communist Party, which is the inspiration—and also the box office—of the red movement everywhere. A brief inventory of international communist strength, based on the latest returns and developments, will show how faint is the hope of its serious perpetuation.

I was in Moscow during the entire session of the Communist Internationale, which is the fountainhead of the campaign for world revolution. It was attended by delegations from every country where there is a Marxian group large or small. The reports from all centers showed a steady decline in membership, especially in those countries where Moscow has worked the hardest.

In Germany, for example, the scene of the most intensive Bolshevik effort, the actual communist working strength was shown to have decreased from 360,000 to 250,000. There was an emphatic vindication of these figures in the German election held on December eighth last, when the parties favorable to the Dawes Plan, which has been bitterly opposed by the radicals, gained a big increase in the Reichstag, while the Communists lost seats. England not only reported a decrease from 10,000 to 3000 active communists but—foreshadowing a similar sweep in the United States—her voters repudiated everything that savored of radicalism in the election which put the Conservative Party into power again. France disclosed a shrinkage from 130,000 to 100,000. The wholesale ousting of red agitators by Herriot after the demonstration which followed the arrival of Krassin, the first Soviet Ambassador in Paris, last December, means that French communism will be on the wane henceforth.

A marked drop in communist registration in Czecho-Slovakia, one of the principal centers of extremism, was also indicated. From 360,000 enrolled reds in 1922, there has been a reduction to 170,000. Norway, an important Bolshevik observation post, gave no cheer to the congress, for her roster had gone from 97,000 to 60,000. The communist membership in the United States was not reported at all. In 1923 it was officially given out by the Communist Internationale to be 5000. At the present time the number is larger. The real significance of these figures, however, is that Continental communism is on the toboggan.

The only sign of an external Bolshevik advance was in the Orient. Here the reds are carrying on an elaborate offensive with the idea of inflaming holy war against Britain in her dependencies and dominions on the one hand, and forming a close union with China and Japan on the other. The recent understanding arrived at in Paris between England and France for joint action against soviet initiative in the Far East is likely to check what will probably be the final pretentious effort at seduction of organized government by Moscow.

### The Real Masters

Turn to communism in Russia and you find that even in the stronghold of Bolshevism the Nemesis which has dogged the red cause in every part of the world is at work. To comprehend the status of the Russian Communist Party and its fate, it may be well to point out a condition that most Americans do not appreciate. They assume that because Russia went Bolshevik she is fundamentally a communistic country. Such is remote from actuality. The Russian, and particularly the peasant, who constitutes 85 per cent of the population, is instinctively a capitalist and a democrat. He acquiesced to imperialism because of inertia, which is a national trait, especially in the rural regions. He bowed to soviet rule because the government commandeered the agencies of life, trade and production and projected its rule through fear and force. Besides, his spirit was broken after years of war and privation.

The greatest, perhaps, of all the mistakes of Bolshevism was to try the experiment in Russia. Obviously the most fertile ground for communism is where industry is predominant and where employment, or the lack of it, is a factor. It can never take permanent root in an agrarian country such as the one-time land of the Czars. War and radicalism can destroy factories, but they fail to wipe out Mother Earth, who renews herself perennially. Bolshevism, therefore, cannot consider itself established until the proletarian revolution is achieved in England and Germany.

In the conditions that I have just pointed out lies a definite reason why the existing Russian régime is doomed.

We can now analyze the Russian Communist Party. Up to the death of Lenine it numbered 350,000 men and women. It was an exclusive organization only in the sense that absolute obedience to orders constituted the principal qualification. Every applicant has, or had, to undergo a period of probation before admission to the ranks. Once in the fold, the communist ceases to be master of his or her fate. In consequence many moral and mental undesirables have crept in because they were willing to become cogs in a merciless machine.

When Lenine passed out of the picture, 300,000 new members were added to the rolls of the party. They were called the Lenine levy and much capital was made out of their accession. Although some had been under surveillance as prospects for some time, the majority were politically illiterate. Many were recruited from the lowest social strata and were incorporated into the top-heavy bureaucracy, which is one of the numerous obstacles to sound advance.

As I have frequently pointed out, the real masters of Russia are Stalin, Zinovyev, Kamenev, Bukharin, Tomsky, Rykoff and Trotzky, the big seven who comprise the political bureau. They have been able

(Continued on Page 137)

# What Do You Ask of a Truck?

THERE is a certain amount of service at a certain cost per ton-mile that you expect your truck to deliver to be a profitable investment. Think of this service before you buy if you expect to get it after.

If there is going to be a difference between the service delivered in conversation at the time you buy your truck and the service delivered by the truck upon the road, your cost sheets are going to show it. And you can depend upon this—you will get no more from your truck upon the road than was built into it at the factory. So to make sure you know your truck, make sure you know who made it.

For twenty years International Trucks have been delivering the service expected of them in every line of business, because that service was built into them by the maker. They have been living up to a world-reputation earned by other products of the Harvester Company for almost a century.

*International Heavy-Duty Trucks are built in chassis ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds maximum capacities. The Special Delivery is for loads up to 1500 pounds and the Speed Truck for 2000 pounds. Motor Coaches are supplied for every requirement. A list of company branches appears at the side. There are in addition 1500 dealers*

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*Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Trucks. There are 105 direct company branches—the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world—located in the following cities:*

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Billings, Mont.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Tex.
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis.
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
Houston, Tex.
Hutchinson, Kan.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Kankakee, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D.
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Parsons, Kan.
Peoria, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore.
Quincy, Ill.
Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
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Saginaw, Mich.
St. Cloud, Minn.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salina, Kan.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex.
San Francisco, Calif.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mo.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
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*In addition to these company branches more than 1500 dealers, in as many communities from one end of the country to the other, are ready to serve International owners.*

# And that is why so many thousands of people are turning to Dr. Lyon's

People are reading and thinking more about their teeth. The value of caring for them becomes more important.

But as they begin to think over what they read, confusion arises as to the best method. What should they use for this far-reaching effect on better health?

This has led many to their dentists for advice. And a leading dental authority has summarized the answer of most of them—

"If you want to be safe, choose your dentifrice for its cleansing qualities only."

That common sense answer has turned thousands of people to Dr. Lyon's—the common sense dentifrice. It is unmedicated.

More than that, Dr. Lyon's is not gritty—can't scratch the enamel.

The flavor is both mild and delightful—not powerful.

It doesn't act or feel like a mouthful of scented soap.

And how it does clean!

Mothers have found that children take more kindly to cleaning their teeth with Dr. Lyon's—it tastes good.

Smokers can see the stains disappear quickly, pleasantly, safely—and have a natural breath reappear.

Dr. Lyon's is advised for its pleasant flavor and thorough cleansing qualities. That is the least you should demand and the most you can expect from any dentifrice.

# Dr. Lyon's

## TOOTH POWDER *and* DENTAL CREAM

(Continued from Page 134

to persist, first, because they rule the Communist Party with an iron hand, second, because the Soviet Government is their creature; third, because until recently they were as a single unit on all major issues. Political expediency, however, was the mother of this cooperation.

The inevitable has happened and it is one significant straw in the wind. As long as he lived, Lenine was absolute boss. Only a fanatic of his type could have held the wild horses in check. Trotzky was the sole obstructor of his will.

Hardly was Lenine cold in death when dissension arose among the heirs. In this rupture lies part of the hope of the Russian regeneration. Animated by Stalin and Zinoviev, the war on capital was launched and a new reign of terror began. Like so many other Bolshevik measures, it has proved to be a boomerang, especially among the peasants to whom the New Economic Policy, with its elastic attitude toward capitalism, was a concession. Trotzky opposed the new swing to the Left. Always an insurgent, he now struck out more boldly than ever before, with the result that the political bureau at the time I write is rent with jealousy and discord.

On one side, and the bulwark of what might be called the left Left, are Stalin, Zinoviev and Kamenev. Neutral, but favoring a more conciliatory economic procedure, is Rykoff, the premier. The lone advocate of a moderate liberalism, certainly so far as economics is concerned, is Trotzky.

### The Salvation of Russia

Such was the line-up when Trotzky again paid the penalty for violating that relentless thing which is party discipline. Last November he published a book entitled 1917.

Ostensibly his version of the Bolshevik counter-revolution, it was in reality a bitter attack on the stagnant régime of Zinoviev, Kamenev and Stalin. He denounced the bureaucracy and held it responsible for the industrial chaos into which the country has been plunged.

There was immediate reprisal – first, in a suppression of the book; second, in what amounted to his expulsion from the inner councils. On December tenth the announcement was made that the war lord would be compelled to relinquish his duties as Commissar for Defense on account of ill health and seek a warmer climate for recuperation. If the truth were known, the extreme Left would have been glad to consign him to a much hotter place.

Whether Trotzky will accept the mandate remains to be seen. He still has the opportunity to emulate Barras and bring about another Thermidor by crushing his enemies before they eliminate him. Apparently the bulk of the army remains loyal to him. With a swift coup he could precipitate a crisis which might eventually overthrow Bolshevism. His views have become more moderate as the purpose of the political bureau has grown more extreme.

If Trotzky is eliminated, it means that any immediate upheaval will grow out of the new and growing swing to the Left, the answer that Stalin, Zinoviev and Kamenev are making to the plea for democratization of the Communist Party. This in turn could only have one finale, which is social, economic and political anarchy and the possible break up of Russia into various independent states.

Though the precise agency which will emancipate Russia is invested with uncertainty, one may be dismissed as impossible. It is armed intervention.

Coldly analyzed in the light of consequence, it is now evident that the costly and ill-starred white intervention by the Allies helped rather than hindered the Bolsheviks. Deep down, the Russian is a sentimental nationalist. When the country was menaced from the outside, the people, including those who had suffered most from red oppression, forgot it in the bigger realization that their country was invaded. It brought generals like Brusilov back into the line of defense and enabled Trotzky to build up an efficient army.

Even if leadership and resources were available, Europe is too busy with her own troubles and the long-delayed task of reconstruction to assume further obligations in the shape of conflict. She has had all the war she wants for a good while. Moreover, the economic game in Russia just now is not worth the candle.

A second alternative almost equally out of the question is monarchial success on. The Grand Duke Cyril, cousin of the late Czar, who is sojourning in Bavaria with a skeleton court, has proclaimed himself Emperor of all the Russias, but it is merely a gesture to keep up the courage of the million Russian *émigrés* in Europe. One group of these exiles at Paris has nominated the Grand Duke Nicholas, uncle of the last of the Romanoff rulers, for the Russian throne. Though he is a more commanding figure than Cyril, his, too, is a forlorn royal hope. These imperial suggestions, for such they will doubtless remain, have only served to palpitate high social circles in various world capitals.

It means that the salvation of Russia must come from within. This requires initiative and direction, and for the moment there is no organized opposition to the soviet overlords. Whence is it to come? The answer is not difficult.

### The Trotzky Scissors

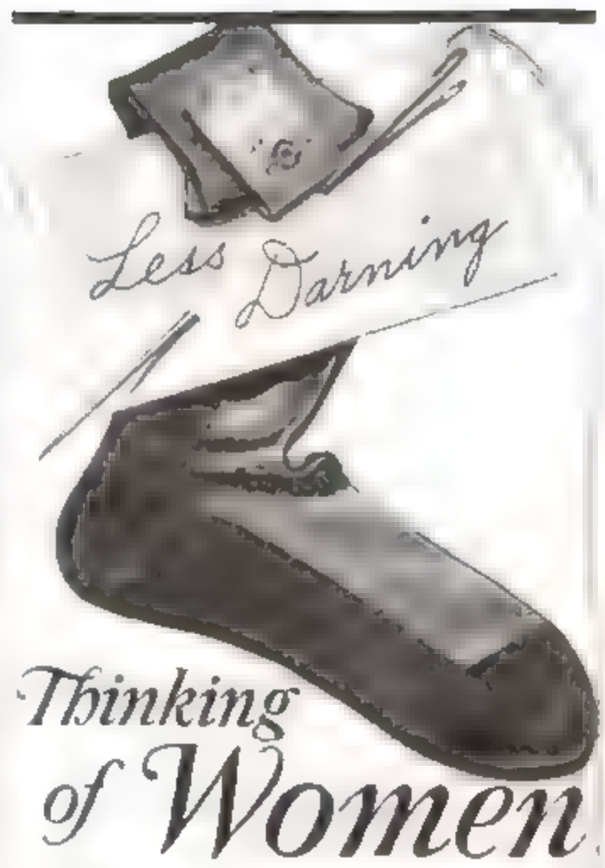
The evolution, which is the real hope of the future, will be induced first of all by the element of economic necessity that I have already emphasized and which becomes more acute all the time. The balance sheet of Bolshevism is sadly out of gear. To dislocation of finance and production has been added a serious crop shortage which prohibits exports, chronic failure to obtain loans abroad and a rising tide of world protest against red penetration. Meanwhile the discord in the Communist Party, which has been heightened by the Trotzky episode, increases.

The latest swing to the Left, as expressed in the war on capital, does not reflect the spirit of the great mass of the people, nor is it an evidence of communistic strength. It was entirely due to a renewal of the force policy to reconsolidate political power. Communism is an artificial system maintained by terror and can only be perpetuated through 100 per cent ruthlessness. It is this or zero. Thus if the oligarchy makes another compromise through some newest economic policy, its fate is sealed.

Why is the break-up of Bolshevism inevitable? Analyze every preceding crisis which has menaced soviet power and you find that the situation has been invariably met with some kind of compromise. Foreign concessions, the hope of world revolution, the old imperial gold reserve and the New Economic Policy have all had their fling in staving off collapse. These expedients are exhausted and the country is in a precarious condition. In the latest war on capital, the peasant, for example, finds himself back where he was three years ago. He cannot buy, he cannot sell, and what prices prevail are prohibitive. The Trotzky Scissors, which term means the disparity between the selling price of grain and the cost of manufactured articles, are still wide apart.

Save for the period of the white intervention, the Bolshevik government has

(Continued on Page 141)


Thinking of Women

WHEN they put the rich beauty of pure thread silk into this sock, the manufacturers were thinking of *men*. *Well dressed* men. But when they added to all its style and beauty a durability and wear that is simply *unapproachable* in ordinary socks—they were thinking of *women*. Women who don't like darning needles!

Iron Clad Sock No. 699 is especially created for men who like the luxury of lustrous silk socks—but who have pity on wives and mothers who dread darning. No. 699 won't wear forever—but the very first trial will show you their remarkable strength. Fortified with a mercerized lisle ribbed top. Fortified with a double sole. Fortified with a high spliced heel. Fortified with an extended toe. Fortified with an Iron Clad guarantee of satisfactory service. If your dealer can't supply you with Iron Clad No. 699, send us your remittance and we'll supply you direct. State size (9 to 12, 75¢), and color (Black, White, Palm Beach, Russian Tan, Cordovan Brown, Grey, Navy, African Brown, French Tan). We'll pay the postage!

COOPER, WELLS & CO.
312 Vine St., St. Joseph, Mich.

"Iron Clad"

PHOTO. BY LELAND I. BONNUD

*Lake Arrowhead, California*


MAKE MORE MONEY!

$3,000 PROFIT IN 4 MONTHS'

CRISPETTES

GEORGE ALEXANDER of Pennsylvania made $3000.00 in 4 months making and selling CRISPETTES with this outfit. (Nov. 7th, 1923.)

Jacob Gordon, New Jersey, November 2nd, 1923, says: "Profits over $4000.00 in 2 months." Mesner of Baltimore $250.00 in one day. M. L. Cramen, Ohio (November 3rd, 1923), writes: "Doing big business—sold over 200,000 packages Crispettes last year". Mrs. Lane, Pittsburgh, says: "Sold 8,000 packages in ONE day".

**We Start You In Business**

Crispettes easy to make, easy to sell. We furnish everything—complete outfit, secret formulas, raw materials, full directions, wrappers, etc. No experience needed. Little capital starts you on road to wealth. Open a retail store of your own. Sell wholesale to groceries, drug stores, etc.

**Build a Business of Your Own**

Crispettes sell fast everywhere. Everybody likes them. They're a delicious confection. We'll tell you how to build a business of your own. Start now, in your town.

**Profit $1,000 a Month Easily Possible**

Send for illustrated BOOK OF FACTS. Tells how many people in small towns and big cities are making big successes of Crispette Business. Shows how, when and where to start. Full of valuable information. It's FREE. Write now. Postal brings it.

LONG EAKINS COMPANY
256 HIGH STREET SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

# Stop Mistakes *follow the Household*

**New!**

**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS**

**Payment Plan**

Arrangements have now been perfected by Sherwin Williams whereby the painting of residential property may readily be arranged on a convenient payment basis. Recognized business practise is now, therefore, made available to the property owner without difficulty or red tape. The Sherwin-Williams "Paint Headquarters" Dealer will gladly give you full information.

**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS**
**HOUSEHOLD**
**PAINTING GUIDE**

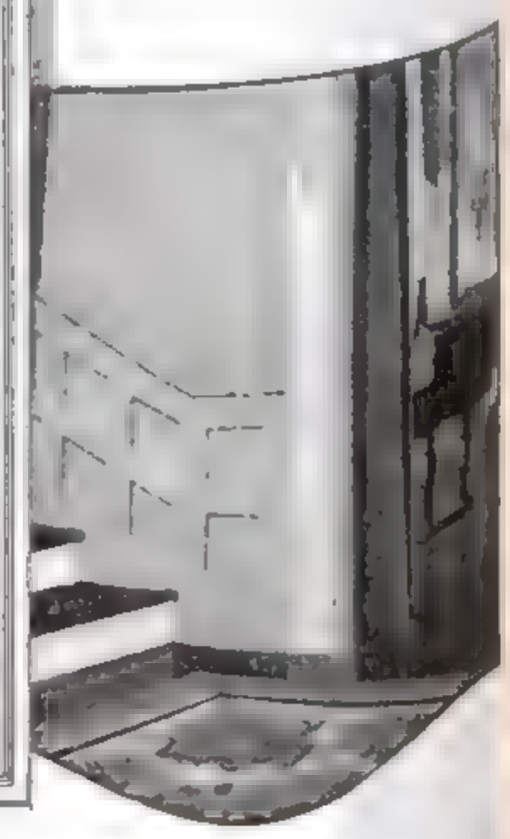
TRADE MARK

| SURFACE | TO PAINT— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW | TO VARNISH— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW | TO STAIN— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW | TO ENAMEL— USE PRODUCT NAMED BELOW |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| AUTOMOBILES .... | S-W Auto Enamel | S-W Auto Enamel Clear | | S-W Auto Enamel |
| AUTOMOBILE TOPS AND SEATS | S-W Auto Top and S-W Auto Seat Dressing | | | |
| BARNS, SILOS, OUT-BUILDINGS, Etc. | S-W Commonwealth Paint S-W Roof and Bridge Paint | | S-W Preservative Shingle Stain | |
| BRICK | SWP House Paint S-W Concrete Wall Finish | | | Old Dutch Enamel |
| CEILINGS, Interior.. | Flat-Tone | Scar-Not Varnish | S-W Handcraft Stain Floorlac | Enameloid |
| Exterior | SWP House Paint | Rexpar Varnish | S-W Oil Stain | Old Dutch Enamel |
| CONCRETE ..... | S-W Concrete Wall Finish | | | |
| DOORS, Interior | SWP House Paint | Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044 | Floorlac S-W Handcraft Stain | Enameloid |
| Exterior ..... | SWP House Paint | Rexpar Varnish | S-W Oil Stain | Old Dutch Enamel |
| FENCES ..... | SWP House Paint Metalastic S-W Roof and Bridge Paint | | S-W Preservative Shingle Stain | |
| FLOORS, Interior (wood) .... | S-W Inside Floor Paint | Mar-Not Varnish | Floorlac | S-W Inside Floor Paint |
| Concrete.... | S-W Concrete Floor Finish | | | S-W Concrete Floor Finish |
| Porch ..... | S-W Porch and Deck Paint | | | |
| FURNITURE, Indoors | Enameloid | Scar-Not Varnish | Floorlac | Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid |
| Porch . | Enameloid | Rexpar Varnish | S-W Oil Stain | |
| HOUSE OR GARAGE Exterior .... | SWP House Paint | Rexpar Varnish | S-W Preservative Shingle Stain | Old Dutch Enamel |
| IMPLEMENTS, TOOLS, TRACTORS, WAGONS, TRUCKS | S-W Wagon and Implement Paint | Rexpar Varnish | | |
| LINOLEUM .. . | S-W Inside Floor Paint | Mar-Not Varnish | | S-W Inside Floor Paint |
| RADIATORS ..... | Flat-Tone S-W Aluminum or Gold Paint | | | Enameloid |
| ROOFS, Shingle..... Metal ..... Composition | S-W Roof and Bridge Paint Metalastic Ebonol | | S-W Preservative Shingle Stain | |
| SCREENS ..... | S-W Screen Enamel | | | S-W Screen Enamel |
| WALLS, Interior (Plaster or Wallboard) | Flat-Tone SWP House Paint | | | Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid |
| WOODWORK Interior . | SWP House Paint Flat-Tone | Scar-Not Varnish Velvet Finish No. 1044 | S-W Handcraft Stain S-W Oil Stain Floorlac | Old Dutch Enamel Enameloid |

For Removing Paint and Varnish use Taxite—quick—easy—thorough—economical—can be used by anyone—on any surface.

**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS**
**PAINTS AND VARNISHES**

For Cleaning Painted and Varnished Surfaces use Flaxoap. Made from linseed oil—contains no free alkali—restores original lustre.



## The joy of new paint

Away, every trace of dinginess! Woodwork, yesterday streaked and dull, today lights up the whole house with its fresh whiteness. Scratched floors that embarrassed beautiful rugs now set them off as a new frame enhances a fine picture. You can see your home begin to smile as each stroke of the brush covers an old surface.

# in Painting
# Painting Guide
## For instance, when painting woodwork

LOOK on the "Guide" for the *right thing to use* for *woodwork*.

Consult the "Guide" before selecting the finish for *any* surface.

Something is wrong when a once beautiful room has to be done over again too soon. The chances are the wrong type of material was used.

Every expert knows that each type of surface (indoors and out) calls for its own type of paint. Paints must be selected according to *type*. The same is true of varnishes, of stains and enamels.

When you look at the Household Painting Guide you look at authoritative recommendations. On a line with the surface to be finished you pick out the correct material as easily as you select a color from the color card.

*Save this copy of the "Guide" for use when needed.*

### Your "Paint Headquarters" serves you with the Sherwin-Williams Household Guide

*It will pay you to look up this store*

YOU will know "Paint Headquarters" by the Household-Guide displayed in the window and inside the store. This store serves you intelligently, backed by the "Guide." The proprietor and clerks help you save money by avoiding mistakes. Look for this store and "follow the 'Guide.'" It costs you nothing to be *sure*.

Write for free suggestions on your painting problems to the S-W Dep't of Home Decoration. Ask, also, for free booklet B450 and the handsome set of color plates giving eight beautiful color schemes for different rooms. Send 50c (65c in Canada) for the 177 page book of valuable detailed information on beautifying the home. Reproductions of the latest color ideas for interior and exterior—a book you would not part with for many times its price. Write The Sherwin-Williams Co., Dept. B435, 601 Canal Road, Cleveland, O.

**Painting**

For a full oil gloss use SWP House Paint. Comes in most pleasing colors—durable and washable Flat-Tone dries dull with soft velvety colors—washable.

**Varnishing**

Scar-Not magnifies the beauty of beautiful grain—rich full gloss.

Velvet Finish No. 1044 dries dull—you'll like this dull rubbed effect.

**Staining**

Your favorite woods stain beautifully with Handcraft. Oil stains are also favorites for *new* wood. Floorlac is the all-around household varnish stain.

**Enameling**

Old Dutch Enamel finishes will still be there for your grandchildren to enjoy.

Enameloid comes in all your favorite colors.

**Getting good work**

Hire a good painter if you have big work that calls for help. Ask your Paint Headquarters to recommend a man. If you hire a painter, hire a good one.

# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
## PAINTS AND VARNISHES

*No town is too small to make a Farm & Fireside exhibition profitable. Over 5,000 people visited the McNeal Mercantile Co. store during their Farm & Fireside week. Displays of Farm & Fireside advertised goods were the main attraction*

**This coupon for merchants only**

Retail Sales Director, Suite 1-A
The Crowell Publishing Company
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Please send your new book, "Three Tested Plans to Get More Farm Trade," without cost to me.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

*Business* .....

# A $3,124 FARM & FIRESIDE week in a town of 245 people

If your store is in a town of just a few hundred people, you'll realize that a sales volume of over $3,000 in one week means a lot of extra business. That, however, was the record set recently by the McNeal Mercantile Co. in Watson, Missouri, a town of only 245.

Of course, this business didn't come from the townspeople alone. It was largely secured from the bigger market surrounding the town—from the neighboring farm families.

You have a similar opportunity for increasing your farm trade. You can use the same plan for getting it. This is how it was done.

The McNeal Mercantile Co. set aside six days of special interest for farmers and their families. Novel parades, contests, stunts were on the bill. And the store's announced attraction was an exhibition of products advertised in Farm & Fireside, *The National Farm Magazine*. Many of the demonstrations were made by factory representatives.

Over 5,000 people visited the McNeal store during the week! Six extra clerks were needed to take care of the trade! Many new customers were secured. And the result in dollars and cents was triple the business usually done in a week!

### Why this plan is always successful

Mr. McNeal's experience isn't unusual. Similar reports come from every section of the country; from merchants selling your line of goods; and invariably they say that the Farm & Fireside plan gets business.

What makes this plan so effective, so profitable, everywhere is the fact that Farm & Fireside influences the purchases of progressive farm families the country over.

There are about 6,448,000 farm families in the United States. Farm & Fireside is read by over 1,000,000 families. These million readers of Farm & Fireside represent a selected list of the most progressive farm families in every community where it circulates. Drawn to Farm & Fireside for its inspiration and help toward better living, they look to its advertising pages as a trustworthy guide to the means of attaining it. And they are that type of people who get what they want.

The Farm & Fireside plan is a sound merchandising plan for any merchant who wants to reach out, directly, to this large, responsive market in his own community.

It brings these better farm families into his store to examine, and buy, the goods they have become familiar with through advertising in this great national farm magazine.

**Over a million**

*With over a million circulation, Farm & Fireside, The National Farm Magazine, reaches over one million families the country over. The Farm & Fireside plan directs the purchases of these leading families to the store of the merchant who handles Farm & Fireside advertised products*

### This book tells how to make it work for you

Our new 36-page booklet, *To Help You Get More Farm Trade*, tells how to win this extra business.

This book is a book of facts. It is based upon the actual experiences of hundreds of other merchants in every part of the country. It tells you definitely the results these merchants have secured with the Farm & Fireside plan, and how you can equal them. We will gladly send you this book free of charge.

Just write us on your business letter-head, saying that you would like to read this book. Please address your letter to The Retail Sales Director, Suite 1-A, at the address below.

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381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's *The National Weekly*, The Mentor

# FARM & FIRESIDE

## *The National Farm Magazine · Read in more than a million homes*

## TIE *to these products advertised in* FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine
Agricultural Gypsum
American Chain Company (Weed Chains)
American Fence
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American Saw Mill Machinery Company
American Sheet & Tin Plate Company
American Telephone & Telegraph Company
American Tobacco Company (Tuxedo)
Anthony Fence
Bag Balm
Bass Stoves and Ovens
Brown's Beach Jackets
Buckeye Incubators
Buescher Band Instruments
Burpee's Seeds
Burroughs Adding Machines
Californians Inc
California Sunkist Lemons
Canadian Government (Dept. of Immigration & Colonization)
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company
Certo (Surejell)
Clark's Mercerized Crochet Cotton
Chesebrough Products (Vaseline
Chilean Nitrate of Soda
Clothcraft Clothes
Colgate's Toilet Preparations
Collis Process Pure Dried Buttermilk
Congoleum Rugs
Conn Band Instruments
Corn Products Refining Co. (Karo)
Crescent (Mapleine)
Crescent Tools
Crosley Radio
Dandelion Butter Color
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Delco-Light Pump
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
Dietz Lanterns
Douglas, W. L., Shoes
Dr. Clark's Purity Milk Strainers
Durant Cars
Durham Duplex Razor Company
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco
Enterprise Meat Choppers and Sausage Stuffers
Essex Cars
Eveready Flashlights
Eveready Radio Batteries
Fairway Radio
Federal Farm Loan Bonds
Ford Cars—Trucks & Tractors
General Electric Company
General Motors Corporation
Glastenbury Underwear
Glover's Mange Remedies
Great Northern Ry
Hart Parr Company (Tractors)
Hartshorn Shade Rollers
Harvey Steel & Forging Company
Hendricks Seeds
Hinds Honey & Almond Cream
Hires Root Beer & Ginger Ale Extract
Hudson Cars
Instant Postum
Ingersoll Watches
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment
International Motor Trucks
International Tractors
Jell-O
Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kelly-Springfield Tires
Landers, Frary & Clark (Universal)
Lee Union-Alls
Letz-Dixie Feed Grinders
Louisville & Nashville Ry.
Lysol
Magnavox Receivers & Loud Speakers
Mellin's Food
Midwest Radio Company (Miraco)
Monarch Ranges
Multibestos Brake Lining
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(Continued from Page 137)

never been in such a quandary as at the time I write, which is toward the end of December. With no exports, industry operating at a loss, disgruntled labor personnel and, let me repeat, no prospect of financial assistance abroad, the situation becomes increasingly catastrophic. The vast scheme for overthrowing the peace of the world has degenerated into sporadic sniping, while the Dawes Plan in successful operation looms up as an obstacle to further destructive activity in Europe.

In short, the Bolsheviks have reached the point where they can compromise no longer. They must heighten that push to the Left or confess to another stupendous economic failure. In either case a debacle seems unavoidable. Bolshevism is beginning to meet the fate of all other similar adventures. In every revolution, as more than one observer has pointed out, there are invariably two extreme phases. The first is the period of enthusiasm and fanaticism, while the last is the era of corruption and dissolution.

Though the reaction from Bolshevism will recruit some of its followers from the disillusioned city workers, the backbone of the strength will be the peasant, who is the crux of the situation. The biggest of all soviet concessions was made to him in the shape of the New Economic Policy. It was bestowed because he went on strike and famine loomed. He therefore holds the power of life and death. His passive resistance is the real thorn in the flesh of the powers that be and it is becoming more deeply embedded all the time.

The two things that the Bolsheviks have not been able to bend to their iron will are the inertia of the peasant and the immensity of Russia herself. This inertia is likely to develop into an irresistible force. "When the peasant shrugs his shoulders things happen" is an old Russian country phrase. Collectively, the peasant may become the modern Samson who will hurl down the temple of Bolshevism; but he will not encompass his own destruction. That the peasant is already up and doing is shown by events last November, when the tax-collection commission—even when accompanied by armed escorts—were powerless to collect the grain tax.

Communism has only intrenched itself along the lines of communication. When you realize that a country that covers one-seventh of the surface of the earth has only 45,000 miles of railway, you can appreciate the possibilities that lurk in the hinterland.

Animating the awakening of the peasant will be a deep religious fervor. Fundamentally opposed to communism, for he is an instinctive capitalist, the rural worker has kept the lamp of his faith burning despite the campaign against the church.

### When Bolshevism Crumbles

History has provided a precedent in Russia. In the early years of the seventeenth century the country was in a turmoil comparable with the present dislocation. It was the period known as the Great Trouble. The Poles had swarmed in and usurped power at Moscow, while the boyars, as the feudal landed aristocracy were known, fought among themselves and pillaged the countryside. Anarchy reigned. The Patriarch Hermogene went about preaching the gospel of faith and patriotism. Under his stimulating inspiration the boyars buried their differences. Led by Minin, a butcher, and Pozharski, a prince, the people drove the invaders out, quelled the civil war, and put Michael, first of the house of Romanoff, on the throne of the Czars.

When Bolshevism crumbles, whether through economic disintegration, strife in the Communist Party or peasant pressure, a gigantic process of decentralization will set in, during which Russia will be a group of uncoordinated small self-governing units. Remember that every reign of terror has been followed by a period of fluidity in which the nation gropes through travail out of darkness into the dawn. There was a gap of about four years between Robespierre and Napoleon. The Slav Bonaparte may not develop, but there will be that giant which is the peasantry to redress the balance.

Unless all signs fail, the transition period in Russia will not degenerate into anarchy, as I will now show. Even under Czarism, there was democratic conduct of local affairs, especially in the country through the mir, which was the peasant commune for allocation and cultivation of the land, and the zemstvo, which, roughly stated, was the county administration. Reënforcing these agencies is the vast cooperative activity which grew from 4479 societies in 1905 to nearly 40,000 in 1917. These groups, which persist, are not only noncommunistic but each one is an atom of democracy. Hence self-rule will be no stranger to the great mass of the populace.

The second guaranty against confusion is in a condition not entirely comprehended by those who assume that Bolshevism is in supreme control in Russia. During the period of militant communism every branch of national service, including the railways, telegraph and mails, so far as both direction and operation were concerned, fell into the hands of the Bolsheviks, with the usual results. When Dzerzhinsky was made autocrat of transport he restored the old workers to their posts, with the result that the bulk of the original personnel is back on the job. The same is true to a limited extent among the permanent staffs in the various branches of the government.

Bulwarking these isles of safety and sanity in the agencies of service is the fact that more than 95 per cent of the people of Russia are living under what is nothing more or less than nominal subservience to Bolshevism. Fear has inspired their acquiescence. Hence they are ripe for constructive change.

### The Sunset of Sovietism

In the fourth place, thousands of old Czarist officers have become part of the red army, not through love of communism but for the sake of a meal ticket or to save their skins. Once a situation arises that enables them to assert their authority, they will revert to normalcy. Furthermore, most of the troops are conscripted peasant lads who, like their parents, have definite ideas about small capitalism. Just what the peasant soldier and sailor are capable of doing was demonstrated in the Kronstadt mutiny of 1921 which brought about the famous retreat from Bolshevism as expressed in the New Economic Policy.

Finally the soviet experiment in state control of liberty and production, instead of crushing individualism has only stimulated it, while the spirit of nationalism is more vibrant than ever before. From this résumé it is evident that should the emergency arise Russia could survive the lack of a central government over a considerable space of time.

There are many who believe, and not without ample grounds, that ultimately there will be a United States of Russia, comprised in a group of autonomous states linked through economic union and in which the new Baltic States, excepting Poland and Finland, may be allied on a dominion basis. There are two historical reasons why such a confederation is logical. One is that Russia has always been one national economic organism. The second is the traditional homogeneity. There has never been any racial dissension even among the Ukrainians or the Siberians.

Such is the vision of the Russian tomorrow. It is not based on false and misleading optimism, but born of dispassionate appraisal of things as they are. The deadlock between life, as expressed in every normal social, political and economic aspiration, and the system which seeks to stifle it cannot endure.

Any study of Russia today therefore inspires the belief that the country is headed for some form of republicanism. The instinct of independence and self-government which is the birthright of the peasant will assert itself uncompromisingly, once the day of reckoning comes. Ultimately the race will find its destiny, not in the extremism of the Left or under Fascism. Rather is it likely to be on the middle ground of real democracy. Perhaps a Slav Washington or Lincoln, now brooding in some village hut over the wrongs of his nation, may lead the way to emancipation. Whatever the agency and whenever the hour, there can be no doubt of the outcome.

The sun of sovietism is setting. Already the twilight of terror has set in. There eventually arises a situation which challenges the fundamentals of existence, when bayonets and bullets fail to function. Russia is marching inexorably toward such a crisis. Out of the monster tragedy of modern times will inevitably emerge compensation for all the agony and anguish that a great people have borne.

Editor's Note—This is the eleventh and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with Russia

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# THE PRIMITIVE

(Continued from Page 13)

was his growing wonder at the erratic maneuvers of the *Cassie S.*

The next island northward in the group was Number 4. It lay perhaps half a mile away, across a stretch of yeasty, slate-colored water all slashed with tide rips. There it bulked clear against the horizon, in shape somewhat resembling the humpback of a whale, as Jasper had quaintly observed. On and beyond for several miles more extended the whole chain of smaller rocks and reefs against which Joe had presumed to give his warning. And yet, if it was possible to believe, by every appearance the cap'n meant to drive straight through. The tug had proceeded under full steam; she had circled well to leeward; now she veered and headed around at a point just beyond Number 4.

It was a mad thing to witness—one of those things due to bravado or sheer idiocy which remain forever incalculable, which no one can adequately explain. The *Cassie* seemed to gather speed. As if a renascent energy had thrilled her old timbers, as if a perverse resolve had seized her, with a ragged ribbon of smoke flaunting from her funnel in the wintry sunshine, with the sprays bursting over her prow—she went hurrying almost gayly, almost merrily, straight toward that hidden graveyard. Joe saw her close the gap—inch by inch, so to speak. He thrust forward on the steep cliff edge. He braced himself at the very verge the better to stare, incredulous.

And that was the instant his eye was taken by a ray of reflected metallic glitter, quite close, just below him; and he looked down a matter of ten feet or so upon the figure of Simon Darlington.

No error, Simon Darlington himself. There he lay against another shallow shelf of the cliff like an outsprawled seal—that "bold, strong, hot-blooded" man.

As a fugitive and a castaway, business seemed to have agreed with Simon. Always a hearty specimen, he had become positively sleek and fatted. He wore new sea boots and a new flannel shirt—the buckle on his braces was the glittering object that had caught Joe's glance. Plainly he had found ample supplies in the depot; plainly he had lived well. He had even managed somehow to keep his beard trimmed quite neatly and handsomely. Joe recognized that trait in him; it told more than hours of explanation. It summed up Simon's evident story—his escape from shipwreck, his peaceful leisure ever since. And in the way of such trifles, it summed up Simon too—the man himself, net—his damnable physical conceit, the hateful assurance which had carried him swaggering through an evil life.

All this came to Joe as a single flash of perception. He saw at once that Simon had been waiting for the relief vessel in perfect certainty, in perfect comfort. He also saw that Simon had been taken by surprise at her actual arrival not many minutes before. The big fellow must have been interrupted at his breakfast; he still held a nibbled biscuit. But he had crawled out to the break of the cliff, just as Joe had done, in order to follow the *Cassie's* evolutions—his gaze was riveted after her now with a puzzled and anxious scowl.

Joe considered him, immobile, for perhaps a minute, while he gauged the whole situation, while the white flame of his purpose steadied and focused as through a burning glass. Then, carefully, he humped over an inch or two and passed a hand to his waist. When he resumed position he held his big automatic, a compact fistful of blued steel. The deliberate well-oiled click as the cartridge slid from the magazine was his only announcement. It brought Simon blinking around and upward, startled, to find that gleaming, deadly ring covering him point-blank, with Joe's set face behind it.

Simon Darlington must have been an excellent insurance risk. He neither blanched nor trembled. After their first widening of recognition and momentary amazement, his eyelids crinkled into something like a grin and he nodded a bit. He nodded, confirming an apparition which, it is likely, had long been familiar to his dreams.

"Well, I be blowed!" he said presently. "Hello, Joe. That you at last? . . . I knew you'd come!"

There may have been a certain swagger, but there was no mockery. You see, whatever mistakes others might make about human values and human motives in this affair, Simon made none. That was why he wasted no time in argument. A remarkable fact, too, for such a born plausible rogue, such a confident, masterful egoist, well equipped for talking men to folly—and women to hell. But, you see, Simon had an entirely accurate estimate of this quiet, efficient, hard-working pursuer of his—the sort of estimate one retains of a natural quality like the sharpness of flint or the toughness of oak. That was why he chose to try the play he did, then and there.

"Couldn't fool you, ol' buck, could I?" he went on amiably, meanwhile gathering himself stealthily on his palms. "You're the dinkum little sleuth, ain't you? You damn little hard-mouthed devil! But y' don't think you got me yet, do you, Joe? Eh? Not yet —— *Eh?*"

Suddenly he flung in against the cliff, rolling over, and for a wink was safe, out of range. At the same time he tugged desperately at his own hip. But the weapon jammed and the movement proved his bane—the ledge was too shallow and too slippery. Joe had no call to fire. Simon's leaping body overbalanced, his feet swung him down, and while his outstretched fingers clawed tracks in the slab guano, with a strangled oath he shot the sheer rock slide into the sea. He had made his play and lost. When he came up again against that glassy wall he was as helpless as a drowning mouse in a porcelain bath.

So this was the end of Joe Grimshaw's mission—a vengeance he could hardly have improved. This was the goal to which he had traveled unerringly, "far, far from folks and housen." Round about the cliff a flight of mallemucks screamed and hovered like gray-feathered ghosts. Shadows of thin clouds drifted by with the raw wind. The hollow roaring surf that ringed them spoke of desolation and emptiness. And here the score between these two men was finally cast up for settlement—a fitting place and a fitting settlement.

Simon had reached a precarious hold from which the waves continually slapped and battered him. Weighted with his heavy outfit, benumbed in icy waters, it cost him an exhausting struggle to hang on. He looked up the cliff at Joe and Joe looked down the cliff at Simon.

It is easy to figure in some degree what currents rode in their gaze at that moment, to meet in the spark of inextinguishable hatred; what memories of common friends and pleasantries, of meetings and partings, promises and hand grips; finally, of a vile treachery and a bitter wrong; what visions, most of all, of a woman's delicate beauty—her tender, pleading, pitiful face. They must have remembered then, and each must have known the other was remembering, for the one snarled up, defiant, and the other stared down, implacable.

Simon did not beg for mercy; how could there be mercy for him? And Joe had no impulse to mercy; how could he have any mercy to give? Simon had only to die and Joe had only to watch. They stayed that way through an unmeasured space of time—unmeasured, for time has no count in such crises. It might have been seconds or minutes later when the thing happened.

A sound came to them over the water—a vague sound, difficult to define; no more than a stir on the air. Something like a shock, perhaps, or a distant muffled explosion, or even the cry of many voices raised as one. At any rate, it was enough to penetrate their obsession. Since their encounter neither had turned a thought toward the *Cassie S.* They thought of her now. But when they looked —she was gone.

Across there, Island Number 4 bulked in the sunshine; a grim blot against the horizon. From somewhere behind tailed a veil of the *Cassie's* smoke. It thinned out; it shredded to leeward; it vanished, cut off. It did not renew again. Presently all was quite blank; the rock and the sea and the sky; nothing more.

Simon had twisted around as best he could, straining above the smother. Joe propped upon his perch. They waited—they waited to see the vessel emerge at the windward side or to hear some signal. Nothing. Whatever the island had hidden, the island continued to hide. The mallemucks screamed; the surf droned its dirge; wind and clouds drove by out of the empty polar ocean. Nothing more.

This was the primitive. This was the rim of the earth. . . .

They were alone. They were as far removed from social security and the modern code as they well could be. The *Cassie* was all that had bound them—and the *Cassie* had disappeared. They waited to the last endurable instant.

"That fool tug's gone and got herself sunk over yonder!" called Simon hoarsely.

It was a statement, not an appeal. Joe answered it with a curt nod. Already he had unslung the rope from about his shoulders. Already he was rigging it to cast about a knob of the rock. He dropped the free coils. Simon caught them and handed himself up, barefooted, to the cliff. Joe helped him over the last rise. Together they went hurrying back toward the landing, emulating each other in ordered, intelligent speed like men in a drill.

At one moment Simon led the way; at the next Joe was ahead of him. Simon was first at the painter, but Joe was first aboard the dinghy. While Joe hauled up the kedge Simon thrust offshore. Each seized an oar, and side by side they fell into the short choppy stroke that eats up distance so swiftly.

They were too late, of course. When they rounded Number 4, when they came surging past the last intervening point and the whole length of the group lay before them, there was no sign of the *Cassie S.* No sign, unless a worthless litter of odds and ends be named; a few sticks and boxes from the galley, a deck coop, some wads of cotton waste floating in a spread of oil—and a dark dot which when they caught up with it proved to be the cap belonging to the late unfortunate Cap'n Jasper.

"He picked out an able reef while he was at it." Simon broke a long silence to pronounce the skipper's epitaph. "Must ha' ripped her keel off like one of these here patent tin openers. They wouldn't live long in this water. I know that," he added, with his hint of a grin. "Unless maybe they might crawl onto a rock somewhere."

But they found no such rock. They could not even find the spot where the *Cassie* had gone down. They never did find it, though in the course of their search occurred a curious incident.

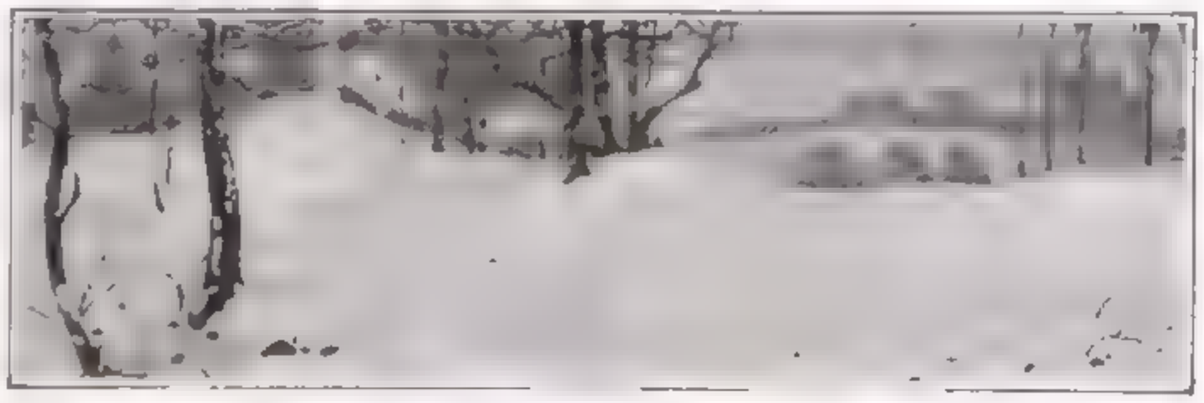
They had landed at a jagged low-lying strip to examine among its crevices. Joe climbed on a tilted shelf above deep water and knelt there, peering down, and Simon stood just behind him. Joe's back was turned; he was entirely absorbed and unconscious. Simon loosened the revolver which had been jammed in his hip pocket all this while. He got it out finally. He held it in his hand. He glanced at it; he glanced around at the stark immensity that surrounded them—just the two of them there. Then he glanced at Joe. Presently he reached and grabbed the little man by the slack of his coat.

"Look out!" he said solicitously. "That rock's blinkin' slippery!"

Joe stepped back.

"Say, Joe," continued Simon calmly, "lend me your wipe, will y'? Something to dry this ruddy gun o' mine. She'll be getting all rust."

Joe complied without a word.



"She's going to come handy before you and me get through," Simon went on. "Seal meat and such; we'll need all we can lay in. That tug won't be missed for a couple months. There ain't more 'n two weeks' grub left in the depot for the two of us. I've burned up most of the wood, and winter's coming on fast."

Joe nodded.

"You and me, we're due for a stiff pull if we're ever going to get out of this place," said Simon. "A damn stiff pull!" Once more he scouted about the horizon. "And I want to tell you it's a lonely place. My God, ain't it lonely, though!"

Philosophically speaking, there remains nothing more of the story of Joe Grimshaw and Simon Darlington except its odd conclusion. The conclusion, to be sure, was afterward discussed by one of the most distinguished members of the Perth and Western Australian Philosophical Society, which makes it valuable. Such events as led up to it were never known to him, or to anyone else—publicly—except the two actors themselves; were only bed-rock drama, anyway, and therefore of no real philosophic account.

How Joe and Simon fought the cold and the storms of the southern sea together, how they tinkered their twenty-foot skiff dinghy and decked her over with strips of canvas torn from the depot; how they killed their seal and penguin meat and smoked it with kelp and driftwood, and laid up their water in empty cache tins when the chill rains came; how they patched a bit of a sail from their garments and laid a course by the stars and set out to save themselves—if any salvation might be—these things were never reported; no more than their weeks of starvation and of hourly peril; no more than their weary drifting and wandering, when they were driven back by tempest from their feel h attempts to reach, first New Zealand and later Tasmania; no more than their common hopelessness and despair, stoically endured and heroically conquered.

Neither was it ever disclosed how at long last, by freak of winds and currents, after an amazing voyage in their frail slip of a craft of nearly four thousand miles, they sighted the Australian mainland; how they made their landfall not far from Cape Leeuwin itself, and working on, sighted the white dioptric off Fremantle one early July evening. They came ashore at the mouth of the Swan River, rode up to Perth soon after midnight; a couple of haggard scarecrows under cover of the friendly darkness. They parted in Forsythe Street.

"Good night," said Simon, and Joe returned it with a nod.

Nothing of this was ever known. But the following is information, as stated in the press:

About noon of the next day, it appears, Joe Grimshaw was seen to open the door of his cottage. By the testimony of credible witnesses, he was freshly shaven and shorn, wearing his very best holiday clothes—"'e always 'ad been a neat dresser at 'ome, Mr. Grimshaw." At about the same moment, in much the same mannerly and conventional rig, Simon Darlington left his old lodgings and walked out to take the air.

It was a moderately busy hour for Forsythe Street; the neighbors were abroad for their midday shopping. Through the placid stir of an ordinary suburban thoroughfare, Joe turned up the hill and Simon turned down. When they sighted each other they were perhaps half a square apart.

Simon was a trifle quicker on the draw this time; he had his revolver out and in action first. But Joe was certainly not slow with his automatic. They advanced toward each other in the middle of the roadway, shooting as rapidly as their fingers could work the triggers.

Jury's verdict was: "Homicide under great provocation." To which the coroner added a comment of his own:

"This is a sad case for such a day as ours. Doubtless the survivor was strongly moved on meeting the scoundrel who was directly responsible for the death of his wife a year ago. There is also an element of self-defense which will probably weigh for leniency. Nevertheless, we must deplore the fact that in our progressive metropolis, under our enlightened conditions of civilization and moral restraint, any man should still feel impelled to the primitive trial by battle." And so on.

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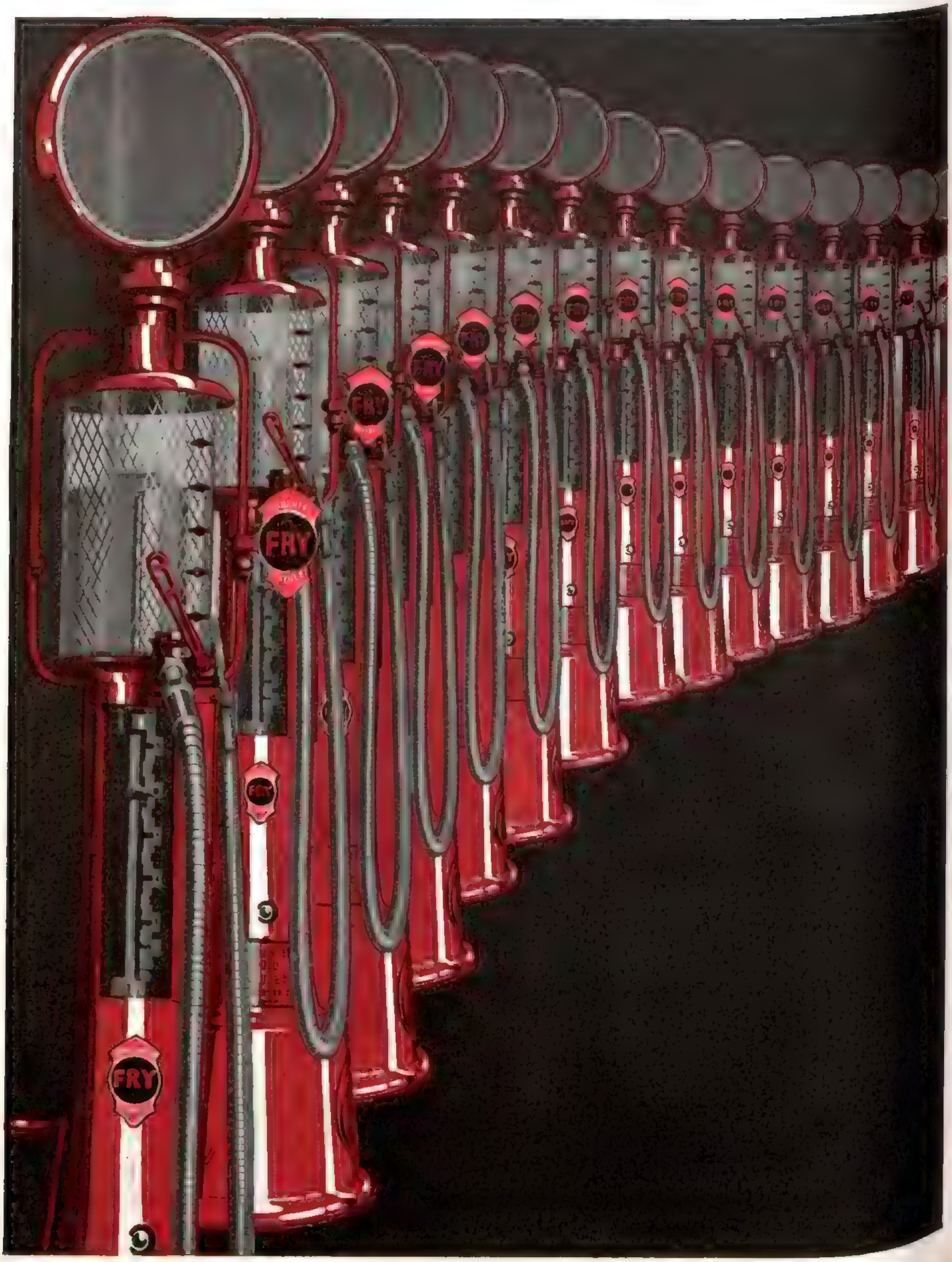
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and ungainly. From its door a path ran past a breast-high pile of timber and a half-completed summerhouse, to a boat landing on the wide leaden river. Mist veiled the farther shore and the watery sunlight struck a distant motorboat and turned it golden.

In a shack beside the big unpainted barn a gasoline engine coughed and sputtered, and a man who had been tending it emerged, wiping his hands on a bit of waste.

"Doctor Henderson, my predecessor," Gaard explained over his shoulder to Meredith, "let this place fall to pieces. Come next year and it will look better. Repairs take time in this part of the world."

The car drew up before the porch and a middle-aged woman in nurse's uniform helped Martha Mead out.

"Somebody dead?" Meredith asked.

"No. Why?" the doctor snapped.

The trooper nodded toward the flagpole. "Flag's at half-staff," he pointed out.

Gaard swore under his breath. "That's native talent for you! Hey, Ike, run that flag all the way up. It's a bad advertisement for a sanitarium."

He was still chuckling when he led Meredith through a wide hall and into a white-walled chamber, redolent of drugs.

"X marks spot where crime was committed," he said, nodding to the broken window. He stripped off his coat as he spoke, diminishing his bulk but little thereby, and stepped across the long narrow rug to lay the garment on his desk and pick up a box of cigars.

"Don't smoke?" he exclaimed. "Then I shan't. There's the window he got in by. Cut out a piece of the pane, as you see. There's the desk he rifled. Yonder's my pharmacy. Took a vial of cocaine from the shelf there—only one I had."

He pressed a wall switch, and the large closet at the other end of the chamber was flooded with light.

"Can't light one room without lighting both by this scheme," Gaard grumbled, nodding to the cluster of gleaming bulbs above his desk. "Rotten arrangement. I'll change it when I come back next year."

He led the way into the pharmacy and laid his finger on the shelf bearing a double row of bottles and jars.

"Took the cocaine from there," he explained. "Usually I don't have the stuff about but there was an addict under treatment here this summer, and I tapered off her dosage."

"Did he take anything from the desk?" Meredith asked, notebook in hand.

"That's the queer part of it," Gaard continued. "He mussed up everything and took only some notes I'd gathered for an article I was preparing on the narcotic evil. Statistics and that sort of thing. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Just when did this happen?"

"Between four and five yesterday. I was down near the shore, helping Ike with logs for the summerhouse we're building. There was no one here but Miss Haven, my temporary nurse. She was upstairs. I came in when it grew late, and found everything upside down and the window open. That's all. As a matter of fact," he went on, lowering his voice, "I called you chaps chiefly to satisfy Miss Haven. She lives in Spruce Plains, and of course she believes the troopers can do anything. So I called you to pacify her, and now that you've been here she'll feel better. I think the truth of the matter is that some snowbird broke in, hoping to find dope—and did. By the way, I understand you boys are on the lookout for dope smugglers."

He stretched as he spoke, and then smothered a yawn.

Meredith noted with a stirring admiration the wide spread of his thick arms and the massiveness of his chest.

With an instinct born of Delaney's admonitions, he replied, "No. We're just on outpost in this district. Any trouble has our name and address attached."

"Well, if you meet with my burglar," Gaard replied, "don't forget to salvage my notes. He can have the bottle. I'll be here another week, anyway, if you run onto something."

"Leaving for the winter?" Meredith asked.

"My season ended October fifteenth. I've been staying on to help little Martha. Her uncle, Professor Bartholomew Sweet, is an old friend. A retired chemist. And now, trooper ——"

# DOPE

(Continued from Page 7)

"Any real hope of her seeing?" Meredith interrupted with elaborate carelessness.

"Know anything about electrotherapeutics?" Gaard queried in return. "If you're interested, step upstairs a moment."

He led the way to a plainly furnished room at the head of the staircase. Beside a narrow bed stood a table bearing a black box. A cable ran from one end of this to a socket in the wall. From its top two wires coiled up to twist about two long glass tubes suspended from the ceiling. At one end of these a funnel-shaped reflector dangled down over the pillow. Gaard threw a switch on the box top, and a faint low humming began in its interior.

"Electric rays," the physician said sonorously. "The infra red rays, that are, as you know, at the other end of the spectrum from the ultra violet. Ten years from now the medical profession will be adopting this apparatus of mine as its own discovery. The infra red rays," he intoned, "have great stimulative value. Their therapeutic quality is such that they restore damaged nerve material and revivify sluggish ganglia. Do you follow me? Well, twice a week this little girl comes here for a day and a night. She lies on this bed and, waking or sleeping, the infra red rays pour their stimulating flood upon her poor atrophied optic nerves. One more treatment and I shall turn the problem over to Nature. When I return in the spring I am confident she will see."

"Gosh!" Meredith murmured.

A triumphant smile spread over Gaard's broad face. "And now," he said, resuming a conversational tone, "I won't keep you any longer, trooper. I'm sorry Ike's gone to dinner or he'd drive you back to town."

"Could I tell Miss Mead good-by?" Meredith demurred.

"Miss Haven is giving her the mineral-salt bath which precedes the treatment," Gaard replied curtly. "Sorry to have brought you here on a goose chase, Meredith. Good morning."

The trooper saluted, ran down the steps and started across the clearing. A breeze had risen, sweeping away the haze and fluttering the flag, now flying from the top of the tall pole. The river had changed from gray to blue, and across the broad slow flow he could see the outline of the Canadian shore. The white motorboat that had been heading for Whetstone Point had altered its course and was slanting slowly away upstream.

Delaney, a bramble scratch across his face, his black-striped riding breeches stained with water and loam, came forward to meet Meredith as the trooper swung off the afternoon train at Haskton.

"You look," the rookie drawled, "like you'd had your conference with Ellison, sergeant. How come?"

Delaney gulped.

"Ellison's dead," he said quietly. "Murdered last night on the Sidon highway."

"You're kidding," Meredith accused, yet he knew the sergeant was not.

"We just brought in the body," Delaney went on rapidly as they walked away. "Ellison knew too much, kid, so they got him. We're going to see Mitch Huggins now and find out what it was Ellison knew. Step out."

Another man, carrying a black bag, came hurrying from the opposite direction toward the jail and reached it ahead of them. The troopers entered the sheriff's office and found it empty. As the door closed behind them the fat deputy emerged from the cell corridor, frowning reproof.

"Sh-h-h!" he admonished. "This Mitch just had a fit or something. Doc's in with him now."

"Fit?" Delaney echoed, frowning.

"Yeh." The deputy gnawed a semicircle from a haggled tobacco plug and went on with relish: "Sheriff went in to see him, and he'd no more than spoke to him when Mitch let out one of these here catswalls, an' Lem he hollered 'What's a matter, Mitch?' an' then 'Git Doc Barrett quick, Eddie!' So I phoned quick's I could. When I got to Mitch's cell, there he lay, half on an' half off the cot, sort of deadlike. My theory is, boys ——"

Sheriff Hoster, considerably shaken, emerged from the jail, followed by a tight, dry little man closing his medicine kit.

"Mitch," said Sheriff Hoster, "just died on us. Doc Barrett says it was his heart."

"Heart was rotten," the physician confirmed. "Drugs had wrecked it. Shock of Ellison's death probably ruptured wall."

"Who told him Ellison was dead?" Delaney snapped, his eyes narrowing.

"I did," Sheriff Hoster said with bravado. "He'd walked up an' down all night long, askin' when Ellison would be back. So when I got the news I just went to the cell door an', 'Mitch,' I says, 'Ellison was shot by dope runners las' night. Who done it?'"

"And what did he say?" Delaney queried.

"Didn't say nothing. He threw a fit or something."

"That's straight, is it?" the sergeant persisted.

"Why, absolutely," Sheriff Hoster blustered. "It 'ud look like hell for me to steer you boys wrong, now wouldn't it?"

"It certainly would," Delaney replied grimly, "with the last guy that tried to play a lone hand in this game lying out on the Sidon road all night with a bullet through him. Come on, kid."

"There'll be an autopsy," the little doctor told the sheriff. "I'll be back later."

He, too, departed. Sheriff Hoster borrowed a chew from his deputy and then sat down at his desk, immersed in thought.

"Eddie," he said at length, "what do you know about this here Chink that works for Perfessor Sweet?"

"I wouldn't trust no Chink," Eddie replied helpfully.

"Sort of look him up," Sheriff Hoster directed, intense mental activity indicated by the rapid motion of his jaws. "Find out all you can about him, in a quiet, expert way. You know. Don't give him no idea you 'spect him."

"Of what?" the deputy asked, closing his mouth to speak and then letting it fall open again.

"Mitch," Sheriff Hoster said in a half whisper, "hollered just two words before he kicked in. "And them words, Eddie, was 'damn Chink.' Ain't Sweet's the only Chink in town?"

"Uh-huh," his deputy admitted.

"Well then!" said Sheriff Lemuel Hoster.

## II

DELANEY and Meredith walked in silence toward the hotel. The recruit spoke at last.

"The Sidon highway," he reflected aloud.

Delaney came out of his somber abstraction.

"If I thought that goof of a sheriff was holding out on us; if I thought he knew who killed Ellison ——"

"I don't know who killed Ellison," Meredith drawled, "but I heard whoever it was making the arrangements."

"What in Sam Hill are you talking about?" Sergeant Delaney jerked, and Meredith told of the interrupted telephone call of the previous afternoon.

"That no-'count operator," he concluded, "switched me off onto a busy wire. She was tryin' to electrocute me or something. Anyway, I heard someone say in a sort of high, purry, foreign-sounding voice something about keeping an appointment on the Sidon road. I remember he said, 'He is alone? Good.' Then that sheriff-brained operator cut me off again."

They entered the hotel. "Come on upstairs," Delaney directed. "We're going into executive session."

Deputy Sheriff Edward Baxter rolled his eyes toward the ceiling of Professor Bartholomew Sweet's living room and twirled his derby hat upon one finger with ostentatious carelessness until the impassive Chinese servant had left the chamber. Then he crossed the room and closed the door. Returning to his post before the fireplace, he noted with satisfaction the bewilderment on the dark face of his host.

The retired chemist, on entering, had sat down in the chair the deputy sheriff had refused. Though his eyes were puzzled, his thin lips, beneath the straight black line of his mustache, wore a mirthless smile of greeting. Sleek, swarthy, and plump as a well-preened blackbird, Professor Sweet balanced a paper cutter on long slender fingers and waited.

"No doubt, perfessor," Deputy Sheriff Baxter began after clearing his throat, "you wonder what brought me here this time of day."

(Continued on Page 149)


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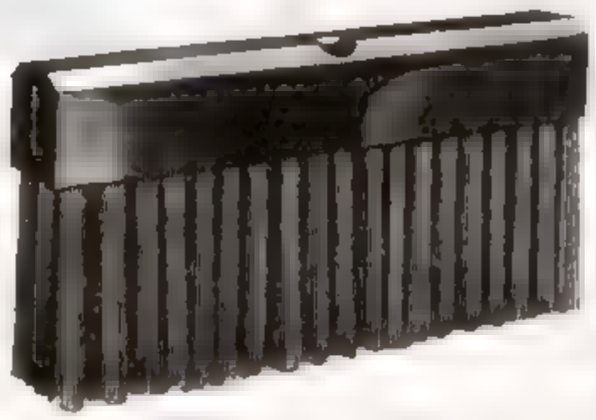

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(Continued from Page 147)

"You make me," Sweet admitted.

"Murder," reverberated his visitor.

"Dear me," said the other, and dropped the paper knife. "I suppose," he continued mildly, recovering it, "you mean the shooting of this man—what was his name?"

"Ellison," Baxter supplied. "How long," he demanded in a half whisper, "have you had this Chinaman?"

"Cheng Hsi?" the professor queried. "Why, for several years now." He weighed the paper knife on his palm and looked up at the deputy with an indulgent smile. "Five years, to be precise. He was my house servant before I retired. What has he done?"

"Where was he last night?" the deputy persisted.

"Until six, in the house here. He then drove me into town, where I did some errands. We then drove out toward Berwick and back."

"H'm," Baxter grunted, discomfited. "Was there—was there anyone else with you?"

"My niece, Miss Mead. She had a headache and thought fresh air might help it. That's why we drove about. Is this a cross-question game, sheriff?"

Deputy Baxter's portentous air was evaporating. He cleared his throat.

"This here is all confidential," he began, and at the professor's acquiescent nod he rehearsed the finding of the Department of Justice man's body and the subsequent death of Huggins.

"'Damn Chink,'" he repeated impressively. "Them was his words, perfessor. And this here Chink is the only one in town."

"If you're suspecting him of murder," Sweet pointed out, "you'll have to suspect me, too, sheriff."

"Oh, of course," Baxter went on hastily, "I don't believe he done no murder. But you've heard of this drug scandal, perfessor?"

His host shrugged and smiled.

"I'm layin' all my cards on the table," the deputy assured him; "I think it's the Chink myself. Is this here Chink away from the house for any length of time ever?"

Professor Sweet sat for a moment, his eyelids puckered, the paper knife beating a tattoo on his knuckles. He rose at last and crossed noiselessly to the door. After pausing before it to listen, he opened it quickly and closed it again without sound. Then he spoke in a quick mutter.

"Your questions make me think, sheriff. I shall watch Cheng Hsi more closely. I have wondered sometimes whether ——"

"What?" Baxter exploded when the pause became unendurable.

"Oh, nothing definite," Sweet resumed in a smooth voice. "But Chinese, as you have said, sheriff, are crafty. Cheng Hsi, if he were what you suspect, might very well try to involve me also. Suppose we wait and watch. If I should unearth anything suspicious I'll let you know."

"Fine!" Baxter approved heavily. "And listen: Don't let no one know but me. I mean, don't have nothin' to do with these state troopers, or nothin'. We'll work on this case together, eh?"

There was something of sly satisfaction in Professor Sweet's automatic smile as he agreed. He conducted his visitor to the front door and, after it had closed, stood beside it for a moment, eyebrows raised, whistling noiselessly.

Cheng Hsi came shuffling down the hall, squat and solid in his loose house clothes, eyes alive and shining in a mask of pale copper.

"Well?" he asked.

His employer frowned and hesitated a second.

"Everything's all right," he assured him at last.

"I am not so sure. Come in here," his servant replied, nodding toward the living room. Professor Sweet's face grew pale, but he obeyed.

In their room at the Eagle House Meredith interrupted the muttered flow of Delaney's speech to ask, "No tracks?"

The sergeant shook his head. "If there were any, Crawford and his pals rubbed them all out, sliding down the bank after me. I missed a bet there, for the inside pocket of his coat had been turned inside out."

"Kept his roll in a wallet," the trooper suggested.

"No. He had fifty-seven dollars and a dollar forty-seven in change in his trousers pocket. It wasn't for money. He'd got something someone had to get back or the works would have been blown."

"Which fits in," the trooper drawled, "with the date I heard 'em making over the telephone. The East ain't so effete, at that, sergeant. She's still got a kick to her."

Delaney reached into the pocket of his sheepskin-lined coat hanging from the bed's footboard and brought out five small green beads, which he held out to Meredith on his palm.

"These might be a clew," he said, "if they made any sense. Picked them up on the snow, right by the culvert. Funny, isn't it?"

"Yes," Meredith responded slowly, wondering whether his face looked as stiff as it felt. "Funny as—funny as hell."

Delaney restored the beads and picked up his hat.

"We don't know a darned thing," he complained, adjusting his gun belt.

"Which may keep us from getting drilled," Meredith supplemented, his long face dismal and impassive. "Where you going now?"

"To see the chief operator," the sergeant responded, "and find out from where to where that phone call was sent."

"*Vaya con dios*," the trooper said, and sat down again to stare abstractedly at the stained wall paper before him. After a time he went downstairs to the telephone and called a number.

"I wish to speak to Professor Sweet," he said, and, after a moment's wait, "Is this Professor Sweet? . . . Hello, hello! . . . Who is this speaking? . . . A little louder, please; this line is bad. . . . Professor Sweet, of Haskton. . . . Hello. . . . I want to ——"

He replaced the receiver as he spoke, stood for a second with one eyebrow cocked quizzically, and tiptoed out through the deserted hall.

Professor Bartholomew Sweet turned away from the mute telephone with a muttered curse and faced his Chinese servant, standing patiently with his hands thrust into wide sleeves.

"Who was it?" Cheng Hsi asked. "I do not like this."

His pale tongue licked his lipless mouth and Professor Sweet's olive face grew ashen.

"I don't know," he stammered. "Asked if I was Professor Sweet, and then we were cut off."

"I do not like this," Cheng Hsi repeated, and his hands crept from his sleeves. "First this policeman, then this telephone. Dog, if you have ——"

"I haven't," the professor disavowed frantically. "I swear it. Cheng Hsi, listen! Don't! Oh, Cheng ——"

The lights in the dining room where the Chinese had served his master's dinner in the view of anyone passing along the road were snapped off. There was the clatter of shoes and the slither of padded slippers, then a gasp.

"The double cross is not beyond you, my friend," the voice of Cheng Hsi sounded in the darkness. "Who was it?"

"I don't know," Sweet yammered. "Don't! Don't!"

Cloth rasped against cloth as they struggled. A muffled scream was cut off suddenly.

"Who was it?" the voice of Cheng Hsi, bland no longer, demanded. "This is only the beginning of pain."

"I don't know," Sweet sobbed. "I do not. Believe me, Cheng Hsi, I beg. No more, no more."

"I believe," the Chinese said at length, "for when you are hurt you speak the truth. And this, little dog, is not the first page of what you will endure if you play false. And now," he added ironically, "compose yourself, kind employer, and I shall turn on the lights again. I shall be close beside your august self when Cohen comes tonight. Close beside you, as a faithful servant should be."

Sergeant Delaney rolled a cigarette, blew a ring and shot a dart of smoke through it. Then he held up five fingers toward his patrol mate.

"The call came from the pay booth in the Spruce Plains drug store to the pay booth at the railway station here," he said, folding down a finger at each sentence. "There wasn't anyone in the station at the time it was made, that I can find, for the ticket agent had gone home to supper. A half hour before that, your friend Gaard called up Sweet, which was the only other call from Spruce Plains after four o'clock, until Gaard called me. Gaard's place was broken into yesterday. Sweet's niece makes the trip between here and Whetstone Point twice a week."

He spread his fingers again and looked at Meredith across them. "And there you are."

"It wasn't Gaard's voice I heard," Meredith volunteered, walking up and down the room and rubbing his head. "He speaks with no accent, and his voice is clear and deep. And it wasn't Sweet either. This mysterious jasper spoke kind of high and a little like a Dutch comedian. I called up Sweet tonight, heard him speak, and then hung up on him, just to be sure."

Delaney frowned and flipped his cigarette butt into the slop jar. "What made you suspect him?" he asked sharply.

Meredith halted his prowling, and his thin dark face grew dusky red. "I've been holding out on you," he said with a gulp. "Like I told you, I rode up to Gaard's with Miss Mead. Well, sergeant, she has a dress with green beads sewed to the front of it. She's a sort of pathetic, confidin' kid," he added softly.

Delaney opened his mouth to speak, cocked an eye at Meredith and grinned instead.

"She or her uncle couldn't have had a thing to do with it," Meredith insisted. "The evidence against 'em isn't even circumstantial."

"There's the Chink who works for them."

"I know Chinks," the trooper retorted. "They don't talk like Weber and Fields."

There was a pause.

Delaney squinted at the shifting layers of tobacco cloud above his head and finally spoke.

"What do you know about this girl, kid?"

"Comes from New York," Meredith recited. "Orphan. Sort of instructor in institution for the blind. Mother's brother, retired chemist, comes back from China and takes care of her. She's eighteen. Lives alone with Sweet except for the Chink servant. Seems fonder of him than she is of her uncle. Goes to Gaard twice a week for eye treatment."

"You got all this between here and Spruce Plains," Delaney marveled, wrinkles deepening at his eye corners. "Well, listen, fast worker, where was she between seven and ten last night?"

"She'll be back tomorrow. I'm going to see her and find out," Meredith replied.

"Do that," the sergeant approved. "I'm going to run up to Spruce Plains and talk to the druggist. And what's more," he added, "I'm not coming back by the Sidon road, and I'm coming back before sunset. Now let's get those patrol reports fixed up and mailed."

As Professor Bartholomew Sweet mounted the steps of his residence the next afternoon Cheng Hsi opened the front door and ushered his employer in with a bland smile.

"A visitor is inside," he announced.

The professor stared.

"A visitor," the Chinese repeated, without the smile, as he closed the door, "in a gray uniform, with a gun at his side. He came to talk to the girl. I do not like this."

"What is he here for?" Sweet asked stupidly.

"I do not know," Cheng Hsi replied, laying soft emphasis upon the first syllable. "They have met before. They sit in the back parlor and he has left the door open wide so that none may eavesdrop—a careless man or else very wary."

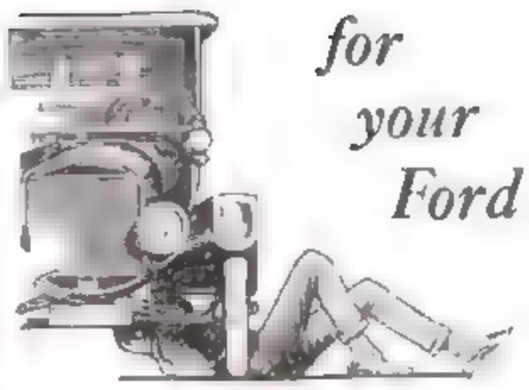
With his well-trained servant's air, he helped the professor out of his coat, hung it on the hatrack and then turned and stared at Sweet. Something in the black button eyes made the professor catch his breath.

"I don't know anything about it," he muttered. "Don't look that way. What shall we do?"

"You are to find out why he came and get rid of him," Cheng Hsi directed softly. "If he comes merely to see the girl, insult him so that he will not return. By what you say to him, I shall know what steps to take afterward."

Meredith rose as Professor Bartholomew Sweet entered.

"Here's your uncle now," he said to the blind girl. "Professor, I'm Lansing Meredith, of the state troopers. Your niece and I were shipmates on the local up to Spruce Plains yesterday. I just dropped in to say howdy."

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Professor Sweet's smooth olive face returned no reflection of the trooper's grin. He cleared his throat.

"You have, I suppose, a search warrant," he said coldly.

"I don't understand," Meredith stammered.

"You have some legal authority to enter a peaceful citizen's house without his permission?" the other continued. "What particular crime have we committed?"

Meredith reddened and then laughed.

"You had me winging for a minute, professor. No, this is just a social call. Miss Mead ——"

"Get out!" Sweet said distinctly, jerking his sleek head toward the hall behind him. Beneath his slender black mustache his lips curled in a catlike snarl. "Be still!" he ordered as the girl rose, vague alarm on her face, and started to speak. "Let me deal with this gentleman."

There was calculated insult in his tone. Meredith picked up his hat and deliberately turned his back on him.

"Good afternoon, Miss Mead," he said, taking her hand. "I'm sorry we haven't had a longer talk. Since he's your uncle, I'd better move before I spank him. It's hard to imagine that he's even your uncle, at that."

"Get out!" Sweet shrilled.

There was something in his tone that made Meredith stare hard and long before he spoke, in a sleepy, lilting drawl.

"I'm getting out, but on my own schedule, you squeaky imitation of a human being. Watch me go, and don't get in my way, you child-bullyin', four-flushin' cross between a hop-toad and a peanut whistle. You dirty little cat-mustached coward ——"

"Get out!" Sweet shrieked in a passion. "Get oudt, verfluchtes Schwein! Leaf my house dis minute, du verdammter ——"

The door slammed, leaving him trembling and gasping in the empty hall. In her chair his niece sobbed convulsively.

Cheng Hsi brushed past him and bent over her.

"There, there," he crooned. "Don't cry. It's bad for the eyes. That is an evil man. Your uncle is right."

A few minutes later he joined Sweet in the living room. There was no suspicion in his eyes now.

"I find," he said, "that you did not send him. She herself asked him to come. That is well, for you. But I do not like this. They have talked of motoring and other harmless matters, from what she tells me. Let her go back to Gaard tomorrow and stay there until we join her."

He stood, abstracted for a moment, clasped fingers tapping his knuckles.

"Youth calls, that is all," Cheng Hsi said. "I would rather he had her than you, my friend, if matters were otherwise."

Sergeant Delaney, his face red from the keen November wind and gloomy with expectations unfulfilled, got stiffly out of the patrol's mud-spattered flivver and bestowed impartial curses upon each step of the hotel stairs that led up to his room. There he discovered the other half of his outpost, flat on a bed, staring at the cracked ceiling and mournfully chanting that he was a poor cowboy and knowed he'd done wrong.

"Shut up that noise!" snapped the sergeant by way of greeting.

"That's not noise; it's singin'," Meredith corrected sadly, raising himself on one elbow. "Whatche got?"

"Nothing," groaned Delaney as he sat down, "except eighteen thousand aches from riding rough roads in that flivver all day. Know who's running that Spruce Plains drug store now? Falk, the guy I got fined five hundred dollars for bootlegging. He helped me a lot, of course. Said there wasn't anyone in his store at the time we know someone phoned from there, or if there was he didn't see him, or if he had seen him he wouldn't tell a trooper about it for a million dollars. You find out anything? I bet not."

Meredith yawned with elaborate carelessness. "A little," he drawled. "Miss Mead and her slick uncle and the moon-faced Chink were out riding the night Ellison was shot. The Chink and Sweet sat on the front seat. She was in the tonneau, all wrapped up. She and her uncle went into a shop and bought her a pair of gloves. That was when we ran into them. Then they drove around some more for quite a while. They stopped once and put on the chains because the snow made the road slippery. She got out to stretch while they were working. Then they went home."

"Where did they stop?" Delaney asked briskly.

"How would she know?" Meredith retorted. "She's blind. And, being blind, she wouldn't know whether the Chink was in the car all the time or got in again when they stopped for the chains."

Delaney laughed mirthlessly. "A swell day's work of detecting you and I have done!"

"I'm not so rotten," the trooper drawled. "I know who made that telephone date for the Sidon road—Herr Professor Sweet."

"You said that bird had a German accent," Delaney objected.

"So has Sweet," Meredith answered calmly, "when he gets agitated. He started to run me off the reservation this afternoon. When he got sore his English wasn't quite right. So I made him madder on purpose, and he talked like the Rogers Brothers. He's the guy, sergeant."

"You can't arrest a man just because he talks with a German accent. The war is over," the sergeant said gloomily.

Meredith fixed sad eyes on the ceiling once more and crooned unmelodiously until Delaney's nerves gave way.

"Aw, stop it!" he snapped.

"I was thinking," the trooper reproved sleepily. "I think better when I sing. Here's a deteckatuff story for you, sergeant. Gaard and Sweet are running drugs. Ellison busts into the sanitarium on a tip from the lamented Mitch, and gets evidence. Gaard can't plan a murder over his own phone, so he phones Sweet, dating him up for the pay-booth call. On the second call they make war medicine, and Gaard hires the Chink or someone to kill Ellison. There's only one really weak point. I don't see why Gaard reported the burglary to us. Otherwise, it's a grand story, and I made it up, all by myself."

"There's weaker places than that," Delaney commented dourly. "All the evidence we've got is your movie scenario, five beads, a phone call and a German accent. You can't convict a man on any of them. I'll fix up your theory a little: Gaard phoned us because the nurse and hired man knew about the robbery. He had to look innocent, and he built up a partial alibi for himself if Ellison had got through."

"Your deductive powers, Watson, are growin' like horns on a yearlin'," Meredith drawled. "Le's go get this Gaard guy an' make him come through. I know some Indian tricks that 'ud make a deaf-mute deliver an oration. He'd tell us whether he was running dope, pronto."

Delaney sat with eyes half shut, rubbing his chin reflectively while Meredith keened dolefully to himself once more.

"When does this girl go back to Whetstone Point again?" the sergeant asked suddenly.

"Tomorrow afternoon."

"Here's another chapter for your mystery serial," Delaney said slowly. "She goes up there two-three times a week. Each time her suitcase is full coming back. She's the dope carrier."

"Hokum!" Meredith exclaimed, sitting up.

"We're going to ride up with her tomorrow afternoon," the sergeant continued, a gleam of excitement in his blue eyes, "and see what's in that bag."

"And scare her to death and get nothing for it," Meredith completed. "No, sir; we are not."

"I happen to be commanding this outpost," Delaney retorted. "As for scaring her, that's nonsense. You can sit in the car with her, excuse yourself to go into the smoker, where I'll be waiting, and bring the bag along with you. We can go through it, and if I'm wrong we can put it back—without her knowing it was gone. If she's carrying dope she probably doesn't realize it. These aren't saps we're dealing with, kid. These are crooks who know their job."

"They're different from all the sergeants I ever met, then," Meredith grumbled.

"Ellison's inquest comes off in the morning," said Delaney, "and while I'm there I want you to get a search warrant for Gaard's dump We may need it."

After lengthy but profitable negotiation, two furtive clients who had called upon Doctor Sweet at 11:45 P.M., departed, and the retired chemist went to bed. Toward midmorning he was wakened by a closing door, and opened his eyes to see Cheng Hsi standing ominously quiet with his back against the portal.

"I do not like this," the Chinese said.

Sleep had not completely reknit the raveled temperament of Professor Sweet, but it had blunted his discretion. His unstrung nerves spoke for him. The snarl that contorted his face was like a harried animal's.

"Stop that infernal croaking!" he half shrieked, then gulped and asked, "What's the matter now?"

"Gaard has telephoned," Cheng Hsi replied, staring hard. "He has learned that a policeman was in Spruce Plains yesterday trying to trace a telephone call. Something is wrong, master."

The ironic emphasis laid upon the title stung Sweet. He sat up in bed, rumpling his sleek hair with nervous fingers.

"But why," he stammered placatingly, "do you always hang it on me? I'm as deep in it as you are."

"Because," Cheng Hsi responded calmly, "the game runs against you now. You have not the heart for misfortune. Ellison would still be alive if you had had your way. I remember a matter in Shanghai, and another in San Diego—Doctor Sussman."

He flung back the name like an insult as he left the room. For an instant thereafter, Professor Sweet's eyes were dark with dread - fear of the Chinese with his yellow vitriol smoothness; and an older, more familiar terror. Peril was exerting its accustomed influence upon Professor Sweet. Ratlike, he sought desperately for a way of escape.

His eyes were crafty as he rose, barefooted, and opened the door. The hall was empty, and downstairs he heard the voices of the Chinese and his niece. He closed the portal and from under his bed drew a suitcase which he packed hurriedly and then slid back into concealment. As he dressed he muttered to himself. Finally he looked into the mirror and smiled, but there was something more than approval of his well-groomed image in the grimace. He was still smiling as he went downstairs and gave Cheng Hsi directions concerning lunch, which the servant received with the respectful demeanor he always wore in the presence of a third person.

"And see to packing Miss Mead's suitcase," the professor directed. "And have the car ready at four. I'll drive her down to the station."

The blind girl lifted her head from her knitting. "I'd rather walk," she protested. "Walking will do me good."

"Very well, my dear," Sweet responded. "We'll walk then. It will do me good too."

Hours later Cheng Hsi met him in the hall The Chinese carried the patent-leather suitcase. Sweet turned to get his hat and coat, but the other laid a hand on his sleeve.

"It will be better for you to stay here," he announced. "There are things I must get from the village. I will take the girl to the train."

"But ——" Sweet began, but the Chinese cut him short.

"You two and this," he said, lifting the suitcase, "out of my sight together? No, my friend. You will do as I say."

"Very well," the professor answered dully.

Cheng Hsi turned away. He did not see the swift look of hatred Sweet threw after him.

Professor Sweet told his niece good-by with avuncular fondness, gave his servant directions concerning errands to be done in the town and, reseating himself in his easy-chair, picked up his book again. He was absorbed therein as the door slammed. After a moment he laid the volume aside and crept to the window. The Chinese, suitcase in hand, was piloting Martha Mead along the sidewalk.

The air of studious relaxation dropped from the professor. He ran upstairs and drew the suitcase from its hiding place, carried it down and out through the kitchen door. He unlocked his garage, stowed the bag in the car and backed the machine out into the driveway. Breathing hard, he replenished gasoline, water and oil.

The whistle of a train sounded as he climbed into the seat and started the engine. Satisfying himself that it was running smoothly, he throttled it down and ran back into the house. For five frantic moments he squatted before his safe, twirled the dials and wrestled with the handle. No answering click came. The door remained immobile. Professor Sweet sputtered curses and tried again. Sweat coursed down his face as he worked. Once more he failed. With a half groan he drew a notebook from his pocket, verified the figures therein and turned the dials once more. A voice sounded behind him.

"I changed the combination this morning," it said quietly.

Professor Sweet's gasp was like the sound of tearing cloth. He sprang erect and faced Cheng Hsi, a mild and inoffensive figure in his worn brown overcoat.

"You!" Sweet said stupidly.

"Me," the Chinese confirmed. He took one step forward. "I came back in a hired car. Two policemen in gray are on the train with the girl. I did not see them until after it had started." He took another step. The retired chemist flinched and thrust his hands into the side pockets of his coat. Cheng Hsi's voice and face remained impassive. "Two men in gray on the train with her," he continued as one sums up a problem. "Your car standing, engine running, in the yard; you, ready to leave, before the safe, of which"—he patted his breast—"I have the combination here. I do not like this."

"Nor I," shrilled Sweet suddenly, and shot him through the heart.

In the field rolling past the car window, dusk gathered, blue as the tobacco haze that hung and twisted in the smoking car. A brakeman lurched down the aisle, taper in hand, to light the overhead lamps. Delaney nudged Meredith.

"There are eleven things I'd rather do," the trooper announced; "and one of them is bust my superior officer in the nose."

"Letting dope go through isn't one of them, is it?" Delaney asked.

"She's not running drugs—blind and everything," Meredith snapped. "Give me a cigarette."

"Thought you didn't smoke," the sergeant said, complying.

Meredith lit it awkwardly. "I don't. And she knows it. If she smells tobacco maybe she won't know it's me."

The dull misery in his face touched Delaney. "Listen," he begged. "I don't like this any better than you do. Bring that suitcase in here and we'll go through it. If there's nothing suspicious in it we'll drop off at the junction and go back to Haskton and you can say 'I told you so' every fifty yards all the way back."

Meredith sighed, rose, and departed toward the rear coach. Ten minutes later he returned, swearing fluently under his breath, with the shiny black suitcase in his hands.

"Good guy," Delaney approved.

"Good guy thunder! I'm a petty-larceny crook. I sat down behind her. I hadn't the nerve to speak to her, and when the rattler stopped at Selden I made out I was going to get off, took the bag down from the rack, and blew. Well, let's get it over with."

Delaney had chosen by design the last seat in the smoker. With the car wall behind them and the back of the seat in front shielding them, he lifted the bag to his lap and unfastened the latches. His frown of self-disgust deepened as he examined its contents—a blue silk wrapper, a nightgown, slippers, a shirt waist, toilet articles, all neatly folded and held in place by straps. The sergeant replaced the articles without lifting his eyes.

"Satisfied?" Meredith asked grimly.

"Humiliated," Delaney replied. "Look, here's a prayer book in Braille letters. The poor kid! I ought to be kicked."

"You won't have to call for volunteers," the trooper assured him. "We're whistling for the junction now, and I've got to take that back before we get off. Hurry up. Here, let me do that."

He reached over and tugged at a strap half buried in the contents of the bag. Something gave way, and the whole inside wall of the suitcase fell out upon the open cover.

Meredith grunted and gripped Delaney's shoulder. Behind the false wall the side of the valise was packed with bills, a mass of mottled yellow and green, package laid upon package like tiles.

"There's thousands here," the sergeant half whispered. Mechanically he disengaged a folded white paper pinned to one package. Brakes ground and several passengers started toward the door. Meredith slammed the suitcase shut before they passed. After a moment Delaney passed him the paper without a word.

The train came to a stop as he read: "From Cohen, 200 gram cube morphine $1050, 500 gram cocaine $1850, 700 gram heroin $3100. Your share enclosed $3000. Maretti expected Sunday night. X."

(Continued on Page 158)

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*Your painter can apply Murcote in a much shorter time*

MURCOTE is an evolution. It came because it was needed. No outdoor finish ever before was abused as is that of millions of busy autos. A finish *had* to be produced that would stand abuse.

A Murcote finish lasts and lasts and lasts. *Its gloss actually increases* instead of dimming with age, because it needs rubbing to bring out its full lustre, and the friction of washing and wear supplies this.

### *Sixty Years of Experience*

A fine finish is one which wholly satisfies a specific need. Murphy has been making that kind of finish for sixty years. The old-time perfect coach finish was made by Murphy. Nothing finer than this Murphy coach finish exists today for an automobile that will receive reasonable care.

But what treatment does *your* car receive? Parked for hours in blistering sun or driving rain; mud and oily spatters often left on for a week or more; driven at high speed through gritty dust, grinding mud, snow, sleet and rain.

Murcote will stand up under that kind of treatment. In a short time a Murcote finish becomes really brilliant.

When it is first applied, Murcote has the soft glow of a rubbed piano finish. It does not sparkle like a high gloss varnish. It is perfectly smooth, deep toned like velvet, and satisfyingly good looking. It comes in many colors.

### *A speedy job*

An attractive thing about Murcote is the speed with which it can be applied. Your painter can deliver your car in half the time that is needed for a fine varnish finish. The under coats to produce the perfect surface must be brought up as carefully as ever, but the Murcote itself requires almost no time to apply and dry.

Only a professional car paint shop can apply Murcote. Special equipment is needed—air pressure and a spraying outfit. On the opposite page are the names of prominent painters who are experienced in the use of Murcote and authorized to apply it. If none is convenient, write to us, giving us the name of the best painter in your city and we will get in touch with him at once.

### *A word to painters*

You know that every product ever produced by us has met the day-to-day needs of a paint shop. It has been made by practical varnish makers for practical painters. Murcote is not a chemist's theory. It is offered only after long experimenting in laboratory and service departments and arduous tests in commercial shops and in use on cars. It will prove a credit to you and to us. Write to us for full information.

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Elgin Auto Pntg Co, 104 Grove St
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(Continued from Page 150)

Beneath this typewritten script another hand had scrawled. "Better keep messenger and wait my word," and had followed this postscript with a Chinese ideograph.

The smoking car jerked into motion again and banged across the junction as Meredith handed back the paper.

"Well?" he asked. "What next?"

There was resignation in his voice. Delaney replaced the note and fitted the false side into place. Then he closed the suitcase and handed it to Meredith.

"Put it back where you found it," he directed. "Don't let the girl know you're aboard. This is our bait now. We'll trail along and see who swallows it."

Meredith still hesitated, his long sad face twitching.

"We got enough evidence to make an arrest right here," he said with difficulty, nodding to the suitcase.

"She isn't in it," Delaney answered quietly. "I wasn't certain till I went through that bag. They've just been using the poor blind kid. That prayer book, all browned where she's read it with her finger! Put the bag back, kid."

Meredith picked up the suitcase. A moment later Delaney looked up to find him standing with the suitcase still in his hand.

irritably "Snap out of it!" the sergeant directed "Go and stow that bag."

"She's gone," Meredith replied hoarsely.

"What are you talking about?"

"The girl's gone. She isn't on the train."

"That's foolish," Delaney retorted. "She couldn't get off by herself, blind as she is."

"Of course not," Meredith drawled. "But she has."

### III

BARTHOLOMEW SWEET stood quite still with his pistol in his hand and watched Cheng Hsi die. The sleek contour of his face, inclined toward the body at his feet, expressed only an attentive curiosity. The Chinese moved his head a little; a yellow fist unclenched slowly and spread its fingers on the carpet. Then long seconds of silence dragged by without movement by killer or victim.

Professor Sweet stuck out a carefully polished boot toe and prodded the body experimentally. It did not stir. The retired chemist grunted and a grimace of satisfaction twitched his slim black mustache. He dropped his pistol into a side pocket and knelt before the body.

His questing fingers encountered the slip of paper for which he searched, and he grunted again, drawing it forth eagerly. For a long moment in the fading daylight Professor Sweet stared at the memorandum Cheng Hsi had made of the safe's new combination. Then, for another space, he stared blankly at nothing.

No sound stirred the dusk-filled house but his own hard breathing and the purr of the motor in the yard. Shadows crept into the room, and terror came with them. Professor Sweet scrambled to his feet with a hissing intake of breath and looked behind him.

Nothing was there but the darkening windowpanes and the bulk of the safe in the corner. Once again he stared at the slip of paper. On it was written "43 A" and, beyond this, "65 C." The third figure was missing, punched out by a round, ragged-edged hole. The bullet that had slain Cheng Hsi had kept his secret.

Dapper and self-contained no longer, Professor Sweet peered about the suddenly sinister room. Then the last shreds of composure dropped away from him. He picked up his hat and ran down the dim, loudly echoing hall, clattered through the kitchen and stumbled down the back steps into the wide pale light of the afterglow. Even there panic did not desert him. It shrieked in his ears with the wind of the car's mad flight. Not until he had driven several miles did Sweet recover self-possession. Then, panting as though he had run the whole distance, he halted at a crossroads and held his watch up to the reflection from his headlights.

The train that carried Martha Mead north had a twenty-minute start. Professor Sweet put back his watch while he considered. He had intended to flee south with the contents of the safe. Now, after a moment of thought, he swung his car north and drove less wildly but even more rapidly.

The highway was smooth, straight and deserted. The well-warmed engine ran like a watch. Professor Sweet did not lift his foot from the accelerator until the lights of houses began to flicker past. When the train whistled for Brookford Junction, he had been waiting, once more a well-preened, complacent little figure, for several minutes.

With no evidence of haste he entered the car and bent over Martha Mead's seat.

"Dear child," he purred, "there's been an accident. I'll explain later. Give me your bag, and come along."

She rose with the placid obedience of the blind to the strange mandates of a five-sensed world.

"The bag, the suitcase," he insisted.

"On the rack," she told him.

"No!" he snarled and peered beneath the seat. "Where did you put it? Think! Hurry!"

"In the rack," she reiterated, and searched with her own hands. "It's gone," she added. "Someone must have taken it by mistake."

"Two policemen in gray," Cheng Hsi had said. He looked about him frantically. On the platform a brakeman raised his arm and shouted.

"Come!" he gasped, and hurried her from the car.

The train was just pulling into the station as they roared through Appleton. At Renfrew they had outdistanced it. Then, at last, Spruce Plains, and the station platform with a bearlike figure in a great fur coat outlined in the glow of the headlights.

"Gaard!" Sweet called, and at the hail the physician leaped agilely out of the glare. "It's Sweet," the other explained, and jumped from the car. "It's all off," he confided hastily but fluently to the shadow beneath the station eaves. "House raided an hour and a half ago. Cheng Hsi shot. I got away. Caught the train at the junction and took Martha off."

"Good," Gaard grunted impassively.

"But there were troopers on the train. They've got the suitcase. Coming to get you, and they've the evidence with them."

"Hah," the big man exploded and was silent an instant. "Well?" he asked coolly at length.

"Go, and keep on going," Sweet urged. "Get your car and we'll get over the border."

"How many troopers?" Gaard asked after a pause.

"Two, I think."

"Are you well heeled?"

"I have a gun."

"I mean cash. I've seven dollars with me."

"Only twenty-odd. They got the safe."

"Two troopers," Gaard reflected aloud. "And the suitcase. H'm! No, we don't run for it yet. There's twelve thousand dollars cash and that much more in material out at my place. We'll go there."

"But," Sweet demurred, "we'll ——"

"Come along," the big man growled. "Two troopers aren't so many. I'll send Ike and the Haven woman back to town. That'll clear our decks. Go ahead. I'll follow."

In the smoking car Sergeant Delaney rejoined Meredith and picked up his sheepskin jacket.

"I was right," he said calmly. "She got off at Brookford Junction. Brakeman says a little dark guy boarded there and helped her off. That would be her uncle."

Meredith shook his head dolefully. "Sergeant, I'm a mile behind. This is too fast for me. What now?"

"Two things," Delaney recited, struggling into his coat. "I'm going to drop off at Appleton and get someone to drive me back to the junction. If I can't pick up the trail there I'm going on back to Haskton and arrest whoever I find in Sweet's house. I'll take this suitcase with me. You're going ahead," he continued, thrusting a warrant into the trooper's hands, "and search the sanitarium and arrest Gaard. You'll have to evolve your own tactics as you go along, kid. Phone the hotel when you're all set. Right? And listen: I'd belt my gun over my sheepskin before I got to Whetstone Point."

Stars shone all at once in the dull blackness of the road, and Trooper Meredith stopped floundering over ruts to light a match. Fresh-stirred mud clouded the puddle at his feet and the tire tracks on its farther side were bright with dampness. The match hissed in the water and Meredith stood for a minute until the ensuing utter darkness faded out into starlit gloom.

"That proves it," he muttered to himself. "They've just gone in, instead of just gone out."

He stumbled on. Overhead, tree branches massed dark against the swarming stars. There was a smell of frost in the still air. He had begun to fear that he had taken the wrong road when the trees gave way ahead. A light shone across the clearing and a faint breeze from the river touched his face. He stepped from the clods of the driveway to the grass and walked slowly toward the house, halting every few steps to listen.

"I hope," Trooper Meredith said to himself, "there isn't any dog"; and straightway threw himself face down on the frosty grass. The door of the house had opened suddenly and a man had come out with an electric torch. For the first time Meredith marked the car standing before the steps. He shifted his position a little and drew his revolver. Headlights bored a slender white cone through the darkness, and in their radiance he recognized the man of all work, Ike. A woman came to the head of the steps and he directed the torch upon them to guide her descent. It was the nurse.

Meredith ducked his head and lay still while the luminous broom of the headlights swept across the field as the car turned and then plunged into the dark sheath of the wood road. A red tail light blinked and was gone. The trooper rose and tiptoed nearer the house. Far down the road he heard the mounting whine of shifted gears. Then everything was still and dark except for the one bright window in the dwelling. Toward this he crept, and through it, from a distance, saw an angle of Gaard's office and the doctor himself busy in his pharmacy. As he watched, another light bloomed in an upper window.

"Two of them, anyway," Meredith decided. "Best reconnoiter before going into action, old-timer."

He circled the house, which loomed gaunt and enormous in the darkness, and then stole toward the outbuildings. The wide doors of the barn were shut, but a smaller portal at one side gave as he turned the knob, and a puff of warmer air brought to his nose the smell of hay and a faint reek of hot oil. With infinite caution he groped his way through solid blackness until his hand touched the radiator of a car and pulled back. It was still hot.

After much fumbling in the darkness he contrived to raise the hood, forbore to curse when he burned himself on a cylinder, and at length found the gasoline line. The tubing bent under his tugging, and finally broke. He twisted a section of it off and threw it away.

"Retreat cut off, anyway," he muttered, and groped from the barn. Both lights had vanished from the house now. The dwelling bulked, black and faintly sinister against the stars. Meredith stood an instant, shivering a little from nervousness and cold. Then, revolver in hand, he went stealthily toward the porch.

"Now in stories," he cogitated, "the bold sheriff always hammers on the door and hollers 'Open, in the name of the law!' but stories never tell you what's to keep the jasper he wants from bumping the sheriff pronto or else sneaking out the back way. I can't surround this dump. I'll have to knock. Maybe they'll think it's Ike come back again."

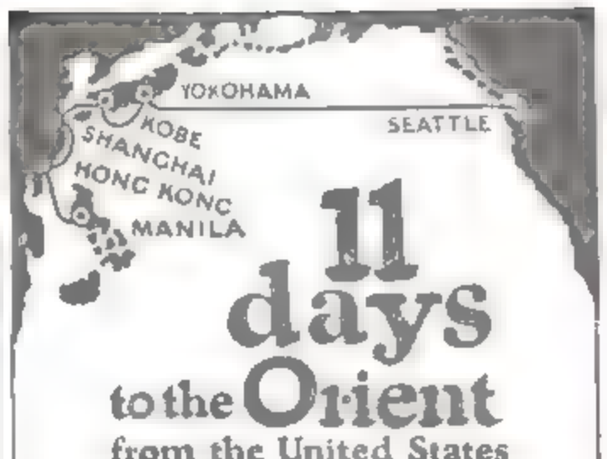
He held his breath as he climbed the porch steps, and waited a full minute at their head. A board complained beneath his weight, but there was no other sound. As he stood there he was suddenly aware that the front door was ajar. The discovery made him tingle and then grow wary. Ike might have failed to close it. On the other hand, it might be a trap.

For a full minute he waited, and then, holding his revolver ready, pushed the portal sharply with his foot and stepped quickly to one side. The hinges whined faintly as the door swung open. There was no other sound. Meredith stepped into the blackness of the hall.

For some time he had heard the tinkle of water. Now he realized that the room was flooded with light, and he sat up, dizzy and still only half conscious. He was on the floor of a windowless chamber, little more than a closet. There was a smell of drugs in the air, and over a sink at one end of the little room a tap shed a stream of drops.

Meredith's hat lay beside him. Mechanically he picked it up and put it on. He winced with pain and ran tender finger tips over a hard bump on the back of his head. His sheepskin coat was missing. His gun was gone.

The floor of the room tipped with him dizzily as he rose. By catching hold of an empty shelf, a table, and then the sink, he managed to reach the tap and turn it on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full. He stuck his head beneath the icy flow, and when he stood erect again, gasping and sputtering, he realized where he was. This was the pharmacy adjoining the office of Doctor Gaard, but except for one or two broken bottles the drugs had gone. He set his shoulder against the door. It did not give. All at once realization came to him fully, and to faint nausea was added a sickening sense of failure.

"Stuck your head right into the loop," he told himself aloud, blinking disconsolately at the empty shelves. Doctor Gaard, thanks to his blundering, Meredith realized, had cleaned out the pharmacy. Probably he had fled while the trooper lay unconscious.

He stared blankly at the ravished room, at the light glowing in the ceiling, and suddenly stiffened. He recalled that the switch controlling the pharmacy bulb also operated the lights in the outer office.

He turned to the door and laid his ear against a panel. For a long minute he heard no sound.

Then a door slammed and Gaard's deep voice growled, "All set?"

Another voice, lighter and more nervous, replied, "Set? The car's dead. Won't start."

"Won't start?"

"No. Gas line smashed all to pieces. You'll have to telephone Ike."

"Ike's not coming back till tomorrow noon to shut up the place, and he hasn't got a telephone."

There was a silence and then Gaard spoke again.

"I wish I'd hit that cop harder. Hold on! I've got it! Go run up that flag to half mast."

Meredith waited, but he heard no further sound. Then, setting his back against the door and bracing his feet against the opposite wall, he thrust with all his might until his smitten head ached and pounded. Under the pressure the wood creaked and snapped, but the door held. At length he gave it up, panting and dizzy. A moment later a key ground in the lock and the door swung open.

"Come in," Professor Sweet invited suavely, stepping aside. He gesticulated elaborately with one hand. In the other he held the trooper's heavy revolver. He read the quick determination in Meredith's eyes, and raised its muzzle a trifle.

"No violence," he warned, stepping back slightly with a feline grin. "That would be—unfortunate."

The trooper shrugged. His feet clattered across the wooden floor and came to rest before the long carpet lying in front of Gaard's desk. The proprietor of the Whetstone Point sanitarium sat behind this, his big body thrust into the inadequate frame of the chair. His heavy face was expressionless as stone. Into one corner of the wide mouth an unlighted cigar was thrust, immobile and tightly clamped. Upon the blotting pad, in reach of his hand, lay an automatic pistol.

Gaard changed neither attitude nor expression as Meredith swung about and stared at him. Sweet, still smirking, made a wide detour about the trooper and took up his post with his back to the outer door. Then, for a long minute, there was silence while the merciless eyes of the physician tried to beat down Meredith's angry stare.

"Well?" Gaard said at length, out of the disengaged corner of his mouth.

"You're both under arrest," Meredith drawled.

Gaard gave a grunting cough of mingled surprise and scorn. The trooper glanced behind him and edged over toward the door with the light switch set in its jamb. He halted as Sweet hissed and raised the revolver.

"Dead men," Gaard corrected heavily, "can't make arrests."

"I'm not Ellison," Meredith retorted.

He got an instant's satisfaction from the expression that contorted Sweet's face. Gaard reached out a big paw and laid it on the handle of his pistol. Then for another moment there was silence. The trooper was aware of the faint reek of burned paper in the room, and marked the pile of gray ash in the fireplace and the open door of the safe in the corner. One of the drawn window shades bellied and rattled faintly in the draft. He wondered what time it was.

"We're going to kill you, trooper," Gaard informed him impassively, "unless ——"

He waited a minute, staring hard at the sad-faced young man in gray. Meredith met his eyes squarely.

"And a little later," the trooper drawled, "you'll be sitting in another chair that fits you better."

The cigar shifted slightly under the force of the big man's bite. The blunt fingers that had touched the pistol now drummed on the desk top. Gaard cleared his throat.

"Where's the suitcase you stole?" he demanded.

"Where's the girl it belongs to?" Meredith echoed.

"Where's your mate?" Sweet asked.

"Where's your niece?" the trooper replied. "I won't tell you a thing till you tell me what you've done with that girl."

The desk chair creaked as Gaard shifted his bulk, choked back his wrath and answered, "It's a bargain. The girl is upstairs. Taking my infra red treatment," he added with a bleak grin. "She's all right. Now come through. Where's that suitcase?"

"And now that you've told me what I want to know, I won't tell you a thing, anyhow," Meredith said coolly.

The big man's face grew the copper red of the rising moon. He heaved himself out of his chair and leaned both hands on the desk, glaring at the trooper.

"Listen," he said softly; "you're going to tell us what we want to know. We haven't time to argue. If you come through quick, you'll save your hide—perhaps. If you don't we're going to hurt you, and what I don't know about hurting people my friend here does. He didn't live years in China for nothing. When you walked in last night we knew the show was over. We're going to leave. What we want is a chance for a clean get-away and that suitcase you stole. Tell us where it is and where your mate is hanging out, and we'll put you back in the pharmacy and leave you there for Ike to find when he comes at noon. If you don't—that's an examination table there in the corner. The first thing we'll do is strap you to that and then ——" He grinned savagely.

"What about the girl?" Meredith asked. His face was pale, but his voice was steady.

"No one's going to harm her, you poor fool," Gaard jeered. "She's as deep in this as we are."

"You lie," the trooper said.

Instinctively he braced himself, ready to spring if the first shot did not kill, but Gaard made no move to pick up his gun. Instead, for the first time, his little eyes wandered from the trooper's face. The cigar was rolled abstractedly from one lip corner to the other.

"My friend," the big doctor began mildly at last, "you're going to talk. Oh, yes, you are! You're going to beg for leave to tell us everything you know. Sweet, go upstairs and bring Martha down. You'd hate to see a woman hurt, wouldn't you, trooper? Well, you're going to, unless you're willing to come through. Won't eh? Go ahead, Sweet. I can handle this bird if he moves. Bring the girl down and we'll see how well he keeps his lip buttoned when she screams."

Professor Sweet opened the door with a thin snigger, slipped out and closed it again. Gaard picked up his gun and stepped around the end of his desk. Meredith heard the sound of Sweet's footsteps on the stairs and, in a moment or so, the mutter of far-away voices. He lurched a little on his feet and Gaard spoke.

"I can shoot both your legs out from under you at this range, Meredith, so don't get any idea of ducking out of that door. If you're thinking of jumping me, though"—he spread two enormous arms, and grinned a wide cold smile—"come ahead and I'll put the gun away."

"I'm dizzy," the trooper muttered between his teeth, swaying a little as he spoke. "My head ——" He staggered and lurched against the wall. He heard the sound of feet in the hall above. "I'm dizzy," he wailed, raising his hands toward his head. "I can't see."

He pressed his elbow against the wall switch, and in the sudden darkness dropped to the floor, caught the end of the rug in both hands and pulled mightily. It resisted an instant and then gave way. There was a flash of flame from the other end of the room.

Plaster rained down from the ceiling, and like an echo to the shot there came a mighty crash as Doctor Gaard, his footing suddenly yanked from beneath him, came down heavily upon the bare floor. Before he could fire again Meredith flung open the hall door with a wild shrill yell and slammed it as he sprang through.

The hall was gray with the dusk of dawn. In the half gloom he saw Sweet and his niece near the foot of the stairs. At the sudden eruption of noise she had flung her arms about her uncle. Now she clung to him desperately as he wrestled and tugged to get free. Meredith saw him press one hand against her face and strike her with the pistol he held in the other. As Sweet swung about, the trooper's fist caught him behind the ear.

The professor and the girl fell the rest of the way down the stairs together. She scrambled to her feet, still shrieking, and groped toward the front door while Meredith and Sweet scrambled frantically on the

(Continued on Page 159)

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(Continued from Page 156)

floor for the revolver. A flood of watery light poured in as she flung open the portal and stumbled out upon the porch. Meredith kicked the weapon from beneath Sweet's clutching fingers and through the doorway.

An animal roar sounded from the doctor's office as Gaard rushed toward the hall. Sweet fumbled in his pocket as the trooper leaped out into the daybreak and slammed the front door behind him. Meredith picked up his revolver and saw where the girl ran, blindly, across the frosty clearing toward the water. He followed and caught her near the half-completed summerhouse.

A puff of wind against his cheek turned him as he grasped her arm. Professor Sweet stood in the doorway and raised his automatic for a second shot as Meredith fired from the hip. Through the smoke he saw the pistol fall, and Sweet, both arms wrapped about his middle, bend over as though smitten with cramps and totter back into the house.

The trooper caught the frantic girl by the waist, swung her behind the stack of unused timber and dropped beside her. Something smote the topmost plank as he fell, sprayed splinters into his face and fled with a siren wail out into the water. Gaard dodged back into the house before the trooper could fire.

The girl lay where he had flung her. There was a drop of blood on her forehead and an angry red splotch where her uncle's revolver had struck her a glancing blow. Meredith squatted, panting, beside her. Her eyes were open, but she seemed dazed. She struggled to rise, but he laid a hand on her shoulder.

"It's I," he soothed. "Meredith. Everything all right now. Or almost everything," he added conscientiously.

She did not seem to hear him. She was still gasping from terror. He spoke more loudly.

"Will you trust me?" he asked. "Your uncle and Doctor Gaard are criminals. They want to kill me. We're hiding behind a pile of two-by-fours just outside the sanitarium. Delaney, my mate, will be along soon, and we'll be all right then. I can't tell it all to you now, but I'm doing what's best for you. Will you trust me?"

She tried to speak and could not manage it, but she nodded weakly.

"Good!" Meredith exclaimed, and raised his head incautiously. The bang of the shot and the whack of the bullet came together. He fired at the half-open front door and ducked back as another bullet bounced off the timber and went screeching away. He did not see the man who fired. It was Gaard, he decided. He was certain he had eliminated Sweet. The doctor must be behind the shutters of one of the windows on the upper floor. These afforded the best view of their hiding place.

It was almost daylight now. Behind the flagstaff with its half-masted banner the east held a pale golden tint. The night fog was lifting from the river and a breeze ruffled its surface. He crept to the end of the pile of lumber and peered out, his face close to the ground.

In the spreading light the house now stood out, three-dimensional, squinting in sinister fashion at him from behind closed blinds. As he looked he saw one of the shutters move slightly. Cautiously he extended his arm and fired. Chips flew from the blind and there was no answering report.

The girl cried out faintly at the report, and he said, "It's all right. It'll be over soon now."

Meredith set his felt hat on his revolver muzzle and cautiously elevated this above the timber, moved it slowly to right and left, and then withdrew it. But when he lifted his head, reassured by the silence, he felt the tug at his hair as a bullet went by, and dropped again, muttering wrathfully.

"Anyway," he said aloud, "one of them's out of action. Otherwise they'd have tried a flanking movement before this, with the jasper in the house keeping me down."

He crawled over to the girl, who sat with her hands clasped about her shins and her face against her knees. She was trembling violently. He stripped off his jacket and threw it over her shoulders.

The east was bright yellow now. A crow flapped heavily overhead, veered away, and cawed scornfully at the shivering man in gray who crouched at the river's edge. Presently the first sunlight struck iridescence from the frost-covered planks. Meredith crawled again to the end of his breastwork and peered out.

"Well," he told the grim white house, between chattering teeth, "I can stand it as long as you can. Delaney will be here soon. And my gun is just as good as ——"

He checked his speech and drew back behind his shelter, where he opened his revolver and looked at its contents. Three of the six cartridges in the cylinder had been dimpled by the firing pin. Three shots remained, and he had no more ammunition.

As if to mock his plight the man in the house was moved to a sudden burst of firing. The beams shuddered and stirred under the hammer blows of the bullets. Meredith whimpered in impotent wrath.

"Go ahead," he jerked. "Have a celebration. If I only could get you out in the open and throw down on you, old-timer."

The wild thought of employing his jacket in the construction of a dummy was abandoned for lack of material. For an instant he fought before he overcame a hysterical impulse to rush the house. The wind was rising with the sun, turning the river a valiant blue, spreading the half-masted flag, biting deep through the thick flannel shirt he wore.

Miserably Meredith squatted, waiting, blowing on his hands lest they become entirely numb. Several times he peered out at the house. There was no movement there, no sign of where his opponent lurked, though once when he grew careless a bullet kicked dirt into his face.

Gradually he became worried. A deeper discomfort added itself to the cold. Why did not Gaard and Sweet—or Gaard alone if Sweet was dead—escape through the back door? So doing, a fugitive would have the house between him and Meredith all the way to the woods. Why did they wait when they knew that, sooner or later, reenforcements must arrive? Delaney might be here at any moment. Ike, who apparently was not in the plot, was due back at noon. Gaard had said so himself.

The girl stirred, lifted her head, and felt the jacket about her shoulders with a wondering expression. He crept over to her.

"It's cold," she whispered.

"Isn't it?" he replied grimly. "Pull that about you, lady. So. It'll be only a few minutes now. And listen, don't worry about that uncle of yours, for he's ——"

"It isn't that," she interrupted dully. "You see, I thought I was going to see, and Doctor Gaard—he isn't a real eye doctor then?"

"I guess not," Meredith said gently.

She said nothing more and bowed her head forward on her knees again, but not before he saw tears shining on her lashes.

"But," the trooper went on, "when we get out of this jam there'll be one pair of eyes at your service, right along—if you want them."

She held out a hand without lifting her head. He took it for a moment in numbed fingers and patted it clumsily. Then he crawled over to his lookout once more.

He saw no movement anywhere, save the half-masted flag rippling in the wind. The half-masted flag—he had heard Gaard order Sweet to set it so. The vague suspicion that had plagued him now became acute distress. That flag was a signal, of course. Why hadn't he thought of it before? Signal for whom? Woods cut off all view of it from three sides and on the fourth side was the river. It could be seen only from there and from the farther shore. He turned and looked, and at his unwary movement another bullet smashed into the timber.

The line of the farther shore, hazy a little while ago, had been polished bright and keen by the wind. He could see a house, one or two cabins and, far downstream, a gleaming something—a white motorboat. It was headed toward him. As he watched he saw a flicker of spray shoot up from its forefoot.

"That's it," Meredith said, aloud and grimly.

All at once he saw why Gaard bided his time. That was the way the drugs had come. That was the way the smugglers intended to leave. Meredith had seen the half-masted flag raised to the peak before, and thereafter, he recalled, the approaching motorboat had turned from its course and had idled up and down the river until he had departed.

He looked at the on-coming craft with estimating eyes. It would be a good twenty minutes before it came within range and he and the girl were caught in a trap. It was still hidden from the house by the trees beyond the clearing. If Gaard were to see it the last chance would be gone. For a moment, he sat, thinking desperately. Then he compressed his lips, nodded, and crept over to whisper to the girl.

"I think they've left the house. I'm going to try and find out. There may be some shooting, but I want you to sit quite still, whatever happens. It's all right."

Resolutely he bit off his speech there, omitting many things he desired earnestly to say. Then, slowly, he peered above the timber pile.

There was a shot from the house. The bullet went high and spun gravel from the water's edge, but Meredith did not duck back to cover. Instead, he rose to his full height, tottered, and then came down across the lumber. Most of his body slid out of sight, but one gray-clad arm stretched out in plain view of the watcher from the house. Its fingers clutched, relaxed, were still.

The girl gave a faint cry of fright.

"It's quite all right," Meredith muttered, not moving an inch. "Sit still."

The blinds in the upper window were flung open. Doctor Gaard peered out for an instant to assure himself, and then started for the chamber door. Halfway there he paused and then returned to the window. He raised his pistol, aimed at the awkwardly stretching arm, and fired. He saw it lurch under the blow of the bullet and then lie still again.

Meredith gasped, and the girl cried out again. He could not conceal the agony in his voice when he strove to reassure her. She paid no heed to his whispered commands, but rose and groped along the timber toward where he lay. From his window Gaard watched with all the immobile intensity of a pointing dog. The girl's hands, patting along the planks, touched the rough wool of the trooper's shirt.

"Get down; do as I say," Meredith whispered harshly, not stirring. There was moisture on the sleeve, a warm, sticky wetness. As her fingers encountered it the trooper moaned faintly. At the sound the strained questing expression on her face gave way to horror. Gaard, in his window, saw her sway and fall.

"Hah!" he exclaimed triumphantly and, thrusting his pistol into his pocket, ran from the room. His teeth flashed in a fierce grin as he passed the couch in the lower hall where Sweet lay, doubled up and panting. "Got him," Gaard roared, and ran with amazing swiftness for one of his bulk down the steps and across the clearing toward the lumber heap.

The gray arm still extended above it, stiff and inhuman as a semaphore. He could see the spreading darkness glisten on the shirt sleeve where his bullet had driven home. He paused an instant beside the barricade and grunted with satisfaction at the sight of the distant motorboat bearing in.

All at once the dead arm stirred. A head appeared above the lumber, and another hand, holding a gun. Gaard looked into its muzzle blankly. Meredith's white and sweating face peered up at him, gray lips contorted into a grin.

"It worked," he said slowly. "Put up your hands."

His voice shook, but the arm that held the big bright revolver was steady. Gaard obeyed, a pale flicker of terror in his eyes, his lips heavy and expressionless. Meredith drew himself erect, his face wrinkled with pain, dropped his eyes for an instant to the fainting girl, and then resolutely brought them to bear upon his captive again. The blood ran down his fingers, scaldingly warm. Dizziness pumped up into his head. He fought it desperately.

He could hear his voice saying, far away: "Go haul up that flag. Slowly now. Right, left, right, left. There are three cartridges. You'll get 'em all if you hurry. Now undo those halyards. Good. We'll wait till Delaney comes before we invite your friend in. Now march to the house. Slowly, I said."

Overhead, the flag fluttered from the peak. Beneath, the ground heaved responsively unless he shook his head hard every so often. Out on the river the motorboat had lost headway and was drifting. The porch steps were high and steep as the pyramids. Above, he saw Gaard standing, his arms still raised, a curiously eager expression on his face. Meredith crooked his finger more securely about the trigger.

"Don't hope I faint," he warned gently, "for if I feel I'm going you're coming too."

He saw the contorted body on the couch and the white face of Sweet, incurious in its agony, as they passed. The office began to wheel solemnly as they entered, and the trooper kept his feet with difficulty.

"Into the closet," he ordered sharply and, as Gaard obeyed, slammed the door behind him and locked it. Suddenly the room was so dark that he had to grope to find the chair. He sat there a moment, head forward on his chest, and then fumbled with his sodden shirt sleeve. The door knob rattled and he picked up his revolver again.

"I'm right here; waiting," he said loudly.

He heard Sweet stir on the couch and then cry out in anguish. Drops tapped, tapped, tapped down on the floor beside the trooper, and he placed his elbow on the desk and kept the red wrist and hand aloft. It would be silly to faint now. There were two doors he must watch. Sweet might be armed, still, and Gaard was strong. He might break the door down if Meredith left the room. Yet there was Martha Mead ——

Things began to slide away from him. As he relaxed, his arm fell over on the desk and the sharp pain roused him and brought him back. It might be the wind through the bare trees. It might be only the roaring in his ears. It could not be a car coming. It was too early for Ike and Delaney —— His head dropped forward on his breast again.

Yet here was Delaney, unreal and ghostlike in the haze that slowly melted, sponging his face with a wet handkerchief, and there was the fat deputy, triumphantly affixing handcuffs to Gaard's wrists, and there was someone else, rolling up a sodden shirt sleeve, and there were other people, moving to and fro with a vast and confusing amount of conversation. He nodded weakly. Delaney bent over him.

"Behind the lumber pile," Trooper Meredith whispered.

"Yes," the sergeant prompted in his ear.

"Mrs. Meredith," he said weakly, and fainted.

# THE ABANDONED FARM

(Continued from Page 19)

chinked them up with flat stones. They had left the house the fall before in what seemed normal and satisfactory condition; the grass was cut in the yard and all was in order. It appeared to them now that the very grass and weeds had grown during the winter, had already begun to reach up twining fingers, seeking to draw the old house down and level it to earth again. The ridgepole had indubitably sagged; or perhaps it had sagged long ago without their noticing the fact. Certainly there was a curve in the roof line now. Winter frost had heaved the foundations so that the front door was jammed and they were unable to open it.

Two windowpanes were broken in the kitchen window; and when they went in through the kitchen door it was to discover that the leak in the roof had become aggravated, so that the house smelled of mold and damp plaster, and in one place a shard of plaster had fallen from the ceiling upon the floor.

Mrs. Paulley, going to and fro on a tour of inspection, uttered low exclamations of surprise and distress at every turn. "I declare, that roof has leaked terrible," she protested. Or: "The snow has blowed in them broken windows. Just look where it's laid all winter." Or: "There never was this sag in the kitchen floor before. It don't feel safe to walk across it."

Dave Paulley's comment was forceful and certain. "The old place is all run down, Rod," he told his brother. "Ain't a bit of sense in trying to patch it up. You might just about as well let it go for taxes and stay in town."

But Mrs. Paulley swung to him with quick reproach in her eyes. "That ain't any way to talk, Dave," she cried reprovingly. "The house you was born in."

(Continued on Page 162)

# The ALL of the PIANO

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# The AMPICO

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If modern syncopation is known by the company it keeps, this photograph of the bulletin on the façade of New York's Metropolitan Opera House speaks volumes. The great Opera House was filled on the afternoon that Vincent Lopez conducted his orchestra on the stage where *Faust*, *Carmen*, and *Madame Butterfly* were sung the same week.

### *Hear the Ampico today*

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of hearing the Ampico. Go today to a store where any of the pianos mentioned are sold and ask to hear a recording by some musician whose playing is familiar to you. Close your eyes and the famous man is there. Every subtle nuance, every phrase, is unmistakably his.

If you want to know more about the Ampico before hearing it, write for a booklet descriptive of the Ampico, its artists, and their music.

**Here's a sketchy "Who's Who" of the men who play popular music through the Ampico.**

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J. MILTON DELCAMP, one of the best when it comes to teasing syncopation, is devoting his entire time to Ampico recordings. His official title is "Head of the Ampico Music Department."

TED FIORITO directs the Oriole Orchestra at Chicago's Edgewater Beach Hotel. He is also the successful song writer who launched "No, No, Nora," "When Lights Are Low" and "Oh, Mabel."

FERDIE GROFÉ knows all about modern syncopation because he invented much of it himself—he orchestrates the melodies that Paul Whiteman's Orchestra plays Recently he wrote "Broadway After Dark

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*(Continued from Page 159)*

"I'd be sorry for any baby born in this house now," he protested humorously.

Rod spoke in dull tones. "It ain't so bad. I ought to have come out and took care of it, ever' so often; but time I get things fixed up some, you won't know the place."

"It ain't safe to be in," Dave insisted. "This floor's apt to let you into the cellar any time."

"She needs a prop under that timber there, till I can put in a new one," Rod agreed. "You always have to keep propping up an old house. Time the frost gets out so we can get the front door open, you won't notice so much."

"The chimney's got a cant on it," Dave reminded him.

"I always figured on chinking it up in the spring."

Mrs. Paulley said hopelessly, "Well, Rod, you'll have to put in a week of work here before we can come into the place. The whole house smells of blue mold."

"I'll git at it. Let the sun in and things will dry out."

They drove home an hour later in a silence that was persistent; and when Rod and Mrs. Paulley were alone she said to him doubtfully, "I declare, I don't see how I can get into the house till it's fixed up, Rod."

"It needs a pile of work," he agreed; and after a moment he added hopelessly, "Don't see just how I'm going to do it either. The season's getting late already, and there's a pile to do to get a garden started, and all. Busiest time of the year for me, always was, even if I can get Tom to help. Dunno how I'm going to do my farming and get the house fixed up too."

"You'd have to have some place to stay while you was working at things too."

"Can't rightly afford to hire it done," he remarked thoughtfully. "And one man can't do it all; not and the farming too."

There was a long silence between them; and at last Mrs. Paulley asked, "Have you wrote to Joe Brant yet?"

"Ain't had time," Rod replied.

"Well, why don't you tell him we'd like to stay on till haying?" she suggested. "You can get out there a day or two in between times and get the house fixed up, and we can manage without a garden and move out there during the haying. Then this ought to be an apple year; and we've saved money this winter."

"I guess we'd best do that," he agreed. "Best stay here till haying."

So they stayed in East Harbor till the haying season; but in the meantime Rod failed to find opportunity to go out and put the house in repair. When the hay was ripe he arranged for a few days' leave from his job to go and cut the crop. Tom was unwilling to go with him. The boy was now a full-time clerk in the haberdasher's store and full of enthusiasm for his new occupation But Rod persuaded one of the other teamsters to go along; and they spent three days at the farm, harvesting the best of the hay. Mrs. Paulley did not go out with them.

"There's nothing to do with there," she complained. "You'll have to get along. I'll give you bedding, and you can cook your own meals, and I'll fry up doughnuts and make some biscuits for you to take along."

When Rod returned he said the yard was full of weeds. "You wouldn't hardly think there'd been anybody in the house for six or seven years."

"I don't see how we can go out there this fall," his wife commented, "with not even any potatoes in the cellar to go through the winter."

"There's going to be a good crop of apples," he told her. "The trees are loaded right now, unless they fall off or something. I'll have to go out and pick 'em."

"Well, you better get out there and get the house fixed and some wood cut, then," she advised. "If you sell the apples good enough we can buy what we'll need for the winter."

"Yes, I got to do that," he agreed.

But the summer slipped away. There were so many other things to be done. Rod had now a small garden behind the house, and he took pleasure in tending it and in watching the processes of growth at this close range. On the farm the work had been done on a larger scale, more impersonally. Here he knew every plant and observed it jealously from day to day. Mrs. Paulley was busy with preserving, industriously hovering over the stove. The town was full of summer folk, and when she had an hour free she liked to go downtown and see the number plates on automobiles from distant states, the garments which the women wore and the curious garb of some of the men. These excursions gave her matter for long conversations with her neighbors. Her days, which on the farm had been a reiterant and monotonous chain, were here full of varied interest.

The financial condition of the family steadily improved. Tom's wage had been raised and he took pride in contributing rather more than a fair portion of it to the common purse. Rod earned money ample for their needs, and with a margin that could be put away. Mrs. Paulley's native thrift found food to feed upon and waxed fat. Even Lola earned money that summer, working as nursemaid for one of the transient residents in the big Oliver house at the foot of the square. Bob, eleven years old now, went every day to the coal wharves with his father, and rode on his father's team; and Rod came home one night and reported that the boy had learned to swim.

"Charlie Hay called me to see it," he explained. "I hadn't missed Bob till Charlie called me, and we went out, and there was the boy and two-three others diving right off the end of the wharf into deep water."

"My land, he'll be drowned," Mrs. Paulley protested in proud alarm.

"Not him," Rod replied. "You can't drown him any more'n you can a cunner. I watched him pretty near half an hour."

The apple-picking season came and found them unprepared to return to the farm; but the apples must be picked, and Rod went to Fraternity to attend to this. He was able to hire men to help him and they picked better than a hundred barrels of apples, on which—the price being unusually good—Rod netted more than three hundred dollars. When he came home he was full of satisfaction.

"We'll be able to fix up the place good, come next spring, with what we'll save this winter," he declared.

Mrs. Paulley nodded. "It'll be nice to get home again," she agreed. And after a time she asked dispassionately, "Things about the same out there?"

"The roof's leaking worse. I never did get time to fix it up," Rod replied. "We picked all them apples in four days, and packed them and shipped them off."

"I expect folks think we ain't ever coming back," she hazarded uncomfortably.

"That's what they're saying," Rod confessed. "One night down at the store they got to talking, and Chet McAusland said he expected we'd stay here. I told him we figured to come back next spring, but he didn't act like he thought we would. But I paid the taxes on the place. I guess that surprised them some." His tone was full of pride.

"How much was the taxes?" she asked.

"Seventy-two dollars and forty cents."

"They weren't but sixty-six dollars last year"

"Well, quite a lot of folks have moved away from town."

"They keep leaving," she agreed. "I don't know what us that stay are going to do."

"But there ain't any of them lived there as long as I have," he reminded her. "My folks have been there longer than most."

"Yes, it's the new ones that give up quickest," she assented.

The hay he had cut that summer Rod sold during the winter to the company for which he worked at a price which failed to repay his own labors in cutting the crop. "It'll just spoil, there in the barn," he explained apologetically when he reported the sale.

"You have to sell for what it'll bring," Mrs. Paulley assented.

In the spring young Tom one evening suggested that he reduce the amount he had been turning over to his father. "I've got a chance to buy into the business," he explained. "Putting in five dollars a week on it. And I'm earning more. I like the business; and I can own the store in ten years, the old man says. He's going to sell out and go to Florida, and he says he'd as soon sell to me as anybody."

They could not with justice refuse to do as he suggested. Mrs. Paulley found herself enormously proud of her son's enterprise; and they were comfortable enough without the extra money. Lola was now a senior in the high school and her clothes cost something, but she was skillful with the needle and reduced this expense to a minimum. They got along smoothly enough and were still able to put money in the bank week by week. The following summer Rod went to Fraternity and cut the hay again; but in the fall the apples were not worth picking. When the tax bill was presented he put it aside. "There ain't any hurry about it," he told Mrs. Paulley. "We can pay that when we get ready to go back out there in the spring."

He took advantage of a late fall and dry weather to repair the roof and stop the old leak; but he came back from this enterprise somewhat discouraged. "The rafters are in bad shape," he told his wife. "I didn't know as some of them would hold me at all, and the chimney's about ready to fall down. We're going to have to put in a new one, come spring."

Once that fall Mrs. Paulley went out with him; but the sight of the farm saddened her. "I don't know as I can stand going out there any more," she confessed to Rod. "Things look so slack and gone by, kind of. You'd ought to keep the burying ground cleaned up, Rod."

"I aim to," he agreed.

"Your pa's headstone has fell down and it's pretty near lost in the weeds," she told him. "And I couldn't hardly find Nellie's stone for the raspberry briers."

"That's right," he said. "I got to go out and clean up there some day. I'll have more time when we're out there, handy."

The next summer Lola announced her intention of going to normal school She had made her own plans, would finance the enterprise by her needlework, by the sale of embroidery upon which she had been busy during the winter, and by what odd tasks presented themselves for her hand to do. In the fall she was appointed teacher at one of the outlying schoolhouses under East Harbor jurisdiction, and walked the two miles to and from her work night and morning in all weathers. There was a pleasant competence about Lola; and Mrs. Paulley had long since discovered that among the boys of her own age who liked to come to see her there was one somewhat old for young Parent, who worked in the bank. She watched this situation without calling it to the attention of Rod; but she could not help wondering why he did not see what was going on.

Rod said one night, in lumbering jest to Tom, that the boy would be getting married before long; but Tom shook his head

"I've got all I can do for a few years," he replied.

They allowed a second tax payment to lapse and the Fraternity farm was sold for taxes, but as usual there was no buyer, so that the town merely took a tax deed against the place. Rod accepted this situation philosophically.

"We can settle that up when we come to go back there," he said. "Along next spring."

"I'm kind of tired paying rent on this house," Mrs. Paulley remarked. "We've enough saved to make a first payment on it if we was a mind to."

"It's a good buy, at that," Rod agreed. "And we can always sell it again, and probably turn a good trade on it, when we go back to the farm."

This project remained in their minds and was eventually the subject of some correspondence between them and Joe Brant. Brant was pleased with the possibility of selling, since East Harbor real estate was not easily moved. He agreed to receive a small first payment, and to permit a share of the rent to be applied to the purchase price.

"It ain't but three dollars more a month," Rod reminded Mrs. Paulley. "That won't hurt us any, till we get ready to go back home."

Later that evening, as they were preparing for bed, she said thoughtfully, "I don't know but we're as well off here, Rod. Tom's doing well for himself, and Lola; and the children are fine. I guess I'm kind of a fool."

He was on the point of assenting to her first remark, but at this last he looked at her in some surprise and saw that there were tears in her eyes, so sought awkwardly to comfort her.

"You don't need to go to crying, ma," he urged. "We'll be going home in the spring, sure."

She nodded. "Yes, Rod," she agreed. "Yes, I know we will."

But after they were abed he still felt her body shaken by the stifled shudder of her sobs.

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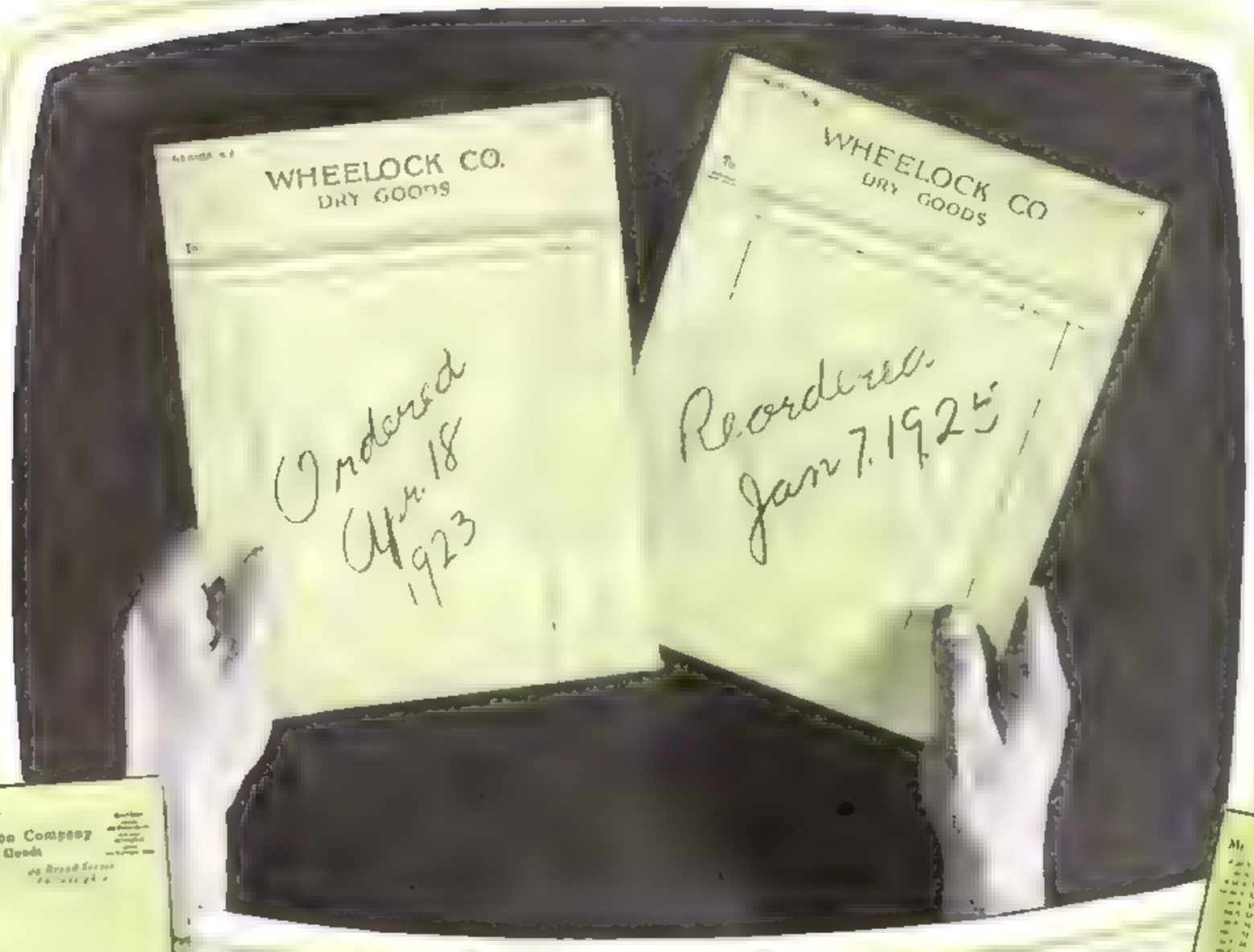


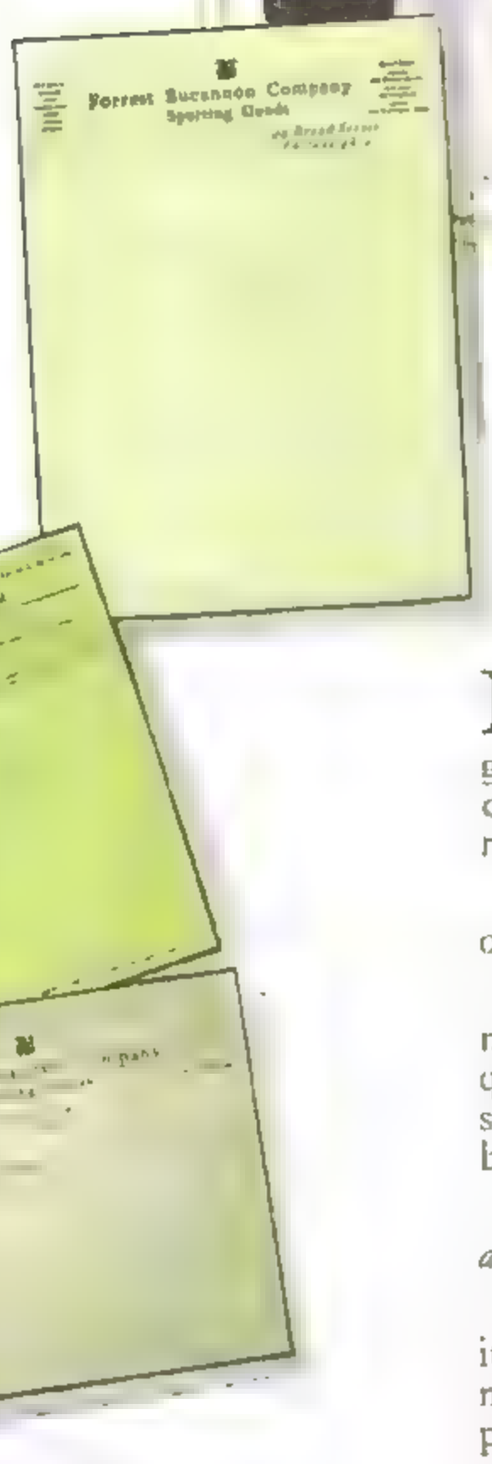


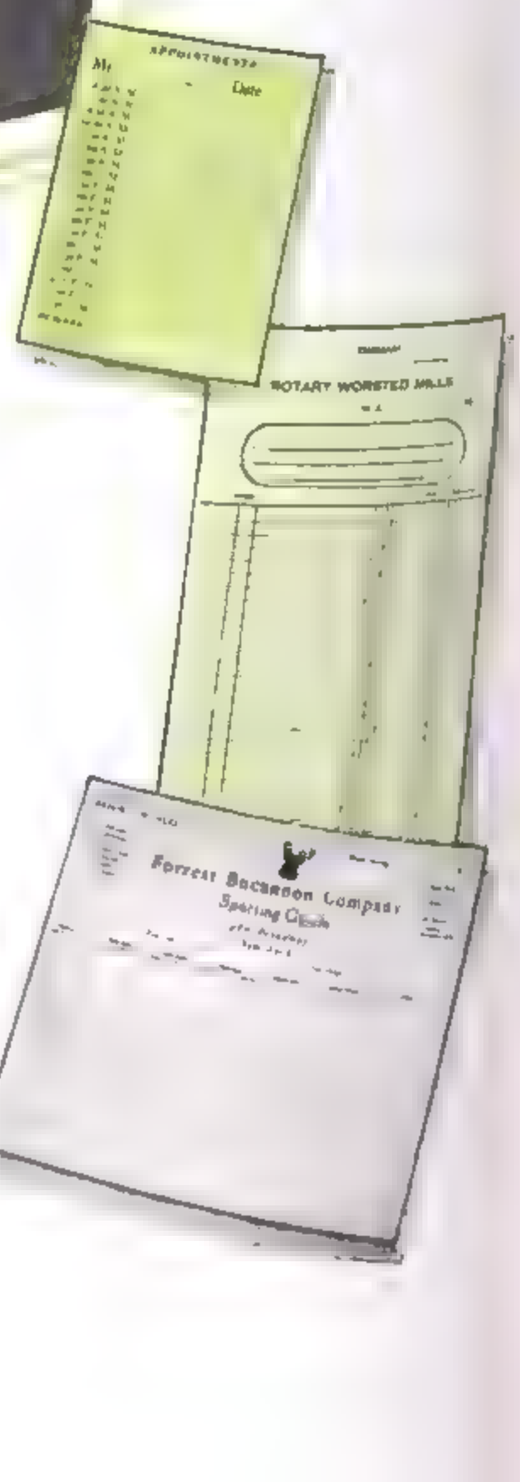


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# HER BROTHER'S KEEPER

(Continued from Page 15)

The young man explained and held forth, and Clare, who usually took the lead in her conversations with men, found herself excited. She was using her brain, and the thrill was a new one.

"But if you don't get the money here, what will you do?"

"We'll get it eventually. It may take a year. We want the money from New York because we want to run the thing ourselves. What's your name anyway?" he asked her suddenly. "Are you married?"

She told him her name and he looked puzzled.

"Are you a connection of Haley Devereux's?"

Clare paled a little, and laid down her fork. A wave of pain went through her. "I am his sister," she said, and she met the man's blue eyes with her dark ones. He could see the little golden lights within them, and the soft fine hair against her brow.

"So you're his sister," he said. "Well, you're—" He was embarrassed. "You see, Haley told me that he hadn't seen you in three years. We are good old friends, Haley and I."

She faced him. "You must think I am a perfect rotter—if you like Haley."

"Well, no," he said impassionately as he attacked his squab. "I don't. You've acted conventionally, if inhumanly. Your mother is more to be blamed, if you will pardon me; after all, she's older, and age ought to make one more tolerant, more understanding. But it rarely does."

"Mother's awfully stubborn," said Clare. "But then, she's proud. And Haley did what she thought unforgivable. He eloped when she was facing the bills and the bankruptcy, and Father's death. Of course Father and Haley never got on. He didn't want him to be an architect."

"He's a good one, now," said Emery. "And, of course, his marriage has worked like a charm. He hasn't been drunk since. That's why the girl married him—oh, she loved him—but she married him and took him to the country to straighten him out. You see, she's clever, and æsthetic, and they hit it off. She was a very fine dancer, they say; and now she's a wife and mother. She's very good-looking, too, in an abrupt way."

"Did you say mother?" gasped Clare. "Mother!"

He turned in astonishment. "Why, didn't you know?" he said. "They've got a son."

"How old?" It was unbelievable. Haley with a son!

"Oh!" He was nonplused. "How old? Great Scott, how do I know? He crawls and can make noises, and is about this big." He measured off the dimensions of a six-months-old baby. Clare laughed at him, but her eyes were misty.

"Don't cry," he said brusquely. "You're at a dinner party. You'd better make up with Haley. These things hurt, and they're not worth the pain." He frowned ruefully. "I've been stupid."

"He might not make up with us," Clare said.

"He will. He's happy. And happy people don't bear grudges. Don't wait for some calamity to bring you together. Suppose your mother died, or you got married, or something like that, and you hadn't made up with Haley! He's your own flesh and blood, and you need each other. The girl would do you a world of good."

He looked at her appraisingly, as Gerard had looked, only his eyes were warm and burning. Her eyes glowed back into his.

"Isn't it extraordinary that we have met?" she said.

"Not at all. This sort of thing happens all the time to people like us. We're the fortunate ones, you know," he smiled at her. "Now turn around and talk to the grand duke on your left. Where do you live anyway?"

She told him. "It's in the telephone book," she added, and turned to Gerard, who had been in the conversational clutches of Mrs. Sam Travis. Mrs. Travis was intense and artistic, and liked to capture young men.

"Thank God," he said. "What's that bird been talking about? You've certainly seemed to make a go of it."

His words had a familiar ring. "Gerard," she said, "he has been talking about Haley. He knows him. It makes me unhappy."

"I should think it would," said Gerard bluntly. "Who is this chap anyway?"

She told him what she knew. "Oh," said Gerard. "So that's the egg. I heard about him yesterday. One of these oncoming Westerners. Wants capital to build an amusement park on Pike's Peak, does he? What's he bothering you for?" He looked down at her, his fair disdainful eyebrows puckered with irritation. "This," thought Clare, "is anger."

"He wasn't bothering me," she insisted. "He's a friend of Haley's. Don't you understand?"

He seemed to imply, by lifting his eyebrows and cocking his head significantly, that any friend of Haley's—well! He had never felt Haley Devereux's charm, for his brilliancy was certainly obviated by his weaknesses. There were ways of drinking, and ways of marrying, and Devereux had chosen none of them. Gerard indeed had never given Haley a thought since the news of his elopement had come out in the newspapers; and he didn't want to bother about him now. He did not want his fiancée depressed by her family skeleton. So he changed the subject, a little imperiously.

"I saw two horses today that I thought you would like."

Clare looked up at him sharply. So this was his method. "Hunters?" she asked, after a little pause, and they fell into talk.

But when they reached her home later that night, and he had properly saluted and been received by her mother, Clare would not let him stay.

"No," she said, a little imperiously in her turn. "Please not now. I'm tired!"

She sent him away and, gone to her room, began to think of Haley and the strange Emery. The two were inextricably connected in her mind. And before she slept she came to a decision.

The next morning she acted upon it. She found her mother in the living room, attacking her lace. Clare had never taken the daughterly rôle protecting her mother, and she plunged right in.

"Do you know what I heard last night?"

Her mother looked up; Clare's communiqués were often diverting. "I can't imagine."

"Haley has a son."

Mrs. Devereux dropped her needles and her lace in her lap. Her proud old lips trembled, and she sat, amazed, wavering between passionate concern and disdainful contempt. For a moment Clare thought she would cry and relent. Then her pride conquered her instincts.

"I am sure," she said haughtily, "that need not concern you and me."

Clare felt herself tremble. She was used to losing her temper, to fits of irritation; but in this anger her heart was concerned; it was as if she cast away the callousness and the guard of indifference which her mother's rigid anger had imposed upon her.

"It is our affair!" she said hoarsely, walking toward her mother. "Oh, it is! Can't you see how hard you are, and how stupid! If this girl had been one of Gerard's sisters it would have been perfectly all right. We can't be so inhuman. I think we should make up with Haley."

"Never," said her mother bitterly.

"But I must," said Clare.

"You can do as you please. When you marry Gerard you will be your own mistress."

"Marrying Gerard has nothing to do with it," said Clare. "I do this for myself."

Gerard and this feeling in her heart were miles apart, and she had not had the feeling long enough to wonder at that.

"When you are married, Clare," said her mother, "you will find that you can't do things entirely for yourself."

"I shall. That is what marriage is for. Marriage isn't slavery. Do you suppose Gerard could keep me from seeing Haley, if I chose?" She remembered Gerard's mood the night before. And she defied it.

"If you take Haley back you must take his wife. And I do not think the Flaggs would relish that woman in their mother's house."

"You have no right to call her that woman." Clare poured forth the story which Emery had told her last night. "She has done something for him that we could never do. We owe her at least gratitude. That is, if you still love Haley. And I do! I don't care what people do, when I love them." She was on the edge of tears.

"Who told you all this?" asked her mother.

"A man. A man named Emery, whom I met last night. He is a friend of Haley's."

Mrs. Devereux gazed at her daughter uncomprehendingly. "I have never seen you so worked up, Clare. And all on the word of a strange man. He must have had an uncanny influence over you. How do you know what he said is true?"

"I don't know. But he made me believe it. He was convincing." She hesitated, then added, "He was the most convincing man I've met in a long time."

Her mother sniffed. "That man should be Gerard," she said, and she immediately regretted it. It did no good to suggest comparisons. Who was this man who could stir Clare to a heroic mood?

Clare went away, as if there were no more words in her, and her mother began to cry silently. She had fallen into the habit of solitary weeping, since her husband had died and her son had left her. Now Clare had the power to wound her. She sat, her hands idle in her lap, the tears streaming down over her worn uncomprehending face. Then she remembered that Lou was coming at 11:30, and she hastened to her room to bathe her eyes. There was no good in letting Lou see too much!

Clare went straight to a drug store, and in a telephone book found Haley's office address. It was on Park Avenue, in one of those huge professional temples where architects herd themselves together, as if to watch one another's drawings. She walked downtown, lingering a little, because it was her plan to get Haley to take her to lunch. She feared to telephone him, because she was afraid of Haley and his impudent mocking voice. Face to face, she could disarm him.

He kept her waiting in the anteroom of his office for a quarter of an hour. Then an office boy led her down a long corridor, whose walls were crowded with drawings and designs, to a door on which was written Mr. Devereux. Haley apparently had a certain importance. The boy opened the door, and she walked in. The door closed behind her, and she saw Haley sitting at a high desk near the window. He was absorbed in a drawing, and she had never seen him so still, so relaxed. His thin hawkish face was firmly chiseled, peaceful as if for a long time his attention had been fixed upon an interest dear to his heart. "This," thought Clare, looking at him, "the actress has achieved."

"Haley," she said.

He lifted his eyes, and looked at her as if he could not conceive of her being there. And then he got down from his high seat and walked over to her, smiling.

"Sister comes to forgive wandering brother. I can see it in her eyes," he said, and took her chin in his hand, and shook her face. Haley never kissed people. He always mocked them a little by pulling their features about. "That damned boy said it was a lady, and I thought it was an insurance agent, so I kept you waiting. Do you know, Clare, you look a bit wan; but it suits you."

He was the same careless Haley, with the marks of unrest and the traces of dissipation gone. He looked happy.

"Sit down, Clare, and tell me all about it. What struck you to come and see me?" He placed her in a chair and stood facing her. "How's mother?"

"I got tired of not seeing you, that was why, Haley. And someone told me you had a baby. I thought it was time I looked you up. Mother is furious."

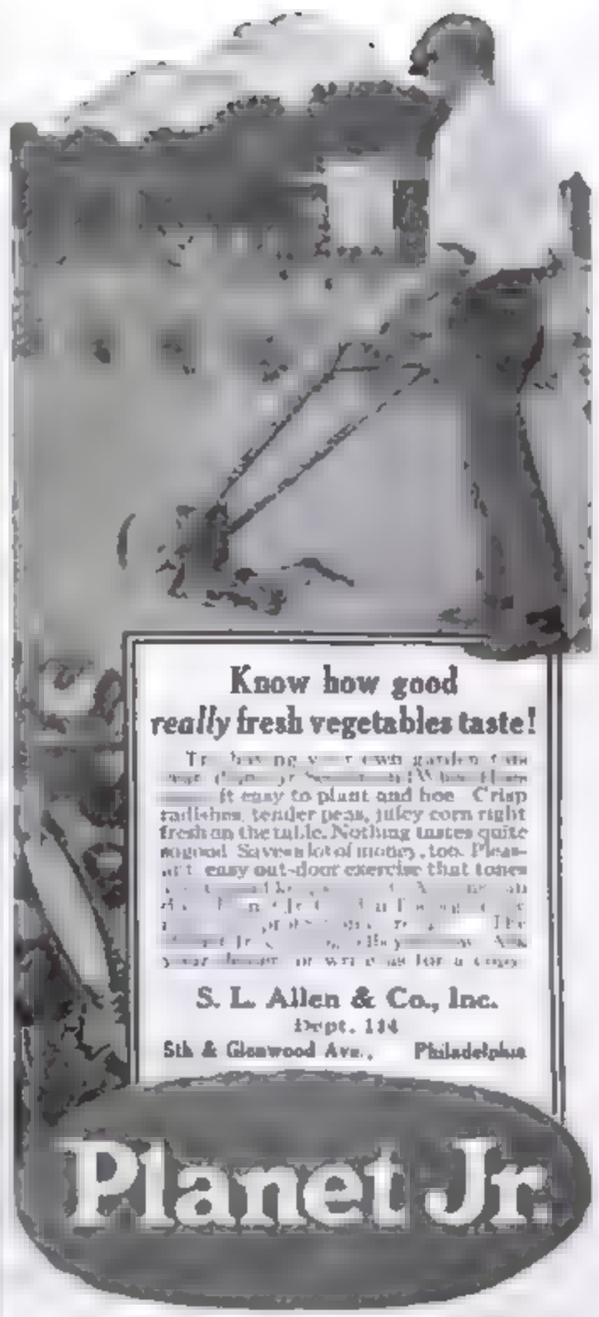
"With me?"

"With me. About you—she's sad."

He made her a face. "Mother will come round. But she's got to be decent to Nina. You understand that, don't you, Clare?" He was uncompromising about this; as if to acknowledge publicly what he owed his wife.

"I want to go to see her, Haley," she said suddenly. "When can I go?" He had, in a flash, got more from her than she had thought of giving.

He was moved. "Do you mean that, Clare? Because if you do, you make me happy. And Nina too. It's not easy for a woman to marry a man for the best possible reasons, only to be completely misunderstood. I was down, you know. Of course, Nina can't understand mother. But she's philosophical about her. Come on over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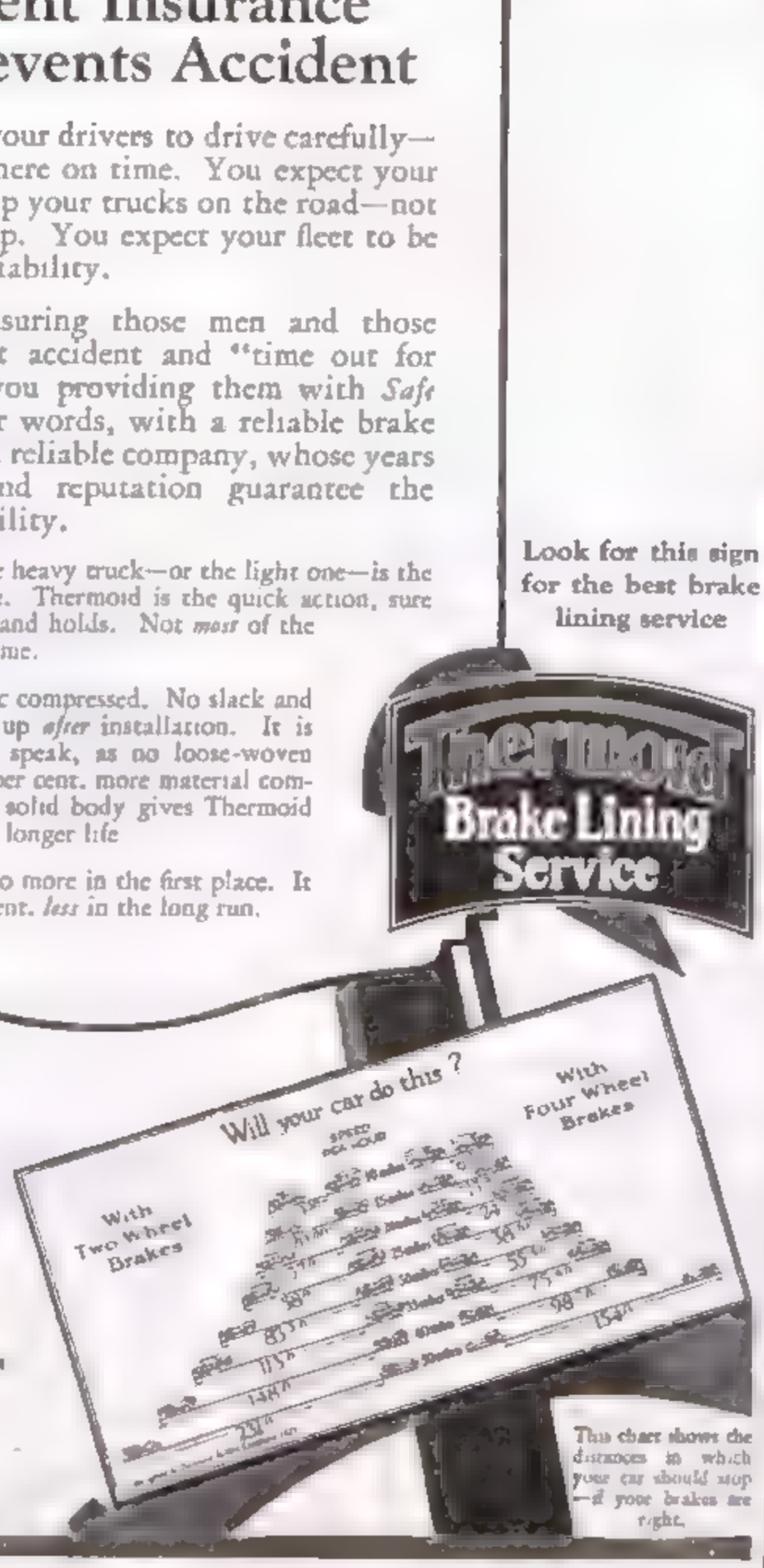


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here." He dragged her over to a chair near his desk, and proceeded to engulf her with talk. He showed her photographs of his wife and son, who, even as a baby, had the dark intensity of Clare's father about his little brow. As for Haley's wife, she impressed Clare. She was mature, and serene, and yet provocative.

"She's Russian," explained Haley; "raised in London, but nevertheless a Slav. She sings better than she dances. That's the joke on mother. We live in the country, and she practices every day. No neighbors to complain. As soon as I make more money she's to have more lessons. She'd make two of you. And she's made already four of me," he concluded huskily. Haley showed his emotions, and hid them, disconcertingly. "You can see why I stand where I do—about Nina. She"—he tapped the picture—"is not only my wife but my life preserver." He laid the photograph in a drawer and locked it. Then he turned to Clare. "What about luncheon? There's a man coming here whom you should meet. If you haven't anyone hanging around whom you care to marry, Clare, look this man over. He'll be rich as a Rothschild some day."

"I'm not sure that I'm on the market," she laughed.

"Rot!" he said. "Wait until he asks you." He stood up and began to arrange his desk. "Look him over carefully before you sell out. He'll give you a far better time than any of those birds you fly with now. How's Gerard getting along since he inherited the brownstone palace?"

"Don't you like Gerard?" she asked innocently.

"You know I never did. He's as dull as ditch water, and so damned ethical. Take Gerard out of his frame—and what's the picture worth?"

She listened, facing the fact that she must inevitably tell him. Haley had a devastating tongue, and he turned it on Gerard. The door opened behind them and he paused, looking around.

"Ah, there you are, Emery! Come over here and meet my sister, the famous girl beauty—season of 1918."

Clare met the astonished eyes of Emery. She flamed and took his hand.

"What's the matter with you two?" asked Haley.

"We met last night at dinner," said Clare.

Emery smiled. "Some good things I discover in this city for myself."

Haley took their hands and joined them. "Meet again, over my wicked past," he said. "Come on, we'll all go lunching now."

Luncheon was made hilarious by the irresponsible Haley. If Haley suspected that Emery had talked about him to Clare he said nothing. He insisted only that this mellifluous occasion be duly celebrated. Emery took them to Sherry's. It was only when they had seated themselves with the unconscious uproar of happy people that Clare saw that, to her world, this lunch party was significant. It was not in her blood to measure the public impression of her acts, and she gave herself with the barest glance at her neighbors to her food and her companions. After that, as Haley and she and, finally, Emery talked, she forgot the world around her.

He was a good talker, not because he deliberately aimed to be, but because his energy and his zest spilled into words as naturally as into projects. He was magnetic and violent, and he made Clare think about things which had never entered her head before. He had covered the globe; he jumped from Alaska to Andorra, from Bokhara to Yucatan. When she asked him questions he answered them, but before he had finished he was off on some new track. He had a native violence, alien to the detached, cultivated indifference of Gerard and his friends, and although he was thirty-five there were still ideas and occurrences which had power to move him. As he talked he turned away from Haley to pour it all upon her, as if he would swamp her, engulf her, wrap her in this stuff of which he was made. And Clare glowed, laughed, sparred and responded, her dark eager face lit with life.

Once or twice she was conscious of the noise they made.

"Hush, Haley," she said.

"It isn't me," said Haley. "It's you and this pirate." He grinned at them as if they amused him.

They rose at last, and as Clare looked at herself in a tall mirror at her back she saw Gerard on the opposite side of the room, staring at her. Their eyes met, and she made him a little defiant face, for he stared with concerned wonder. What was she doing, he seemed to ask, lunching with a reprobate brother and this stranger?

She looked into the mirror in the other corner, to meet Emery's dark eyes fixed on her with a curious expectancy. Her eyes met his, and glanced away, and her heart beat. She looked at Gerard again and he was coming toward her. She waited to speak to him and saw that he spoke to Haley and Emery, as if they were the best and most casual of friends. On the street she left Haley and Emery, and walked home. Emery had said to her abruptly, "I'm going to ring you up soon," and the very idea had given her a strange uneasiness. She had a frightened desire to see this thing through.

Two days later Haley telephoned, as he had promised, to say that his wife would like Clare to come out for luncheon. She could leave at eleven, and be home by five. Clare said she would go the next day.

That night Gerard came to dinner. He was taking her to the theater and then to a party; and she felt the silken easy charm of his sure presence. It was easy to be with Gerard, as easy as it was to reach the theater in his silent shining car. With him she was free, untouched; in him ran no current sweeping her along to fearful and uncharted excitement.

"Look here," he said in the motor, taking her hand, "why can't we run out to the Greytown tomorrow and see those horses? I've bought them. It will be a good day and we can lunch at the club. I'll take the roadster." She wanted to go, awfully. It was early December, and the days were the silvery mud ones of early winter. "Come on, darling," he said, "I'll come for you at ten."

"I can't, Gerard," she said. "I'm sorry. I promised Haley to go to lunch with his wife. Mother doesn't know. I'll tell her before I go. Couldn't we go the next day?"

"Oh, Clare, dear, why are you letting yourself in for this?" he said brusquely. "It doesn't look well for you to be going behind your mother."

"I'm not," she protested. "Mother will know. And it's no one else's business. I suppose you thought that today?" She stopped, questioning him.

"No; I thought nothing. You have a right to do anything you like. But I question your policy. How did Haley get so thick with this man Emery?"

"They knew each other in the war. And besides, they like each other. Haley is brilliant and very happy. And Emery is brilliant too. There you are." She was angry and nervous; his implications taunted these innocent happenings.

"Well, look here—can't you change it?"

"Oh, no! That would never do. What would she think?"

"I don't know what she thinks," he said. "Why should you drag yourself out to New Jersey to see an unknown woman whom no one ever heard of until Haley married her?"

"Doesn't that in itself make her someone? You insult her! She is my brother's wife."

"Clare!" he protested angrily.

But she shrugged her shoulders and stiffened her body away from him. "You must let me alone," she said defiantly. "Please do not interfere."

No woman had ever spoken so peremptorily to Gerard before, and he was shocked. He waited for her to relent, but she ignored him. He remembered watching Emery as he talked to Clare, and the man's intense preoccupation. Clare either bowled people over or left them cold. Emery had not seemed cold. Gerard sat through the first act, miserable with premonition. Under his perfect mask he was uncertain and alone, like ordinary humanity. And Clare, who forgave easily, sensed his dejection in the dark, and gave him her hand. His confidence returned.

At noon the next day Clare got off the train at a New Jersey suburb. Clare was curious to see the milieu in which Haley had found peace, and the woman who had made it. She stood on the platform, uncertain, in the pale winter sunshine, when a woman came through the waiting-room door and, after one glance, came to her.

"You are Haley's sister," she said. "I'm sorry I have kept you waiting. There was a break in the insides of the motor."

She was as tall as Clare and more solidly built, with the unapparent beauty of foreign women. Her clothes were strange, and

(Continued on Page 169)

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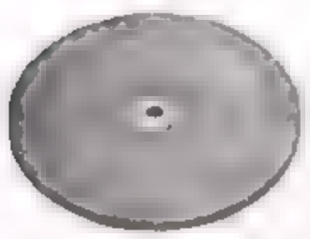

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(Continued from Page 166)

yet graceful; and Clare, as they rode home in a battered car, noted, one by one, Nina's pantherlike strength, her greenish-gray eyes, set over her thin high cheek bones, and the sure and caressing voice. She was nice to Clare, but with no hint of gratefulness for her sisterly recognition. Nina was about thirty, Clare thought, and in five minutes Clare felt herself with a personality stronger, more competent, more experienced than her own.

"It is not far, Clare," she said. "You will see what Haley calls his bargain. It is not magnificent, but it is nice."

"You own it?"

"Yes; it is cheaper to buy than to pay rent. And we could sell it, but we do not want to. Haley has done so much to it. It would be hard to part with it." They rode through the little town, and then turned into a street, tree shaded, edged with neat, proper suburban homes, which gave way to the straggling scattered houses. Haley's house was on the edge of the country, an unpretentious rambling farmhouse, hidden by an overgrown cedar hedge and set back a few hundred yards from the road. To the southwest the country, pastoral and gentle, dropped away from it, so that one looked out upon an expanse of farm land and pasture, and, in the distance, the blur of blue trees. The day was cold, and the sunshine was veiled, hazy, like the landscape.

"It will snow soon," said Clare as they stepped upon the gravel road.

"When it snows it is hard. I run Haley back and forth to the train, and it is cold work. When we can afford it we shall live in town in the winter. But it is good here—for him." She looked wisely at Clare, as if to see whether his sister sensed what this obscure suburban shelter might have meant to Haley.

She showed Clare the place, with the detailed completeness of a landowner; the garden which Haley had laid out with charming expertness, and beyond that the field where sometime they hoped to have a tennis court. There was an old barn where they kept their car, and a chicken run. Everything was newly painted, and obviously repaired, and on the southern side a veranda and a sleeping room overhead had been added.

"When we have the money," said Nina, "we shall add a wing and make the dining room into a music room. It will be charming."

Clare found herself strangely absorbed in the possibilities of this quite ordinary domain. She remembered the vast country house her father had built on Long Island, and Haley as a young man wandering casually in and out. Haley had always had the grand manner as a youth. It amazed her to see how contentedly he had taken root on this tiny farm. Yet, it was Nina, she could see, with her genius for creation, who had enticed and held him there.

"Come in now," said Nina. "You must be cold. And we will see the baby, and have our luncheon."

Nina went into the kitchen to speak to the cook and Clare looked curiously about her. There was a square hall with a fireplace and some strange chairs and a table. Russian, Clare thought. The living room was sparsely furnished, but it had charm. There were high book shelves along one wall, and French windows looking out on the country on another. The walls were painted cream, and in one corner was a grand piano. Behind it were low shelves stacked with music. Clare was looking at the music when Nina came in, her hat and coat off, carrying the baby.

"This is your nephew—Haley," she said. "You make friends with him while I speak again to the cook. She is nervous because we have a guest. And I have no nurse. When I go away I must sit the baby in the kitchen."

Clare took the baby, touched by its likeness to its father and herself. Here were ruddier color, more tumultuous energy, but her same hair and eyes, and the very lines of her mouth. She went to the divan and sat down, and the baby climbed over her and on her, to clutch her hat. She had never played with or been so close to a baby before; her friends' babies were always carried in and out by trained nurses, remote from any human handling. This baby lay against her breast, climbed on her shoulder, buried his face against her own. She fell in love with him.

"Oh, Nina!" she said, when the mother came in to carry him upstairs for his nap. "He is a darling! I wish my mother could see him." As she spoke the words she was embarrassed.

But Nina smiled and nodded. "He is so sweet when he is little. It is too bad."

Clare wanted to laugh; she envied Nina and Haley their superb detachment; Mrs. Devereux was so evidently, in their opinion, the loser in this family quarrel. And Nina bore her mother-in-law no malice; she was too sure of herself and her happiness.

They put the baby to bed upstairs, and then came down to luncheon. The meal, like everything else in Nina's house, was strange but excellent. The cook was an Italian, and she waited upon them with devoted solemnity. The meal began with ravioli and ended with apple pie.

"She wishes to make pie because it is the American dish," said Nina. "She wants to be a citizen."

The pie was good. Afterward they had coffee by the fire in the living room, and Clare discovered much about her sister-in-law. Nina disclosed herself with a comforting and unusual candor. She never mentioned Haley's mother. But as she talked to Clare the girl thought, "I must tell this to mother; if she heard this, or knew that, she would think differently."

Nina's charm was obvious, and so was her will. She had the intelligence to understand Haley, and the will, beneath her beguiling tact, to order his life for him. She had given up a career for him; and there was a tigerish pride in her attitude toward him.

"Haley is brilliant. He will be made a partner soon. Mr. Applegate says so. Some day your mother will meet Haley on the street, and she will see the change in him, and she will not be angry at me. I know how our marriage looked to the world. Pouf!" She waved her long fingers in the air. "It was an emergency. You know that. We have the years ahead of us to make things right. Everything is different already, because you have come to see me."

"I liked coming," said Clare. "I like you."

"You are a nice girl. You are pretty, very pretty. When are you going to be married? Haley said you have beaus. Are you in love?"

Clare grinned and shrugged her shoulders. "I do not know." She hesitated. In a few weeks they would know of her engagement, and it would never do to reveal her uncertainty now. "It is hard to know—nowadays," she dodged. "Look here, won't you sing me a song?"

"I will," said Nina. She rolled up the sleeves of her knitted frock. "I must have bare arms to play." She sat down at the piano. "What do you like? Or shall I sing to you from the heart?" She smiled at Clare. "You are a nice girl, Clare."

Her voice was round, velvety and flexible. Clare, who knew more about music than almost anything else except horses, knew that it was properly placed, and her songs were the songs of a discriminating artist. She played tricks with her voice to amuse Clare, she caroled and mimicked, but she had the sureness and the fluency of a happy artist.

"You are lucky," said Clare, "to have a gift. I wish I had."

"I am a lucky woman," said Nina; "and you will be too. You have the look of it."

But Clare did not believe her. She left her a little forlornly, to take her train, and she kissed the baby with a pang. "I will come again soon," she said.

When she reached home, at six o'clock, she found that Emery had called. As she picked the card up in the hall Gerard telephoned to say that he was calling for her at eight to escort her to a dinner party. Gerard arranged her evenings now. She went upstairs dreamily, holding Emery's card in her fingers, and when she got to her room she read over the name—Richard Zorn Emery. What a strange name Zorn. She stood for a long time, considering the piece of pasteboard.

During the next fortnight Clare for the first time in her life felt herself bewildered, helpless. She lived a gay life during the days which her mother considered a sweetly happy time. Clare had, in a few words, told her mother about Haley's wife and Haley's baby, and had said nothing more. Mrs. Devereux let the issue rest for the moment. In her heart she knew that when the wedding was arranged she would send for Haley, and make her peace. He was her only son, and if what Clare said was true he deserved forgiveness. But Mrs. Devereux did not wish Clare or Gerard disturbed now. She saw them dining at her

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home, going to the same dinner and theater parties, with contented satisfaction. Clare was quiet, but she was not fitful or discontented. And she did not seem to see many other people. She slept late in the morning, and usually went out to luncheon.

One cold afternoon, about ten days after Clare's visit to Haley, Mrs. Devereux came in from a concert which she had attended with Lou, and heard voices and the clink of tea things in the drawing-room. She was tired; Clare and Gerard were together, and she told Martin she would go on up to the library.

"When Mr. Gerard goes," she said, "tell Clare I have come in."

"It is not Mr. Gerard," said Martin impersonally. "It is Mr. Emery."

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Devereux, as if she knew Mr. Emery well.

She went upstairs, baffled. The name was familiar. She did not like Clare, engaged to Gerard, entertaining Emery alone at tea. Emery—Emery—Emery! Suddenly she remembered, and she felt again all the impatient distress of that scene with Clare over Haley. Emery! He was Haley's friend, the man who had sent her packing off on that quest to Haley's wife, "the most convincing man" Clare had ever met. She picked up her lace, and sat waiting to hear Emery go. And he did not go for a long time, and her uneasiness and her curiosity grew.

She would have felt more uneasy had she seen Clare and Emery together. Clare had met him on Fiftieth Street, as she turned from the Avenue on her way home. They had almost collided, and he had taken her hand impetuously, and calmly held it while he greeted her. He was sorry to have missed her, he said; he had been in Chicago ever since. As soon as he had cleared up two or three things he had intended to telephone her.

"I didn't want to see you until my mind was clear," he said. "You deserve full attention. Where are you going now?"

Ever since he had called she had been waiting to see him again. If she could see him, talk with him, for an hour, she could pierce this power he had over her. Either he meant nothing to her or he meant a great deal; something compelled her to find out which. In an irresolute second, as she answered him, Clare grew up. She dared face a choice.

"Why don't you come home with me for tea?" she said.

He was bowled over with pleasure. He fell into step with her and they walked home. She was almost as tall as he, and as they talked they took quick exploring glances at each other. Now and then their eyes met. It was better, wiser, thought Clare, to take him home, where, no doubt, her mother or Aunt Lou or even Gerard would appear, to dim for her the dangerous felicity of this man's companionship.

But they were destined to have tea alone. Her mother was out, and Gerard had telephoned, Martin said, that he would come at nine. There was a fire in the drawing-room, and a tea table. They sat down facing each other, and while she poured the tea he watched her. She told him about Haley's wife and the baby.

"I liked her," she said. "She is strenuous, though. She charges one with feeling."

"You don't need to be charged," he said.

"I don't know." She shrugged her shoulders. "Beside her I'm limp. Lemon?"

"Cream. You're simply not stirred. Wait until the world crashes around you. Nothing has ever happened to you yet. Nothing really important."

She mocked him. "Really? Well, if anything did I'd never take charge of the ruins as Nina did, and does. I've always had things arranged for me quite nicely."

"Any day now," he said, "you may have to make a drastic choice. If you don't you'll cheat yourself. I know your type, Clare." He pronounced her name simply, as if he had always known her. "It improves under adversity."

"What do you mean?" she asked, staring.

"It is so easy for a woman like you to live. There is always a someone—a man or a woman—waiting to give you everything; you could go through life, if you wanted to without making a choice—a disagreeable choice which will irritate your mother, alienate your friends, shock your world, but plunge you suddenly into reality. Oh, you know the kind of thing I mean—love, art, marriage."

She knew. She sat for a second or so considering him, and she wanted to ask what he had in his mind about her. But she stifled the wish.

"You'll be nicer after you make it," he added impersonally.

She was irritated. "Was it frightfully cold in Chicago?" she asked to hide her thoughts from him.

He took her cue. He stayed more than an hour, and they talked steadily. When he went he extracted a promise to lunch with him two days later. He wished to buy a print for his sister, and he assumed that Clare's advice was essential. Helpfully she promised to meet him.

When she went upstairs her mother was perturbed. "But, Clare," she said, "I don't think you should encourage him. Gerard wouldn't like it."

Clare was annoyed. "But certainly even an engaged woman has a right to offer a man a cup of tea? Because I am engaged must I live in a cell?"

She went away, offended, and poor Mrs. Devereux was distressed. Clare had protested too violently.

A few days later she learned that Clare had lunched with Emery. She spoke of it gaily.

"But I'm not in love with him, mother, nor he with me," said Clare. "I don't see what harm it does. He's going to Chicago in a few days, and when he comes back all will be over. I can't tell him now that Gerard and I are engaged, on the supposition that he might be falling in love with me, can I? He might laugh at me. You don't understand these modern men." She was reasonable and convincing.

Two nights before Emery left for Chicago, Gerard was taking her to dine at his friends', the Alan Chesters, and he was awfully keen for her to conquer them. Alan Chester was older than he and had been a banking protégé of his father's; with Helen, his wife, Gerard had gone to dancing school and parties from his childhood. She represented to him, before he fell in love with Clare, the perfect gentlewoman. She was tall and fair and nobly principled; an impeccable mother and a flawless wife, she spent as much time as she could on charitable boards. People of her wealth, she believed, had a duty to society. She had never quite approved of Clare and her companions; their indifference and frivolity had pained her. She resented Clare's exotic beauty; nice New York girls did not wear such bizarre earrings in her day.

However, when Gerard, whom she adored, asked her to include Clare in a dinner party and half hinted to her of his engagement, she saw Clare more optimistically.

"After all," she said to her husband, "she is beautiful, and her mother was an Elliot. She'll settle down with Gerard. It will take all her energy to run his houses."

Her husband grunted inelegantly. "Gerard's darn lucky. The girl must have brains if she's like her father. She'll stir up Gerard before she gets through with him."

Helen frowned; she did not regard marriage as an ordeal by suffering. Yet she spent a long time making a list of sixteen people among whom Clare would shine with superior and comforting luster.

Gerard, consequently, was humanly irritated the afternoon of the dinner party, when Clare telephoned him at his office that she couldn't go.

"Not go, my dear?" he asked. "Why, you must go! You're not ill, are you?"

"No, no, no," said Clare. "But I must go out to Haley's. Gerard, please don't argue. I've had a telegram from Nina; Haley has pneumonia, and she thinks I should come."

"Well, I don't see why you should tonight," he said coolly. "Lots of people have pneumonia. You have certain obligations of your own."

"I know," said Clare, her voice rising. "But, Gerard, he might be dying. I can't think she would send for me unless she was frantic. Even mother would be alarmed. I'm sure she'll go tomorrow."

"Where is your mother?"

"She's out somewhere. I've just this second got the wire. And there's a train at 4:30. Gerard, please, I must!"

But Gerard had behind him generations of reasonable men who had always put obligation before emotion. He could not escape his ancestors.

"Really, Clare," he said, "can't you arrange something? Certainly your first obligation is to me. How can I tell the Chesters?"

"You can tell them the truth," she wailed. "My family has some claim on me."

(Continued on Page 173)

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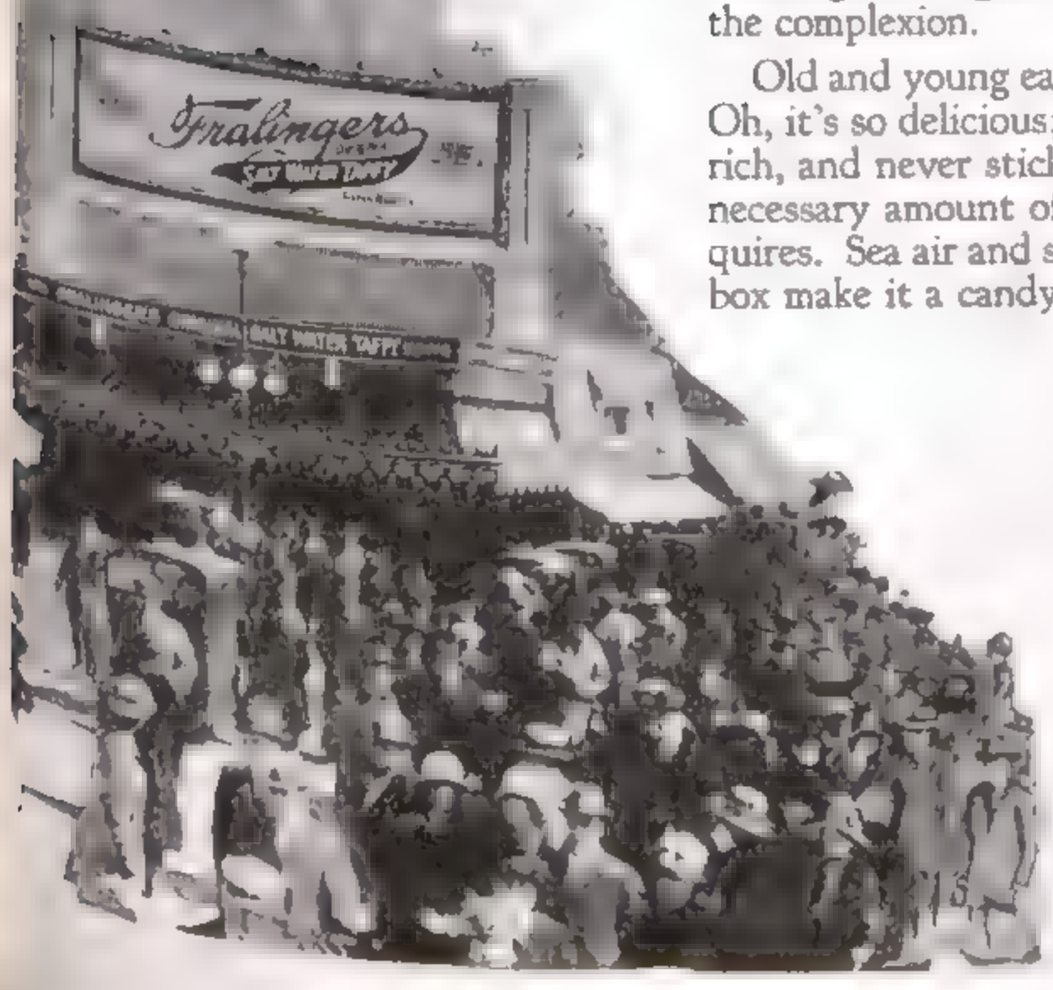


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(Continued from Page 170)

He didn't respect Haley's claim, he said. "Haley didn't send for you when he married."

"I'm sorry, Gerard; I have to go."

"You simply can't, Clare," he said. "You can't break engagements—like this! I don't believe he's sick," he added.

Clare lost her temper. "He is! And I do break them!" she cried hotly. "It's the best thing I do. And I break mine to you now!"

She hung up, trembling. It was all over with her now. After all, a man who couldn't share an emergency with one, wasn't a man to marry. She hurried, packing a small bag; she wanted to escape from the house before her mother arrived, before Gerard came uptown to argue with her. On her mother's dressing table she left a note, and she ran out to hail a taxi.

It was not until she sat in the train at Hoboken that she sensed her isolation. After all, Haley and Nina lived for themselves, her mother would weep; Clare had from now on only her pride and her outraged feelings for support. But she felt a strange happy strength.

It was dark and bitterly cold when the taxi deposited her at the front door of Haley's house. There was a new moon, and in its tender light the fields were silvery, the dark trees and bushes less menacing. There were lights in the living room, and upstairs. She rang the bell a second time and wondered why the Italian cook did not come running to let her in.

Then she heard someone run down the stairs, and the door was opened by a crisp, worn, young man. "I'm the doctor," he said. "I'm glad you've come. You're the nurse, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," said Clare, disappointing. "I'm only Mr. Devereux's sister. Is he awfully sick?" She sensed something catastrophic.

"Oh, my God!" groaned the doctor. "That means that she won't get here to-night. Come in. Perhaps you can help."

He went over to the fireplace and struck a match and lighted a cigarette. In a few brusque words, he told her. Haley had a slight attack of pneumonia. Nina had just gone to bed. The cook had left the day before because her sister's children had the mumps. Nina had fever, was exhausted, and must stay in bed. There was a great deal of sickness in the town, and nurses were scarce. He had the promise of one from Newark if she got through a case. Since she had not come on this train, she would not arrive until morning. Clare sat down, dumb and frightened, and took off her hat.

"Then there's Haley, and his wife, and the baby," she said. "I've never done anything. But I'll do what I can. Is Haley very ill?"

The doctor shook his head. "Not seriously, yet. But he needs a nurse. So does his wife. I suppose you could cook and care for the baby?"

He looked at her quizzically. Her fur jacket, her clothes, her white delicate hands—were answer enough. But her eyes were valiant.

"I can try anything. Will you show me what to do?"

"First you'd better feed the baby," he snapped. "I'll stay here until you do that. Ask Mrs. Devereux what to give it. She's got a fever, and must go to bed."

Clare threw off her coat and went upstairs. She found Nina, wrapped in an old dressing gown, hot and shaking, standing undecidedly by the baby's crib.

"I put him here, Clare," she moaned. "But I'm afraid to go near him. Suppose he got ill too."

Clare was stunned to see Nina helpless; the girl rallied to the burden, she dared take charge of this dominant woman.

"Come, Nina," she said. "Get into bed, you poor darling. Then you can tell me how to feed him."

She put Nina into bed, in a small room off Haley's. Clare could hear his uneven breathing even in the hall and, finding a pencil and paper somewhere, she wrote down the directions for the baby's milk. It was an elaborate and a confusing ritual, and she understood now the preoccupation of mothers. In the kitchen there was thank heaven, a gas stove, which she knew vaguely how to light. A fire burned also in the coal stove, and she remembered that there were drafts and things which one pulled and pushed. The fire was bright and warm; no doubt it would last the night. She lighted a match, and stuck it gingerly near one of the jets of the gas stove, and after several attempts there was, to her, a tremendous explosion. She put on the baby's milk to heat and, lighting another jet, set on a kettleful of water.

The doctor came in and grinned at her.

"You're not so bad," he said. "Can you read a thermometer?"

To his astonishment, Clare could. "Red Cross," she said. "About the only thing I ever learned."

He held the baby's bottle for her while she filled it, and he put on the nipple. "You're not so dumb," he said. "I've got to go to six other people, and unless you send for me I shan't be back until the morning. He's resting easily. Keep him warm, but keep the windows open and watch him. Now come up with me, and I'll show you his medicine."

She followed him upstairs, gave the baby his bottle, tucked him in, and went to Haley's bedroom. Haley lay, a long enfolded form, on a big bed in the front room. The bed was screened, but two windows were open and Haley was dozing, in a feverish stupor. The doctor showed her his medicines, and then beckoned her out.

"If you get alarmed call me up." He wrote out a list of telephone numbers, and after a look at Nina, he left. "Don't let her out of bed," he ordered. "Wrap up when you go in that room; and you'd better drink black coffee to keep awake."

Clare promised. She followed him to his car, at the side of the house, and with him her security went. Back in the warm house she stole upstairs. Nina was thirsty and restless, but Haley still lay sleeping. Clare covered the baby tightly, gave Nina some hot milk, and went back to watch Haley. She wrapped herself in a blanket and a fur coat, and sat beside him, watching him as if he might fly from the bed. At ten o'clock she was to give him his medicine and hot milk. She must shut the windows and guard him from cold while he drank the milk. It was a tremendous and engulfing responsibility.

Suddenly Haley opened his eyes and looked at her.

"Clare," he whispered.

"Yes," she said, bending over him. "Don't speak. Nina is sleeping." He shut his eyes and slept.

She crossed the hall into the nursery. The baby had flung off his covers, and she wrapped him up and warmed him. The room was very cold, and she closed the window a few inches. Nina, in her room, moaned and tossed in a feverish sleep, and as Clare stood beside the bed she woke. At once she wanted to get up.

"No, no; he's all right, Nina. Haley's asleep. I shall watch him all night."

Nina was finally assured. "Promise me you will take care of him," she said.

Clare left her and went down to the kitchen, through the silent house. She was alone and responsible for three people's lives. The hall was cold and the dining room, and when she got to the kitchen, where the light was burning, she remembered the kitchen fire. It had lost all its heat, and looking at it she was frightened. She thought for an instant that the kitchen fire heated the house; she knew she must rebuild it. By the hearth there was some coal, but no wood, and as she poked into the fire she saw that it was out. She gazed with a sinking heart at the stove; at its mysterious drafts and valves. Never in her life had she made a fire. She was terror-stricken. How could she keep the house warm?

Then she could have shrieked with relief, because she remembered that houses have furnaces. Furnaces were in the cellar; no doubt, the furnace, too, needed tending. She looked about for a door which would lead to the cellar, and after five minutes of vain opening and shutting, found stairs leading down in the back hall. Then she realized that for a long time she had left Haley alone, and she ran upstairs to look at him. He lay sleeping, and Nina, too; and she stole down again. She was shaking. Suppose the furnace fire should be out? What would she do? And the night so bitterly cold!

At the head of the dark cellar stairs she found a switch, turned on the light, and apprehensively went down. It was the typical rambling country cellar. There were strange rooms, compartments, piles of vegetables, and finally at the farthest end, under the living room, the furnace. The furnace was a terrifying rotund machine. It had valves, handles, things that open and shut, and there were several doors up and down

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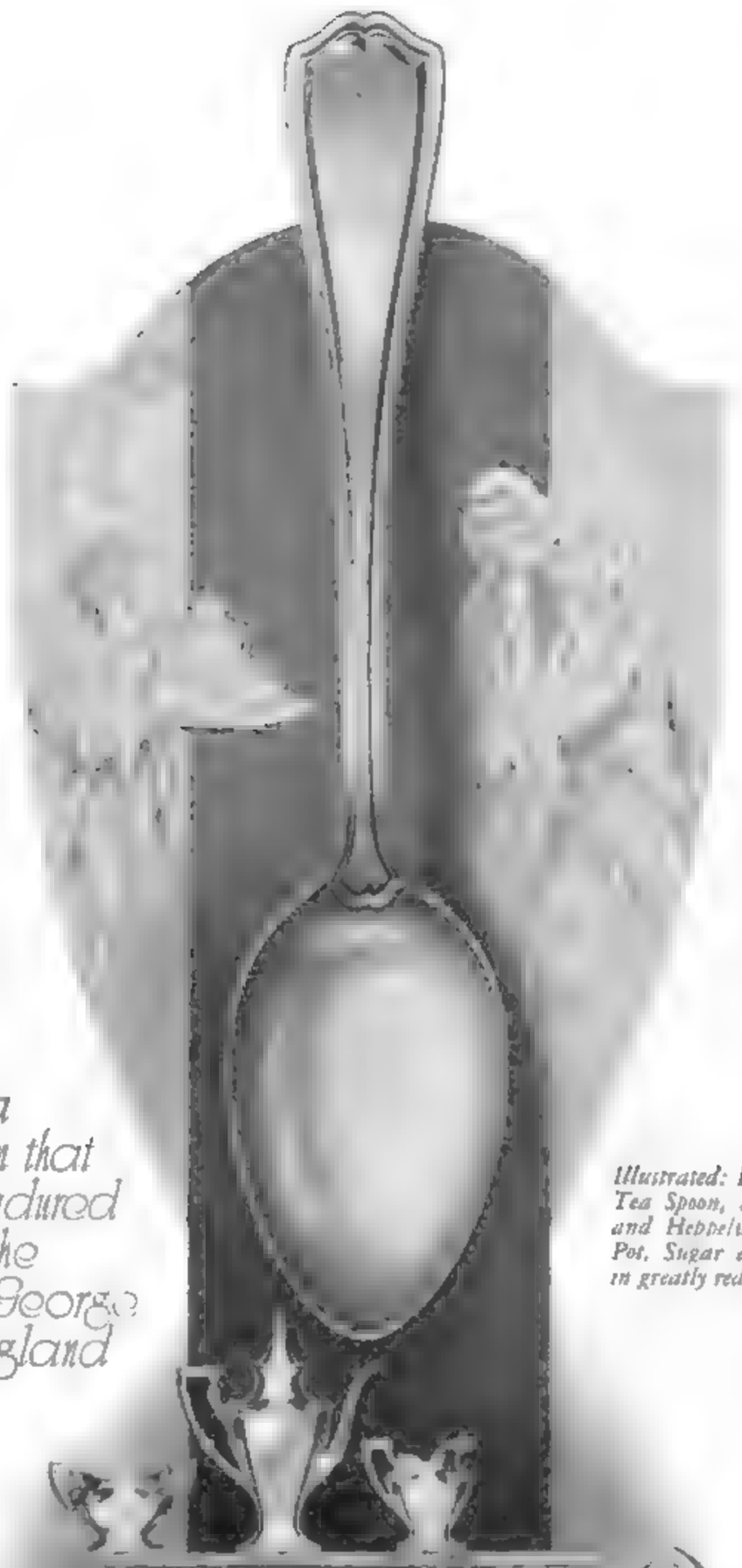

*from a design that has endured since the Third George of England*

*Illustrated: Heppelwhite Tea Spoon, actual size, and Heppelwhite Coffee Pot, Sugar and Cream in greatly reduced size.*

*The*
# *Heppelwhite*
*pattern in Solid Silver*

The indomitable spirit of Heppelwhite has been caught by Reed & Barton artist-designers and perpetuated in a silverware pattern that is certain to form some of the much-sought-after heirlooms of the future.

Heppelwhite's complete mastery of the grace and harmony of line is as apparent here as in anything that the great English designer ever produced.

You must see the Heppelwhite Pattern at your jeweler's before you buy more silverware. It would be interesting, also, to inspect the many other Reed & Barton patterns, in solid silver or silver plate, every one of them backed by Reed & Barton's century-old reputation for the production of quality ware.

REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS.

REED & BARTON


its front. Gingerly Clare opened the biggest door, and what she saw unnerved her. There was a fire there, but it was grayish, dying on the top. Behind her, in bins, were two kinds of coal, and some instinct led her to shovel on the right sort. She closed the door, and wondered about the drafts. One opened and closed things in a furnace. Perhaps she could ask Nina. She tore upstairs, but when she entered that woman's bedroom Nina was sleeping, soundly and deeply. Clare stole out, bewildered. She went in to Haley, sat there for twenty minutes, and then went down to the fire again. It had not quickened. It looked burdened, stifled; it was going out. Desperate, she went to the telephone and called three numbers, searching for the doctor, but at each house he had left. Always he escaped her. She was about to telephone her mother, for her mother was a practical housekeeper, when the telephone whirred in her ear. She seized it: it would be the doctor.

"Hallo there, Nina," said a voice.

"Oh, no, it isn't Nina," she shouted. She knew Emery's voice. "It's Clare. Do you know about a furnace?"

"What are you up to?"

She told him.

"Are you there quite alone?" he asked.

She poured out her agonizing tale.

"Don't get excited, Clare," he said huskily. "You can make the furnace go." He told her as clearly as he could what to do. "Open the lower draft until it burns, and then shut it again. Keep it in equilibrium. And make the kitchen fire. Take everything out—all the ashes and begin all over again. Lots of paper and kindling—all you can stuff in—and then when it's blazing, a little coal." He went into detail about drafts. "I'll come right out. Now you understand? If you don't have a fire your pipes will freeze and then burst. The house can't be lived in. That would be a catastrophe."

He hung up and was gone. He was coming. She went upstairs again to look at her patients, and, like a demented woman, went downstairs to her fires. She sat by the furnace and experimented with the drafts until she saw the coal begin to burn. Then she went upstairs and began to build the kitchen fire. It took her an hour, and every few minutes she ran upstairs to look at Haley. She took the ashes to the cellar and carted wood and coal up to the kitchen, and after an hour of heart-breaking effort she had a fire burning—a hot, solid fire that warmed the room.

Her face and hands were black, her narrow skirt was ripped, and her feet, in her thin foolish slippers, ached from running up and down stairs. At last, triumphantly, she sank into a kitchen chair and stretched her tired legs to the fire. Upstairs Haley and Nina and the baby slept. She had but just come down from inspecting them. Here and in the cellar were the iron monsters which had challenged her futility, and which she had somehow mastered. They burned and glowed and the house was warm. It was past midnight, and she should now, at this minute, be coming home from the dinner party. If Gerard could see her now—for the last time! And then she leaped to her feet, for a motor was roaring in the yard. In her preoccupation she had forgotten even Emery. As he entered the front door she flung herself at him and clung to his great fur coat.

"They're going!" she gasped, almost beside herself with pride. "Come out here and I'll show you." He had never seen such a dirty, sooty girl where once a beauty had been.

"Who's going?" he asked, astonished.

"The fires," she whispered. "Come, don't talk here."

In the kitchen she faced him. In the bright light he saw adoringly her tired brilliant eyes, the tense weariness of her body. "They're all sleeping, and everything is all right. It's been awful," she moaned. "If you hadn't telephoned they would be frozen by now."

He laughed. "Nonsense! They would not. You'd have found out somehow. But I was coming anyway. I learned from your mother that you were here." He took off his coat and pushed her into a chair. "Sit down. You must listen. I walked into your house to see you. I had to go home tonight suddenly, and I wanted to see you before I went. I walked into the drawing-room and found that Mr. Flagg there, and your mother. They were frantic when they saw me, I can tell you. Look here, Clare, are you engaged to Flagg?"

She shook her head obediently. "No, not any more. I was, until this afternoon. But I broke it. It's all over now."

"Don't you love him?"

"No. That's really it. I thought I could make a go of it. But" she hesitated and her eyes filled with tears—"I was wrong. We quarreled about my coming out here," she went on breathlessly. "I lost my temper. But I don't think I ever loved him enough. I was a bad woman. It's just as well that this happened. These stoves—and Haley—and everything." She wiped her eyes with her sooty fingers and tried to look at him unconcernedly; but her body was trembling and his eyes were magnets.

"Why did you come?" she asked. "I mean me a handkerchief, please." He produced his and wiped her eyes for her. "Didn't you go home?" she asked.

"You look like a child miner. No, I put it off. I came here; because Gerard didn't, I suppose. I took my chance. Besides, I promised your mother. She said you were an ignorant and helpless girl. But wait until she hears about these furnaces."

"They never would have burned without you," she said, nobly.

She couldn't sit in that bright light any longer; he would see how she was shaking. As she rose he stepped toward her, and they stood, eye to eye, measuring each other.

"Sometimes two strange people, Clare," he said huskily, "can light a tremendous fire." And he took her in his arms, where she lay exhausted, still, and drowned in peace.

"Where did you say you lived, Richard?" she asked, finally lifting her head.

"Duluth. Why?"

"Duluth!" She buried her dirty face in his sleeve and laughed. "Oh, that's too awfully funny." That was all he could get out of her. "Sometime my mother will tell you," she said.

She sent him down to the cellar to look at the furnace.

PHOTO BY O. J. GROSS SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

*Sunset on Mt. Moran and Jackson Lake, Jackson Hole, Wyoming*

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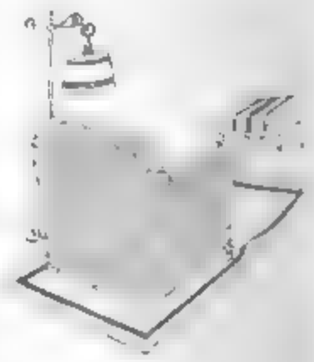
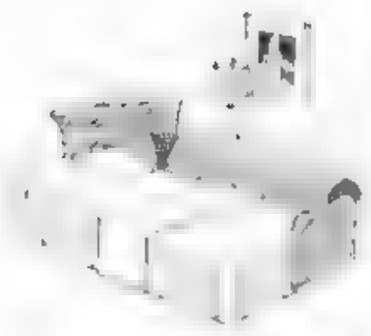


*The small room often presents a difficult problem in furnishing. The room pictured here, one of the interiors shown in the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements," illustrates a very satisfactory handling of the room of small proportions.*

*For this room a few essential pieces have been chosen, and carefully placed to avoid an overcrowded effect. The handsome Kroehler Suite in a kidney shape is the keynote around which the livable room has been created. A copy of the "Kroehler Book of Living Room Arrangements" will be sent to anyone on request.*



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KROEHLER
*Living Room Furniture*

# THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY

(Continued from Page 29)

surge of anger he had experienced in Dan Winterslip's hall. Aunt Minerva had predicted he couldn't handle a woman of this type. Well, he'd show her—he'd show the world.

"Give me that brooch," he said coldly.

"It's mine," answered the woman stubbornly.

John Quincy wasted no words; he seized the woman's wrist. She screamed. A door opened behind them.

"What's going on here?" inquired Mr. Leatherbee.

"Oh, I thought you'd left us," said John Quincy.

"Steve! Don't let him have it!" cried the woman.

Steve moved militantly nearer, but there was a trace of caution in his attitude. John Quincy laughed.

"You stay where you are, Steve," he advised, "or I'll smash that sallow face of yours." Strange talk for a Winterslip. "Your friend here is trying to hang onto an important bit of evidence in the murder up the beach, and with the utmost reluctance I am forced to use strong-arm methods." The brooch dropped to the floor; he stooped and picked it up. "Well, I guess that's about all," he added. "I'm sorry if you've been homesick, Mrs. Compton; but speaking as a Bostonian, I don't believe Broadway is as glamorous as you picture it. Distance has lent enchantment. Good night."

He let himself out and found his way to Kalakaua Avenue. He had settled one thing to his own satisfaction. Chan must know about the brooch, and at once. Mrs. Compton's story might be true or not; it certainly needed further investigation by some responsible person.

John Quincy had approached the cottage by way of Kalia Road; he was planning to return to Dan's house along the better-lighted avenue. Having reached that broad expanse of asphalt, however, he realized that the Reef and Palm Hotel was near at hand. There was his promise to Carlota Egan; he had said he would look in on her again today. As for Chan, he could telephone the Chinaman from the hotel. He turned in the direction of the Reef and Palm.

Stumbling through the dark garden, he saw finally the gaunt old hulk of the hotel. Lights of low candle power burned at infrequent intervals on the double-decked veranda. In the huge lobby a few rather shabby looking guests took their ease. Behind the desk stood—nobody but the Japanese clerk.

John Quincy was directed to a telephone booth, and his keen Bostonian mind retained Nipponese and in mastering the system favored by the Honolulu telephone company. At length he got the police station. Chan was out, but the answering person promised that he would be told to get in touch with Mr. Winterslip immediately on his return.

"How much do I owe you?" inquired John Quincy of the clerk.

"Not a penny," said a voice, and he turned to find Carlota Egan at his elbow. He smiled. This was more like it.

"But I say, you know, I've used your telephone."

"It's free," she said. "Too many things are free out here. That's why we don't get rich. It was so kind of you to come again."

"Not at all," he protested. He looked about the room. "Your father ——"

She glanced at the clerk and led the way out onto the lanai at the side. They went to the far end of it, where they could see the light on Diamond Head and the silvery waters of the Pacific sweeping in, to disappear at last beneath the old Reef and Palm.

"I'm afraid poor dad's having a bad time of it," she said, and her voice broke slightly. "I haven't been able to see him. They're holding him down there—as a witness, I believe. There was some talk of bail, but I didn't listen. We haven't any money at least, I didn't think we had."

"You didn't think ——" he began, puzzled.

She produced a small bit of paper and put it in his hand.

"I want to ask your advice. I've been cleaning up dad's office, and just before you came I ran across that in his desk."

John Quincy stared down at the little pink slip she had given him. By the light of one of the small lamps he saw that it was a check for five thousand dollars, made out to bearer and signed by Dan Winterslip. The date was that of the day before.

"I say, that looks important, doesn't it?" John Quincy said. He handed it back to her and thought a moment. "By gad, it is important! It seems to me it's pretty conclusive evidence of your father's innocence. If he had that, his business with Cousin Dan must have come to a successful end, and it isn't likely he would—er—do away with the man who signed it and complicate the cashing of it." The girl's eyes shone.

"Just the way I reasoned. But I don't know just what to do with it."

"Your father has engaged a lawyer, of course?"

"Yes, but a rather poor one; the only kind we can afford. Should I turn this over to him?"

"No, wait a minute. Any chance of seeing your father soon?"

"Yes; it's been arranged I'm to visit him in the morning." John Quincy nodded.

"Better talk with him before you do anything," he advised. He had a sudden recollection of Egan's face when he refused to explain his business with Dan Winterslip. "Take this check with you and ask your father what he wants done with it. Point out to him that it's vital evidence in his favor."

"Yes, I guess that's the best plan," the girl agreed. "Will—will you sit down a moment?"

"Well" John Quincy recalled Miss Minerva waiting impatiently for news—"just a moment. I want to know how you're getting on. Any big arithmetical problems come up yet?" She shook her head.

"Not yet. It really isn't so bad—the work. We haven't many guests, you know. I could be quite happy if it weren't for poor dad." She sighed. "Ever since I can remember," she added, "my happiness has had an if in it."

He led her on to speak about herself, there in the calm night by that romantic beach. Through her talk flashed little pictures of her motherless childhood on this exotic shore, of a wearing fight against poverty and her father's bitter struggle to send her to school on the mainland, to give her what he considered her proper place in the world. Here was a girl far different from any he had met on Beacon Street, and John Quincy found pleasure in her talk.

Finally he forced himself to leave. As they walked along the balcony they encountered one of the guests, a meek little man with stooped shoulders. Even at that late hour he wore a bathing suit.

"Any luck, Mr. Saladine?" the girl inquired.

"Luck ith againth me," he lisped, and passed hastily on. Carlota Egan laughed softly.

"Oh, I really shouldn't," she repented at once. "The poor man."

"What's his trouble?" asked John Quincy.

"He's a tourist—a business man," she said. "Des Moines, or some place like that. And he's had the most appalling accident. He's lost his teeth."

"His teeth!" repeated John Quincy.

"Yes; like so many things in this world, they were false. He got into a battle with a roller out by the second raft and they disappeared. Since then he spends all his time out there, peering down into the water by day and diving down and feeling about by night. One of the tragic figures of history," she added. John Quincy laughed. "That's the most tragic part of it," the girl continued. "He's the joke of the beach. But he goes on hunting, so serious. Of course, it is serious for him."

They passed through the public room to the front door. Mr. Saladine's tragedy slipped at once from John Quincy's mind.

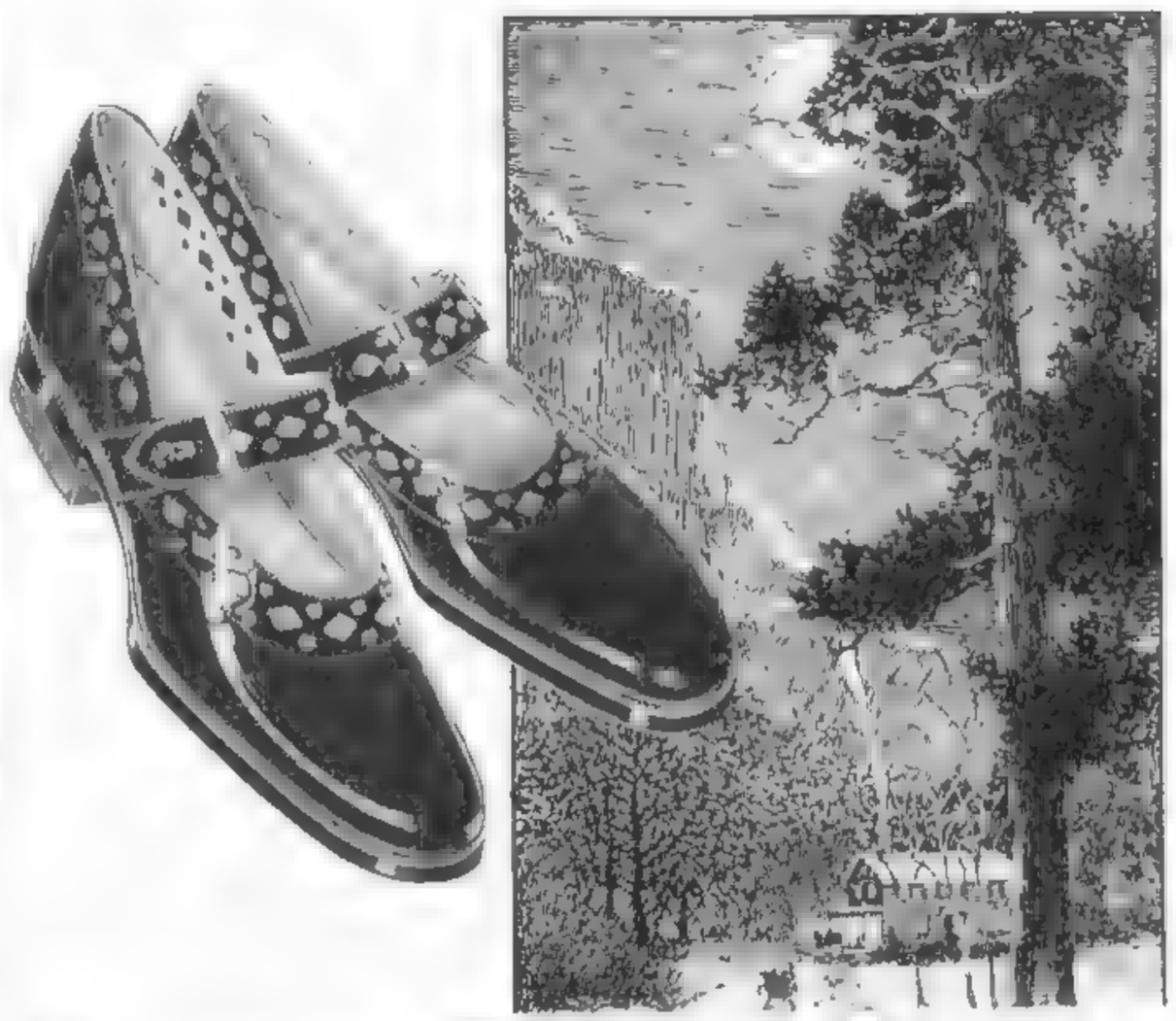
"Good night," he said. "Don't forget about the check when you see your father tomorrow—I'll look in on you during the day."

"It was so good of you to come," she said. Her cool hand was in his. "It has helped me along tremendously."

"Don't you worry. Happy days are not far off; happy days without an if. Hold the thought!"

"I'll hold it," she promised.

"We'll both hold it." It came to him that he was also holding her hand. He dropped it hastily. "Good night," he repeated, and fled through the garden.

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*A Night View of the Washington Monument. Its Tip is Whitened by the Beam of a Searchlight.*

# WASHINGTON

One of the most impressive sights in Washington is the Monument glimpsed at night. To see it outlined against a dark sky, or bathed in silver moonlight, or perhaps whitened by the beam of a searchlight, is an experience that will linger long in the memory!

Washington is a place of abiding interest for every patriotic American. It is worthy of a pilgrimage not only because it is the seat of our government, but also because it is a center of American art and culture. Its lovely natural setting, its beautiful public buildings, and the many treasures housed in its art galleries and museums—to see these things is one of your most precious privileges as an American.

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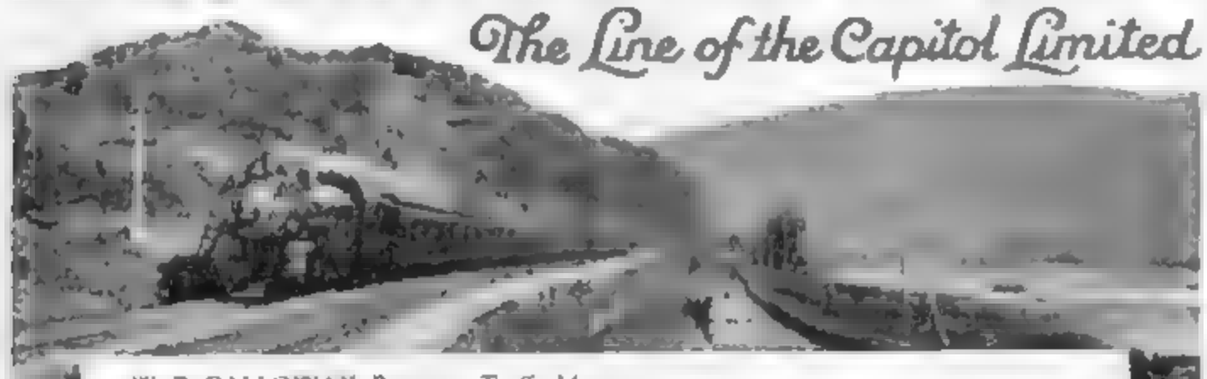

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In the living room of Dan's house he was surprised to find Miss Minerva and Charlie Chan sitting together, solemnly staring at each other. Chan rose hurriedly at his entrance.

"Hello," said John Quincy. "I see you have a caller."

"Where in the world have you been?" snapped Miss Minerva. Evidently entertaining a Chinaman had got a bit on her nerves.

"Well, I ——" John Quincy hesitated.

"Speak out," said Miss Minerva. "Mr Chan knows everything."

"Most flattering," grinned Chan. "Some things are not entirely well known to me. But about your call on Widow of Waikiki I learn soon after door receives you."

"The devil you did!" said John Quincy.

"Simple enough," Chan went on. "Study human people, as I relate to you. Compton lady was friend to Mr. Dan Winterslip. Mr. Leatherbee rival friend. Enter jealous feelings. Since morning both of these people are under watchful regard of Honolulu police. Into the scene you walk. I am notified and fly to beach."

"Ah—er—does he also know ——" began John Quincy.

"About the brooch?" finished Miss Minerva. "Yes, I've confessed everything. And he's been kind enough to forgive me."

"But not nice thing to do," added Chan. "Humbly begging pardon to mention it. All cards should repose on table when police are called upon."

"Yes," said Miss Minerva, "he forgave me, but I have been gently chided. I have been made to feel, as he puts it, most naughty."

"So sorry," bowed Chan.

"Well, as a matter of fact," said John Quincy, "I was going to tell Mr. Chan the whole story at once." He turned to the Chinaman. "I've already tried to reach you by telephone at the station. When I left the woman's cottage ——"

"Police affairs forbid utmost courtesy," interrupted Chan. "I cut in to remark from the beginning, if you will please do so."

"Oh, yes," smiled John Quincy. "Well, the woman herself let me in, and showed me into her little living room. When I got there this fellow Leatherbee was mixing cocktails by the table ——"

Haku appeared at the door.

"Mr. Charlie Chan wanted by telephone," he announced. Chan apologized and hastened out.

"I intend to tell everything," John Quincy warned his aunt.

"I shan't interfere," she answered. "That slant-eyed Chinaman has been sitting here looking at me more in sorrow than in anger for the better part of an hour, and I've made up my mind to one thing—I shall have no more secrets from the police." Chan reëntered the room.

"As I was saying," John Quincy began, "this fellow Leatherbee was standing by the table, and ——"

"Most sorry," said Chan, "but the remainder of the interesting recital is to be told at the station house."

"At the station house!" cried John Quincy.

"Precisely the fact. I am presuming you do me the great honor to come with me to that spot. The man Leatherbee is apprehended aboard boat Niagara on verge of sailing to Australia. Woman are also apprehended in act of tearful farewell. Both now relax at police station."

"I thought so," said John Quincy.

"One more amazing fact come into light," added Chan. "In pocket of Leatherbee are the page ruthlessly extracted from guest book. Kindly procure your hat. Outside I have waiting for me one small but eager automobile."

### XII

IN HALLET'S room at headquarters they found the captain of detectives seated grimly behind his desk staring at two reluctant visitors. One of the visitors, Mr. Stephen Leatherbee, stared back with a look of sullen defiance. Mrs. Arlene Compton, late of Broadway and the automat, was dabbing her eyes with a tiny handkerchief. John Quincy perceived that she had carelessly allowed tears to play havoc with her make-up.

"Hello, Charlie," said Hallet. "Mr. Winterslip, I'm glad you came along. As you may have heard, we've just pulled this young man off the Niagara. He seemed inclined to leave us. We found this in his pocket."

He put into the Chinaman's hand a time-yellowed page obviously from Dan Winterslip's guest book. John Quincy and Chan bent over it together. The inscription was written in an old-fashioned hand and the ink was fading fast. It ran:

"In Hawaii all things are perfect, none more so than the hospitality I have enjoyed in this house. JOSEPH E. GLEASON.
"121 Little Bourke Street,
"Melbourne, Victoria."

John Quincy turned away, shocked. No wonder that page had been ripped out! Evidently Mr. Gleason had not enjoyed the privilege of studying A. S. Hill's book on the principles of rhetoric. How could one thing be more perfect than another?

"Before I take a statement from these people," Hallet was saying, "what's all this about a brooch?"

John Quincy laid the piece of jewelry on the captain's desk. He explained that it had been given Mrs. Compton by Dan Winterslip and told of its being discovered on the floor of the lanai.

"When was it found?" demanded the captain, glaring his disapproval.

"Most regrettable misunderstanding," put in Chan hastily. "Now completely wiped out. The littlest said, sooner repairs are made. Mr. Winterslip has already tonight examined this woman ——"

"Oh, he has, has he?" Hallet turned angrily on John Quincy. "Just who is conducting this case?" he wanted to know.

"Well," began John Quincy uncomfortably, "it seemed best to the family ——"

"Damn the family!" Hallet exploded. "This affair is in my hands ——"

"Please," broke in Chan soothingly. "Waste of time to winnow that out. Already I have boldness to offer suitable rebukes."

"Well, you talked with the woman then," said Hallet. "What did you get out of her?"

"Say, listen," put in Mrs. Compton, "I want to take back anything I told this bright-eyed boy."

"Lied to him, eh?" said Hallet.

"Why not? What right did he have to question me?" Her voice became wheedling. "I wouldn't lie to a cop," she added.

"You bet your life you wouldn't," Hallet remarked; "not if you know what's good for you. However, I want to hear what you told this amateur detective. Sometimes lies are significant. Go on, Winterslip."

John Quincy was deeply annoyed. What was this mix-up he had let himself in for, anyhow? He had a notion to rise and with a cold bow, leave the room. Something told him, however, that he couldn't get away with it. Very much on his dignity, he repeated the woman's story to him. Winterslip had come to her cottage the night before to make a final appeal for the brooch. On his promise to replace it with something else, she had given it up. He had taken it and left her at 9:30.

"That was the last she saw of him," finished John Quincy. Hallet smiled grimly.

"So she told you, at any rate. But she admits she was lying. If you'd had the sense to leave this sort of thing to the proper people ——" He wheeled on the woman. "You were lying, weren't you?" She nodded nonchalantly.

"In a way. Dan did leave my cottage at 9:30, or a little later. But I went with him—to his house. Oh, it was perfectly proper. Steve went along."

"Oh, yes, Steve." Hallet glanced at Mr. Leatherbee, who did not appear quite the ideal chaperon. "Now, young woman, go back to the beginning. Nothing but the truth."

"So help me," said Mrs. Compton. She attempted a devastating smile. "I wouldn't lie to you, captain—you know I wouldn't. I realize you're a big man out here, and ——"

"Give me your story," cut in Hallet.

"Sure. Dan dropped into my place for a chat last night about nine, and he found Mr. Leatherbee there. He was jealous as sin, Dan was—honest, I don't know why. Me and Steve are just pals—eh, Steve?"

"Pals, that's all," said Steve.

"But anyhow, Dan flew off the handle, and we had one grand blow-up. I tried to explain Steve was just stopping over on his way to Australia, and Dan wants to know what's detaining him. So Steve tells about how he lost all his money at bridge on the boat coming out here. 'Will you move on,' says Dan, 'if I pay your passage?' And Steve answers he will, like a shot. Am I getting this straight, Steve?"

(Continued on Page 181)

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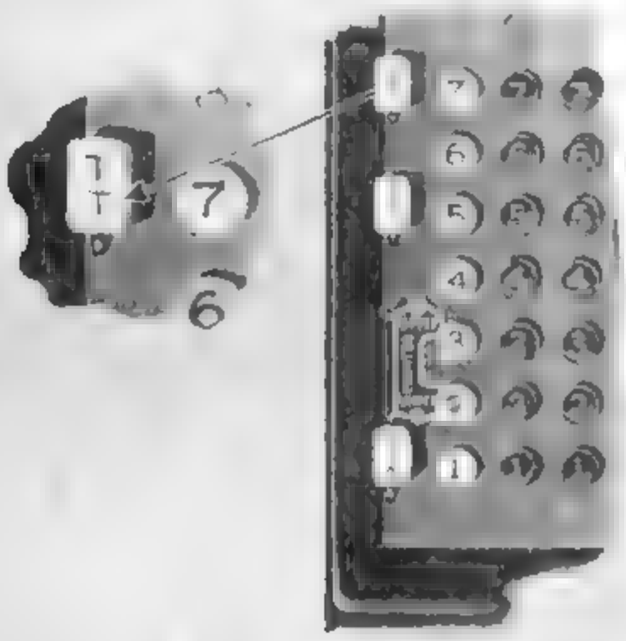

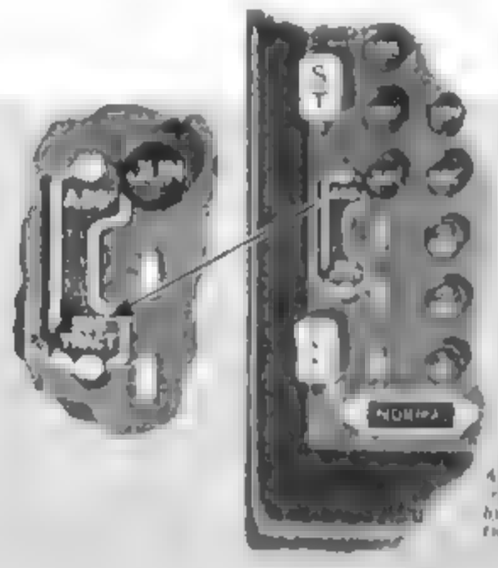

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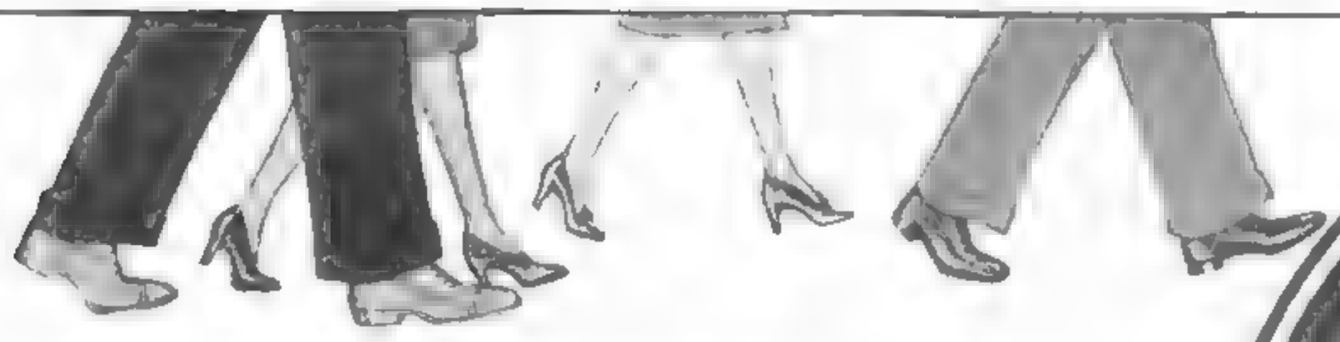

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*This new guaranteed way or it costs you nothing*

**Scientists agree that weakening of the arches is the main cause of foot troubles. The indications of weakened arches are a tired, burning, aching sensation of the feet after wearing shoes for a period of time; pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel; a dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee; cramped toes or callouses on the soles of the foot; tenderness and shooting pains when stepping on uneven surfaces; flattening or spreading of the feet. Any of these conditions is an indication of fallen arches If you suffer from any of these make the test we offer here. If it fails the test will cost you nothing.**

This diagram indicates the places in the foot and leg where pains and aches develop caused by weakened and strained arch muscles If you have pains in any of these points make the test without risk we offer here

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This is only *one of thousands* of similar statements we have received from users of Jung Arch Braces for the correction of arch weakness and its attendant pains and aches.

Two million people who formerly suffered from foot troubles owe their relief to this scientific method of correction. In the greater number of cases the arch braces were adopted on the advice of doctors or foot specialists.

We offer you a chance to *test them without risk* If our method fails to bring relief the test costs you nothing. So use the coupon below.

### A scientific discovery

Science has discovered new facts about the feet and the cause of foot troubles. The 26 bones of the foot form two arches One is between the big toe and little toe It is so slight you may not have noticed it The other is the instep arch, between the heel and the ball of the foot.

The bones in these arches are held in place by bands of muscles and ligaments Too much walking, dancing or standing, or physical weakness, causes these muscles to become strained. They grow weak. They are no longer strong enough to support the arches *The foot structure* sags The bones are displaced and crush sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Then pain results. Light at first, just a twinge or two, then more and more serious, until you become a confirmed foot sufferer

The sag of the arch may be so slight that you can't notice it. Your feet may look perfectly natural. But if you have any of the pains listed above, if your feet have that tired, burning, uncomfortable sensation after wearing your shoes a while, then you may know that your arches are weakened and *need attention AT ONCE*, because this condition results in fallen arches. A trouble serious enough to unfit you for business or spoil your pleasure in life.

### New scientific correction

Learning these facts, science set about finding the correct method to bring relief. It found a sure, safe way which has brought joy to over two million foot sufferers

This is a simple light, porous, but firm and durable band of super-elastic webbing which is worn around the instep. This band is an aid to nature in rebuilding the strength of the strained muscles. It holds the arch in place. Takes up the overstrain. The muscles function again properly. The pressure is removed from the nerves and blood vessels, and *the pain stops—like magic.*

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*It is easy to wear*, slipping on, or off, as easily as a garter It is worn under or over the hosiery and can be worn *unnoticed* with any style of shoe. It takes up no room, and really makes the foot narrower, smaller, by restoring the enlarged foot to normal size

### How pain is banished

What this arch brace does seems simply *miraculous* No more stiff arch props heavy metal plates or bangleSome pads, uncomfortable to wear and tending to further weaken the muscles by supplanting their functions.

Wear a pair of Jung Arch Braces and you'll suffer no more from burning, aching, tender feet Your step will become youthful, springy, buoyant again. You can walk all day, dance all night, stand for hours *your feet just don't tire.* The joy of life returns to you.

When forward arch sags the bones stand as shown above. Foot is thrown out of balance. Pain results.

This shows condition corrected, and arch restored to normal by wearing the Jung Arch Brace.

So we say to you—try a pair of Jung Arch Braces no matter what appliance or other braces you have tried. Learn what real foot comfort means. Soon you'll find your feet have become strong again Then you can discard the braces

### We guarantee relief

A pair of Jung Arch Braces costs only $1 We are so sure they will bring you instant relief that we'll make you this offer

If they don't bring you delightful foot comfort after you have worn them for two weeks **the test will cost you nothing** Try them at our risk. It seems needless to suffer the pains and discomforts of weak arches when we offer you this test without risk of loss.

We make this offer to avoid doubts and delays to you who are thinking this test which will bring you such **amazing relief and comfort.**

### Test them at our risk

Go to your shoe dealer, druggist or chiropodist. Be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces Wear them two weeks If not delighted return them to your dealer and get your money back. **You run no risk.**

If your dealer hasn't them we will supply you. With a steel [illegible] and tell which way the measure around the smallest part of your instep, just back of the toes which is the forward end of the bones as shown [illegible] Mail us this measure with coupon [illegible] We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces Wonder Style to fit your [illegible] $1 and postage Or send us the money and we will prepay postage. For people having long or thick feet, for stout people [illegible] we recommend the Miracle style extra wide $1 50 Specify which you want when ordering. **Make this test at our risk** [illegible] get delighted return them two weeks later them and get your money back

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After wearing the Arch Braces [illegible] hours I was walking with more ease [illegible] my step than I had in 20 years [illegible] was apparent in ten days [illegible]

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If I could not replace my Jung Arch [illegible] I would not take $100 for them [illegible] relieved me of almost constant agony

W. M. SEMPLE, Covington, Ky.

**TRIED THEM ALL**

I have tried every kind of support but all [illegible] injuries except yours Now thank goodness I [illegible] I can walk for miles and I don't know that I have feet They are a wonderful [illegible]

ANNA M. WINANS, Waynesburg, O.

**COULD HARDLY WALK**

Before I got your Braces I could hardly walk. Now [illegible] my feet and my backache is gone [illegible] on my feet all day and my feet don't [illegible]

MRS. ARTHUR HAVENS, Attwood, Ind.

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I suffered for years Your Arch Braces are the only kind that has ever given me any real [illegible]

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**THEY ARE WONDERFUL**

I suffered something terrible with my feet and spent [illegible] no relief When your Braces arrived I put them right on and in ten minutes I was relieved and have not suffered since They are wonderful

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On receipt of package, I will pay postman the above [illegible] and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. Please send free book on "Cause and Correction of Foot Troubles."

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I wear size ..... shoe. ..... width of last .....
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THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO., 142 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio

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Canadian prices, Wonder $1.25, Miracle $1.75. C. O. D. shipments in U. S. only

# JUNG'S
*The "Original"*
ARCH BRACES

WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-Ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

[Continued from Page 178]

"Absolutely," approved Mr. Leatherbee. "It's just as she says, captain. Winterslip offered to give—loan me passage money. It was only a loan. And I agreed to sail on the Niagara tonight. He said he had a little cash in his safe at the house and invited Arlene and me to go back with him ——"

"Which we did," said Arlene. "Dan opened the safe and took out a roll of bills. He peeled off three hundred dollars. You didn't often see him in that frame of mind; but as I was saying, he give the money to Steve. Then Steve begins to beef a little —as you did, Steve—and wants to know what he's going to do in Australia. Says he don't know a soul down there and he'll just plain starve. Dan was sore at first, then he laughs a nasty little laugh and goes over and tears that there page out of the guest book and gives it to Steve. 'Look him up and tell him you're a friend of mine,' he says. 'Maybe he'll give you a job. The name is Gleason. I've disliked him for twenty years, though he don't know that.'"

"A dirty dig at me," Leatherbee explained. "I took the loan and this Gleason's address and we started to go. Winterslip said he wanted to talk to Arlene, so I came away alone. That was about ten o'clock."

"Where did you go?" Hallet asked.

"I went back to my hotel downtown. I had to pack."

"Back to your hotel, eh? Can you prove it?" Leatherbee considered.

"I don't know. The boy at the desk may remember when I came in, though I didn't stop there for my key; I had it with me. Anyhow, I didn't see Winterslip after that. I just went ahead with my preparations to sail on the Niagara, and I must say you've got your nerve ——"

"Never mind that!" Hallet turned to the woman. "And after Leatherbee left, what happened then?"

"Well, Dan started in on that brooch again," she said. "It made me sore, too—I never did like a tightwad. Besides, my nerves was all on edge. I'm funny that way, rows get me all upset. I like everybody pleasant around me. He went on arguing, so finally I ripped off the brooch and threw it at him, and it rolled away under the table somewhere. Then he said he was sorry, and that was when he offered to replace it with something more up to date. The best money could buy—that was what he promised. Pretty soon we was friends again—just as good friends as ever when I came away about 10:15. His last words was that we'd look around the jewelry stores this morning. I ask you, captain, is it reasonable to think I'd have anything to do with murdering a man who was in a buying mood like that?"

Hallet laughed. "So you left him at 10:15 and went home alone?"

"I did. And when I saw him last he was alive and well. I'll swear to that on a stack of Bibles as high as the Times Building. Gee, don't I wish I was safe on Broadway tonight!"

Hallet thought for a moment.

"Well, we'll look into all this. You can both go—I'm not going to hold you at present. But I expect you both to remain in Honolulu until this affair is cleared up, and I advise you not to try any funny business. You've seen tonight what chance you've got to get away."

"Oh, that's all right," The woman stood, looking her relief. "We've got no reason to beat it, have we, Steve?"

"None in the world," agreed Steve. His lackadaisical manner returned. "Speaking for myself," he added, "innocent is my middle name."

"Good night, all," said Mrs. Compton, and they went out. Hallet sat staring at the brooch.

"A pretty straight story," he remarked, looking at Chan.

"Nice and neat," grinned the Chinaman.

"If true." Hallet shrugged his shoulders. "Well, for the present, I'm willing to believe it." He turned to John Quincy. "Now, Mr. Winterslip," he said severely, "I want it understood that any other evidence your family digs up ——"

"Oh, that's all right," interrupted the boy. "We'll turn it over at once. I've already given to Chan the newspaper my cousin was reading that night he wrote the letter to Roger Winterslip." Chan took the paper from his pocket.

"Such a busy evening," he explained, "the journal was obscure in my mind. Thanks for the recollection." He called to his chief's attention the mutilated corner.

"Look into that," said Hallet.

"Before sleeping," promised Chan. "Mr. Winterslip, we pursue similar paths. The honor of your company in my humble vehicle would pleasure me deeply." Once in the car on the deserted street, the Chinaman spoke again. "The page ripped from guest book, the brooch lying silent on floor. Both are now followed into presence of immovable stone wall. We sway about, looking for other path."

"Then you think those two were telling the truth?" John Quincy asked.

"As to that, I do not venture to remark," Chan replied.

"How about those psychic powers?" inquired John Quincy. Chan smiled.

"Psychic powers somewhat drowsy just now," he admitted. "Need prodding into wakefulness."

"Look here," said John Quincy, "there's no need for you to take me out to Waikiki. Just drop me on King Street and I'll get a trolley."

"Making humble suggestion," Chan replied, "is it not possible you will accompany me to newspaper rooms, where we set out on different path?"

John Quincy looked at his watch. It was ten minutes past eleven.

"I'll be glad to, Charlie," he said. Chan beamed with pleasure.

"Greatly honored by your friendly manner," he remarked. He turned into a side street. "Newspaper of this nature burst out at evening, very quiet now. Somebody may loiter in rooms, if we have happy luck."

They had just that, for the building of the evening journal was open, and in the city room an elderly man with a green shade over his eyes hammered on a typewriter.

"Hello, Charlie," he said cordially.

"Hello, Pete. Mr. Winterslip, of Boston. I have all the honor to present this Pete Mayberry. For many years he explore water front ferreting for whatever news are hiding there."

The elderly man rose and removed his eye shade, revealing a pleasant twinkle. He was evidently interested to meet a Winterslip.

"We pursue," continued Chan, "one copy of paper marked June sixteen, present year, if you have no inclination for objecting." Mayberry laughed.

"Go to it, Charlie. You know where the files are." Chan bowed and disappeared. "Your first appearance out here, Mr. Winterslip?" inquired the newspaper man.

John Quincy nodded.

"I've only just got here," he said, "but I can see it's a rather intriguing place."

"You've said it," smiled Mayberry. "Forty-six years ago I came out from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to visit relatives. I've been in the newspaper game here ever since, most of the time on the water front. There's a life work for you!"

"You must have seen some changes," remarked John Quincy inanely. Mayberry nodded.

"For the worse. I knew Honolulu in the glamorous days of its isolation, and I've watched it fade into an eighth carbon copy of Babbitville, U. S. A. The water front's just a water front now; but once, my boy once it oozed romance at every pore!"

Chan returned, carrying a paper.

"Much to be thankful for," he said to Mayberry. "Your kindness are quite overwhelming."

"Anything doing?" asked Mayberry eagerly. Chan shook his head.

"Presently speaking, no. Our motions just now must be blackly clouded in secrecy."

"Well," said the reporter, "when it comes time to roll them clouds away, don't forget me."

"Impossibility," protested Chan. "Good night."

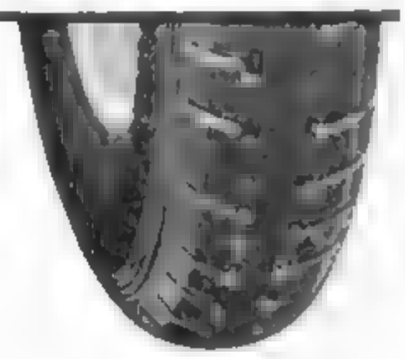
They left Mayberry bending over his typewriter, and at Chan's suggestion went to the All-American Restaurant, where the Chinaman ordered two cups of "your inspeakable coffee." While they waited to be served he spread out on the table his complete copy of the newspaper, and laying the torn page on its counterpart, carefully removed the upper right-hand corner.

"The missing fragment," he explained. For a time he studied it thoughtfully, and finally shook his head. "I apprehend nothing to startle," he admitted. He handed it across the table. "If you will condescend greatly ——"

John Quincy took the bit of newspaper. On one side was the advertisement of a Japanese dealer in shirtings who wrote his


# Why I Recommend Mason Tires

# Mason Cord in Mason Tires



Instead of buying cord fabric from various sources Mason buys the raw cotton itself and spins, in its own mills, every inch of the cord used in Mason Tires.

Mason selects a long staple cotton of even quality, having not only great tensile strength but also a tough and sinewy fibre, capable of withstanding constant flexing and severe impacts.

This extra cord strength is the basis of the long wear and superflexing quality of Mason Tires.

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It will pay you to buy your tires from a responsible tire merchant—one who is building a permanent business on the firm foundation of satisfied customers—a merchant who will sell you only the kind of tire that will merit your continued patronage. Ask the Mason dealer to show you the tire most suitable for your needs.

# MASON TIRES

Model 1100-R-2
Length, 33". Depth 1 3/8". Height 52 1/4"
Complete
less tubes and batteries
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Pooley
RADIO CABINETS
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The one outfit which stands pre-eminent from the mass of radio equipment you are urged to purchase—unrivaled in beauty, peerless in efficiency.
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in combination with the ATWATER KENT Loud-Speaker, giving maximum volume with a truth and clarity of tone surpassing anything radio science has yet developed.
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To pay more is unnecessary—to pay less invites disappointment.
See Your Dealer Today — Compare.
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POOLEY COMPANY, INC.
Indiana Ave.—16th & 17th Sts., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

own publicity. Any one might carry off, he said, six yards for the price of five. And in case the buyer cried loudly in amaze, how can do, it was a matter he was happy to explain. John Quincy laughed aloud

"Ah," said Chan, "you are by rights mirthful. Kikuchi, purveyor of shirting cloth, seize on grand English language and make it into idiotic jumble. On that side are nothing to detain us. But humbly hinting you reverse the fragment ——"

John Quincy reversed it. The other side was a part of the shipping page. He read it carefully, news of sailings and arrivals; there would be places for five passengers to the Orient on the Shinyo Maru, leaving Wednesday; the Wilhelmina was six hundred and forty miles east of Makupuu Point; the brig Mary Jane, from the Treaty Ports ——

John Quincy started and caught his breath. A small item in tiny print had met his eye:

"Among the passengers who will arrive here on the Sonoma from Australia a week from Saturday are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Macan Brade, of Calcutta — "

John Quincy sat staring at the unwashed window of the All-American Restaurant. His mind went back to the deck of the President Tyler, to a lean old missionary telling a tale of a bright morning on Apiang, a grave under a palm tree.

"Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Macan Brade, of Calcutta." He heard again the missionary's high-pitched voice. "A callous brute, a pirate and adventurer. Tom Brade the blackbirder."

But Brade had been buried in a long pine box on Apiang. Even at the Crossroads of the Pacific, his path and that of Dan Winterslip could hardly have crossed again.

The waiter brought the coffee. Chan said nothing, watching John Quincy closely. Finally the Chinaman spoke: "You have much to tell me."

John Quincy looked around quickly; he had forgotten Chan's presence. His dilemma was acute. Must he here in this soiled restaurant in a far town reveal to a Chinaman that ancient blot on the Winterslip name? What would Aunt Minerva say? Well, only a short time ago she had remarked that she was resolved to have no more secrets from the police. However, there was family pride ——

John Quincy's eye fell on the Japanese waiter. What were those lines from the Mikado? "But family pride must be denied and mortified and set aside."

"Yes, Charlie," he admitted, "I have much to tell you." And over the "inspeakable" coffee of the All-American Restaurant he repeated to the detective the story the Reverend Frank Upton had told on the President Tyler. Chan beamed.

"Now," he cried, "we arrive in the neighborhood of something! Brade the blackbirder, master Maid of Shiloh boat, on which Mr. Dan Winterslip are first officer ——"

"But Brade was buried on Apiang," protested John Quincy.

"Yes, indeed. And who saw him, pardon me? Was it then an unsealed box? Oh, no!" Chan's eyes were dancing. "Please recollect something more—the strong box of ohia wood. Initials on it are T. M. B. Mysteries yet, but we move, we advance!"

"I guess we do," admitted John Quincy.

"This much we grasp," Chan continued. "Dan Winterslip repose for quiet hour on lanai, in peaceful reading. This news assault his eye. He now leaps up, paces about, flees to dock to send letter requesting, please the ohia wood box must be buried deep in Pacific. Why?" Fumbling in his pocket, Chan took out a sheaf of papers, evidently lists of steamer arrivals. "On Saturday just gone by the Sonoma make this port. Among passengers—yes—yes—Thomas Macan Brade and honorable wife, Calcutta. It is here inscribed they arrive to stay, not being present when Sonoma persist on journey. On the night of Monday, Mr. Dan Winterslip are foully slain."

"Which makes Mr. Brade an important person to locate," said John Quincy.

"How very true! But the hurry are not intense. No boats sailing now. Before sleeping, I will investigate downtown hotels, Waikiki tomorrow. Where are you, Mr. Brade?" Chan seized the check. "No, pardon me, the honor of paying for this poison-tasting beverage must be mine." Out in the street, he indicated an approaching trolley. "It bears imprint of your destination," he pointed out. "You will require sleep. We meet tomorrow. Congratulations on most fruitful evening."

Once more John Quincy was on a Waikiki car. Weary but thrilled, he took out his pipe, and filling it, lighted up. What a day! He seemed to have lived a lifetime since he landed that very morning. He perceived that his smoke was blowing in the face of a tired little Japanese woman beside him

"Pardon me," he remarked, and knocking the pipe against the side rail, put it in his pocket. The woman stared at him in meek, startled wonder; no one had ever asked her pardon before.

On the seat behind John Quincy a group of Hawaiian boys with yellow leis about their necks twanged on steel guitars and sang a plaintive love song. The trolley rattled on through the fragrant night; above the clatter of the wheels the music rose with a sweet intensity. John Quincy leaned back and closed his eyes.

A clock struck the hour of midnight. Another day—Wednesday—it flashed through his mind that today his firm in Boston would offer that preferred stock for the shoe people in Lynn. Would the issue be oversubscribed? No matter.

Here he was, out in the middle of the Pacific on a trolley car. Behind him brown-skinned boys were singing a melancholy love song of long ago and the moon was shining on crimson poinciana trees. And somewhere on this tiny island a man named Thomas Macan Brade slept under a mosquito netting. Or lay awake, perhaps, thinking of Dan Winterslip.

### XIII

JOHN QUINCY emerged from sleep the next morning with a great effort and dragged his watch from under the pillow. Eight-thirty! Good Lord, he was due at the office at nine! A quick bath and shave, a brief pause at the breakfast table, a run past the Public Gardens and the Common and down onto School Street ——

He sat up in bed. Why was he imprisoned under mosquito netting? What was the meaning of the little lizard that sported idly outside the cloth? Oh, yes, Honolulu! He was in Hawaii, and he'd never reach his office by nine. It was five thousand miles away.

The low murmur of breakers on the beach confirmed him in this discovery, and stepping to his window he gazed out at the calm, sparkling morning. Yes, he was in Honolulu, entangled in a murder mystery, consorting with Chinese detectives and Waikiki widows, following clews. The new day held interesting promise. He must hurry to find what it would bring forth

Haku informed him that his aunt and Barbara had already breakfasted, and set before him a reddish sort of cantaloupe, which was, he explained in answer to the boy's question, a papaya. When he had eaten, John Quincy went out on the lanai. Barbara stood there, staring at the beach. A new Barbara, with the old vivacity, the old joy of living, submerged; a pale girl with sorrow in her eyes.

John Quincy put his arm about her shoulder; she was a Winterslip and the family was the family. Again he felt in his heart that flare of anger against the "person or persons unknown" who had brought this grief upon her. The guilty must pay Egan or whoever, Brade or Leatherbee or the chorus girl; pay and pay dearly; he was resolved on that.

"My dear girl," he began, "what can I say to you ——"

"You've said it all, without speaking," she answered. "See, John Quincy, this is my beach. When I was only five I swam alone to that first float. He—he was so proud of me."

"It's a lovely spot, Barbara," he told her.

"I knew you'd think so. One of these days we'll swim together out to the reef, and I'll teach you to ride a surf board. I want your visit to be a happy one." He shook his head.

"It can't be that," he said, "because of you. But because of you, I'm mighty glad I came." She pressed his hand.

"I'm going out to sit by the water. Will you come?"

The bamboo curtain parted and Miss Minerva joined them.

"Well, John Quincy," she said sharply, "this is a pretty hour for you to appear! If you're going to rescue me from lotus land you'll have to be immune yourself."

"Just getting acclimated," he explained. "I'll follow you in a moment, Barbara," he added, and held open the door for her.

(Continued on Page 185)

# 9 o'clock energy
## —*all day long*

## A simple—yet remarkable—new way to banish wakeful nerves and sleepless nights and to secure vital all-day energy

***A way more than 20,000 foremost physicians recommend. Make this test. See what 3 days will do.***

Do you rise logy in the morning? Do you "play out" before the close of day? So many people do.

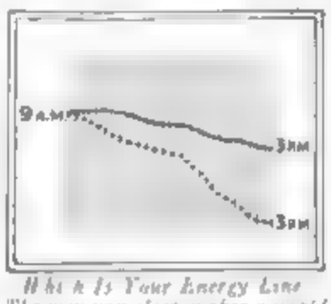
Sleeplessness! How common it is. And what a toll it takes. In Health. In Vitality. In Looks and Energy.

But now you can easily correct this condition. In a short time. If overstrained nerves or digestive unrest prevent the sound, natural sleep your tired mind and body need, just try a cup of Ovaltine before going to bed.

### *The constant drain on your energies—How this new way brings luxurious, restoring sleep*

During the day you are constantly drawing on your reserve of strength and vitality. To meet this drain you must supply your body with certain restoring and up-building food elements.

This is not easy to do. Ordinary foods too often fail. Either your daily diet may lack in some food-essentials or your digestion may have become overtaxed or weakened. The result is the same: wakeful nerves at night and exhausted days.




*What Is Your Energy Line*
*The way you sleep makes a world of difference*

Ovaltine, a highly nourishing Swiss beverage, quickly overcomes this trouble. And in a *natural* way. This is why:

First it combines in easily digested form, just those vitalizing and building-up food-essentials in which your daily fare is lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually *to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods* which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

### *Sound sleep at night—Bright fresh mornings; energy that lasts all day*

Take a cup at bedtime. There is quick restoration of your tired body. It soothes your frayed nerves. Sound, restful sleep comes quickly and naturally. And as you sleep, you are gaining strength.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant! You have all the energy you need to carry you through the day and into the evening's social activities.

Just make a test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep, but in your next day's energy. You

*Sound restful sleep at night gives you energy that lasts all day*

tackle your work with greater vigor. You take a new zest in activity.

### *Twenty thousand physicians endorse this method*

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food drink. It contains no drugs or chemicals. It has been in use in Switzerland for 30 years, and is now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the war Ovaltine was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

America is fast taking up Ovaltine. Not only as a "night cap" but as a drink to be taken several times a day for its natural stimulation. Hundreds of hospitals also use it. More than 20,000 physicians in this country know and recommend it. Not only as a restorative but also for malnutrition, convalescents, backward children and the aged.

### *A 3-day test*

Drug stores sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send in the coupon with 10c in stamps.

# OVALTINE

*Builds Brain, Nerves and Body*

***Send for 3-Day Test***

*My husband has had trouble sleeping for more than a year. He sleeps soundly all night now and is full of "pep" and feels fine. I am very glad we discovered Ovaltine.*

*Letter from*
MRS. G. R. BIGELOW
*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

*I have been suffering from sleeplessness due to jumping nerves after retiring. Ovaltine gave me splendid results. I now sleep soundly and wake up greatly refreshed in the morning.*

*Letter from*
MR. J. L. CULLETON
*Washington, D. C.*

*"Ovaltine" certainly works wonders. I can vouch for it and I take great pleasure in spreading the "good word." It has given me my first restful night's sleep in three years.*

*Letter from*
MRS. S. T. PRESCOTT
*Chicago, Ill.*

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 1214
35 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

*Name* .....

*Street* .....

*City* ..... *State* .....

(One package to a person) *Write plainly.*

FADA

# FADA Radio

Fada Neutrola Grand
No. 185 90-A
This is the five-tube Neutrola 185 A mounted on FADA Cabinet Table 190 A Adapted to either dry cell or storage battery tubes. Price (less tubes, batteries, etc.) $270.





## The high sweet notes of the violin—the low rolling bass of the organ

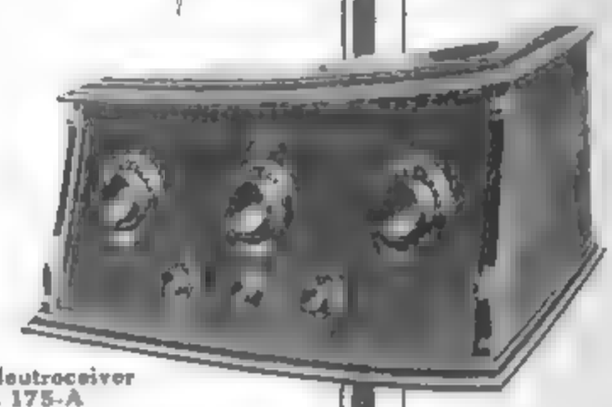
TONE quality—true reproduction of voice and music without distortion—is one of the outstanding features of the new FADA Neutrodynes. You hear the music just as it is played or sung.

FADA Neutrodynes can be depended upon at any time, anywhere, to give you the utmost in radio. They operate on a simple indoor or outdoor aërial and use the types of powerful tubes which give maximum results. Each bears the stamp of FADA engineering skill, plus the artistry of master cabinet designers.

You who have deferred buying a radio set—waiting for someone to produce just your combination of price, performance, cabinet design and finish—need wait no longer. In the new complete line of FADA Neutrodyne receivers, you can find exactly what you want.

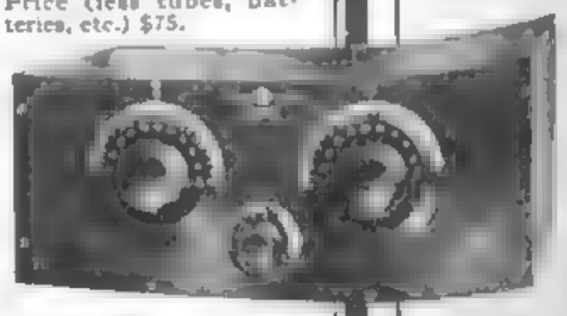
See your dealer. He will show you a FADA Neutrodyne that will delight you—in appearance, performance and price.

You have a range from $75 to $270 from which to select—six models, each a remarkable value.



Fada Neutroceiver
No. 175-A
Mahogany cabinet. Inclined panel and roomy battery shelf. Five tubes Adapted to either dry-cell or storage-battery tubes. Price (less tubes, batteries, etc.) $160.

Fada Neutro Junior
No. 195
Three-tube Neutrodyne A wonderful performer Adapted to either dry-cell or storage-battery tubes Price (less tubes, batteries, etc.) $75.



F. A. D. ANDREA, INC., 1581 JEROME AVENUE, NEW YORK

NEUTRODYNE

(Continued from Page 182)

"I waited up," Miss Minerva began, when the girl had gone, "until 11:30. But I'd had very little sleep the night before, and that was my limit. I make no secret of it—I'm very curious to know what happened at the police station." He repeated to her the story told by Mrs. Compton and Leatherbee. "I wish I'd been present," she said. "A pretty woman can fool all the men in Christendom. Lies, probably."

"Maybe," admitted John Quincy. "But wait a minute. Later on, Chan and I followed up your newspaper clew, and it led us to a startling discovery."

"Of course it did," she beamed. "What was it?"

"Well," he said, "first of all, I met a missionary on the boat." He told her the Reverend Frank Upton's tale of that morning on Apiang, and added the news that a man named Thomas Macan Brade was now in Honolulu. She was silent for a time.

"So Dan was a blackbirder," she remarked at last. "How charming! Such a [illegible] man too. But then I learned that [illegible] early in life the brighter the smile, the darker the past All this will make delightful reading in the Boston papers, I do [illegible]"

"Oh, they'll never get it," her nephew said.

"Don't deceive yourself. Newspapers will go to the ends of the earth for a good murder. I once wrote letters to all the editors in Boston urging them to print no more details about homicides. It hadn't the slightest effect, though I did get an acknowledgment of my favor from the Herald."

John Quincy glanced at his watch.

"Perhaps I should go down to the station. Anything in the morning paper?"

"A very hazy interview with Captain Hallet. The police have unearthed important clews and promise early results. You know—the sort of thing they always give out just after a murder." The boy looked at her keenly.

"Ah," he said, "then you read newspaper accounts of the kind you tried to suppress?"

"Certainly I do," snapped his aunt. "There's little enough excitement in my life. But I gladly gave up my port wine because I felt intoxicants were bad for the lower classes, and ——"

Hasu interrupted with the news that John Quincy was wanted on the telephone. When the boy returned to the lanai there was a brisk air of business about him.

"That was Charlie," he announced. "The day's work is about to get under way. They've located Mr. and Mrs. Brade at the Reef and Palm Hotel, and I'm to meet Charlie there in fifteen minutes."

"The Reef and Palm," repeated Miss Minerva. "You see, it keeps coming back to Egan. I'd wager a set of Browning against a modern novel that he's the man who did it."

"You'd lose your Browning, and then where would you be when the lecture season started?" laughed John Quincy. "I never knew you to be so stupid before." His face became serious. "By the way, will you explain to Barbara that I can't join her after all?" Miss Minerva nodded.

"Go along," she said. "I envy you all this. First time in my life I ever wished I were a man."

John Quincy approached the Reef and Palm by way of the beach. The scene was one of bright serenity. A few languid tourists lolled upon the sand, others, more ambitious, were making picture-post-card history out where the surf began. A great white steamer puffed blackly into port. Standing in water up to their necks, a group of Hawaiian women paused in their search for luncheon delicacies to enjoy a moment's gossip.

John Quincy passed Arlene Compton's cottage and entered the grounds of the Reef and Palm. On the beach not far from the hotel an elderly Englishwoman sat on a camp stool with an easel and canvas before her. She was seeking to capture something of that exotic scene—vainly seeking, for John Quincy, glancing over her shoulder, perceived that her work was terrible. She turned and looked at him, a weary look of protest against his intrusion, and he was sorry she had caught him in the act of smiling at her inept canvas.

Chan had not yet arrived at the hotel and the clerk informed John Quincy that Miss Carlota had gone to the city. For that interview with her father, no doubt. He hoped that the evidence of the check would bring about Egan's release. It seemed to him that the man was being held on a rather flimsy pretext anyhow.

He sat down on the lanai at the side, where he could see both the path that led in from the street and the restless waters of the Pacific. On the beach near by a man in a purple bathing suit reclined dejectedly, and John Quincy smiled in recollection. Mr. Saladine, alone with his tragedy, peering out at the waters that had robbed him—waiting, no doubt, for the tide to yield up its loot.

Some fifteen or twenty minutes passed, and then John Quincy heard voices in the garden. He saw that Hallet and Chan were coming up the walk and went to meet them at the front door.

"Splendid morning," said Chan. "Nice day to set out on new path leading unevitably to important discovery."

John Quincy accompanied them to the desk. The Japanese clerk regarded them with sullen unfriendliness: he had not forgotten the events of the day before. Information had to be dragged from him bit by bit. Yes, there was a Mr. and Mrs. Brade stopping there. They arrived last Saturday on the steamship Sonoma. Mr. Brade was not about at the moment. Mrs. Brade was on the beach, painting pretty pictures.

"Good!" said Hallet. "I'll have a look around their room before I question them. Take us there." The Jap hesitated.

"Boy!" he called. It was only a bluff; the Reef and Palm had no bell boys. Finally, with an air of injured dignity, he led the way down a long corridor on the same floor as the office and unlocked the door of 19, the last room on the right. Hallet strode in and went to the window.

"Here, wait a minute," he called to the clerk. He pointed to the elderly woman painting on the beach. "That Mrs. Brade?"

"Yes-s," hissed the Jap.

"All right, go along." The clerk went out. "Mr. Winterslip, I'll ask you to sit here in the window and keep an eye on the lady If she starts to come in let me know." He stared eagerly about the poorly furnished bedroom. "Now, Mr. Brade, I wonder what you've got for us?"

John Quincy took the post assigned him, feeling decidedly uncomfortable. This didn't seem quite honorable to him. However, he probably wouldn't be called upon to do any searching himself, and if policemen were forced to do disagreeable things well, they should have thought of that before they became policemen. Not that either Hallet or Chan appeared to be embarrassed by the task before them.

There was a great deal of luggage in the room—English luggage, which is usually large and impressive. John Quincy noted a trunk, two enormous bags and a smaller case. All were plastered with labels of the Sonoma, and beneath were the worn fragments of earlier labels, telling a broken story of other ships and far hotels.

Hallet and Chan were old hands at this game. They went through Brade's trunk rapidly and thoroughly, but without finding anything of note. The captain turned his attention to the small traveling case. With every evidence of delight, he drew forth a packet of letters and sat down with them at a table. John Quincy was shocked. Reading other people's mail was, in his eyes, something that simply wasn't done. It was done by Hallet, however. In a moment the captain spoke.

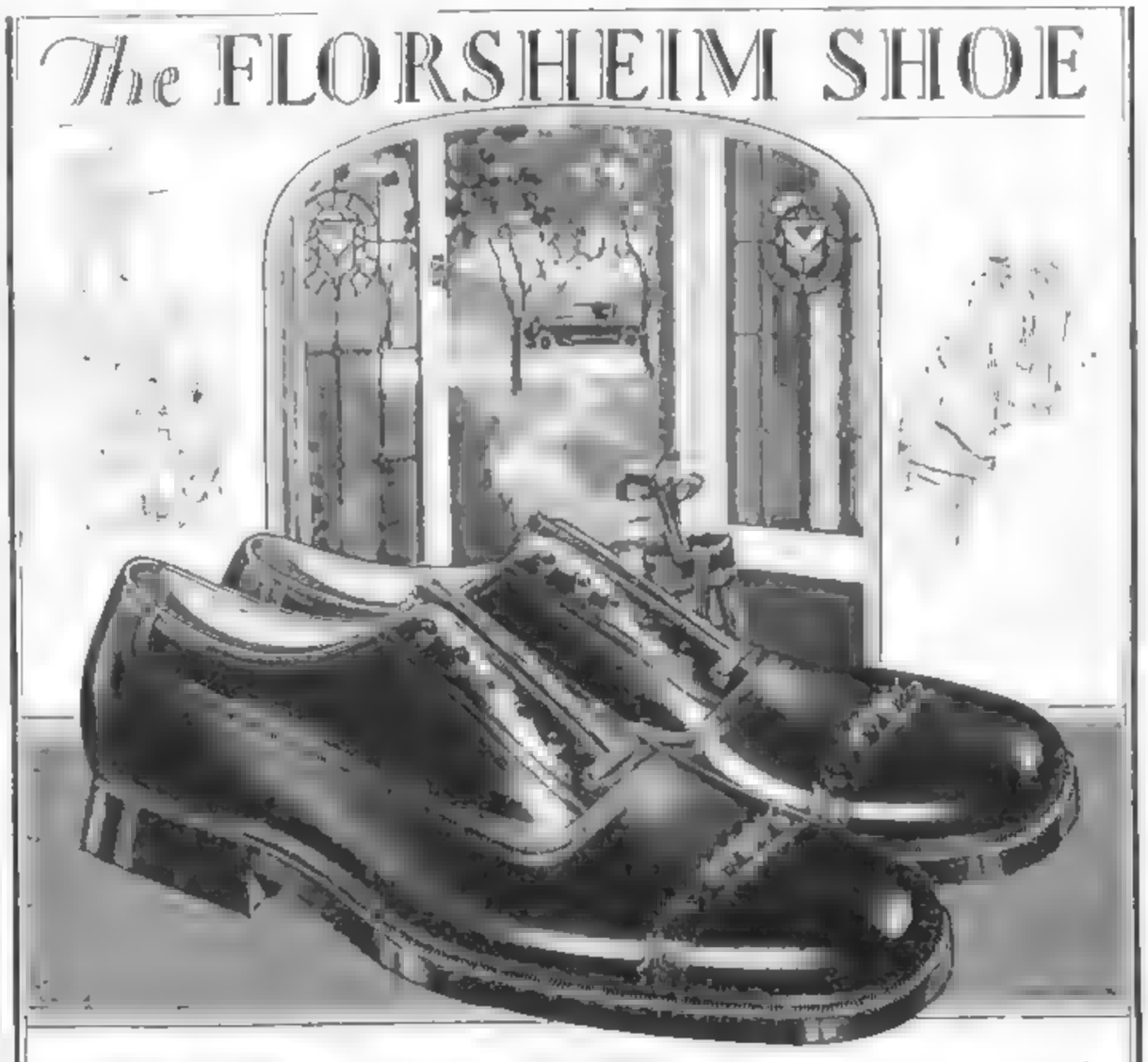
"Seems to have been in the British civil service in Calcutta, but he's resigned," he announced to Chan. "Here's a letter from his superior in London referring to Brade's thirty-six years on the job, and saying he's sorry to lose him." Hallet took up another letter, his face brightened as he read. "Say, this is more like it!" He handed the typewritten page to Chan. The Chinaman looked at it and his eyes sparkled.

"Most interesting," he cried, and turned it over to John Quincy.

The boy hesitated. The standards of a lifetime are not easily abandoned. But the others had read it first, so he put aside his scruples. The letter was several months old and was addressed to Brade in Calcutta:

"*Dear Sir:* In reply to your inquiry of the sixth instant, would say that Mr. Daniel Winterslip is alive and is a resident of this city. His address is 3947 Kalia Road, Waikiki, Honolulu, T. H."

The signature was that of the British consul at Honolulu. John Quincy returned the epistle to Hallet, who put it in his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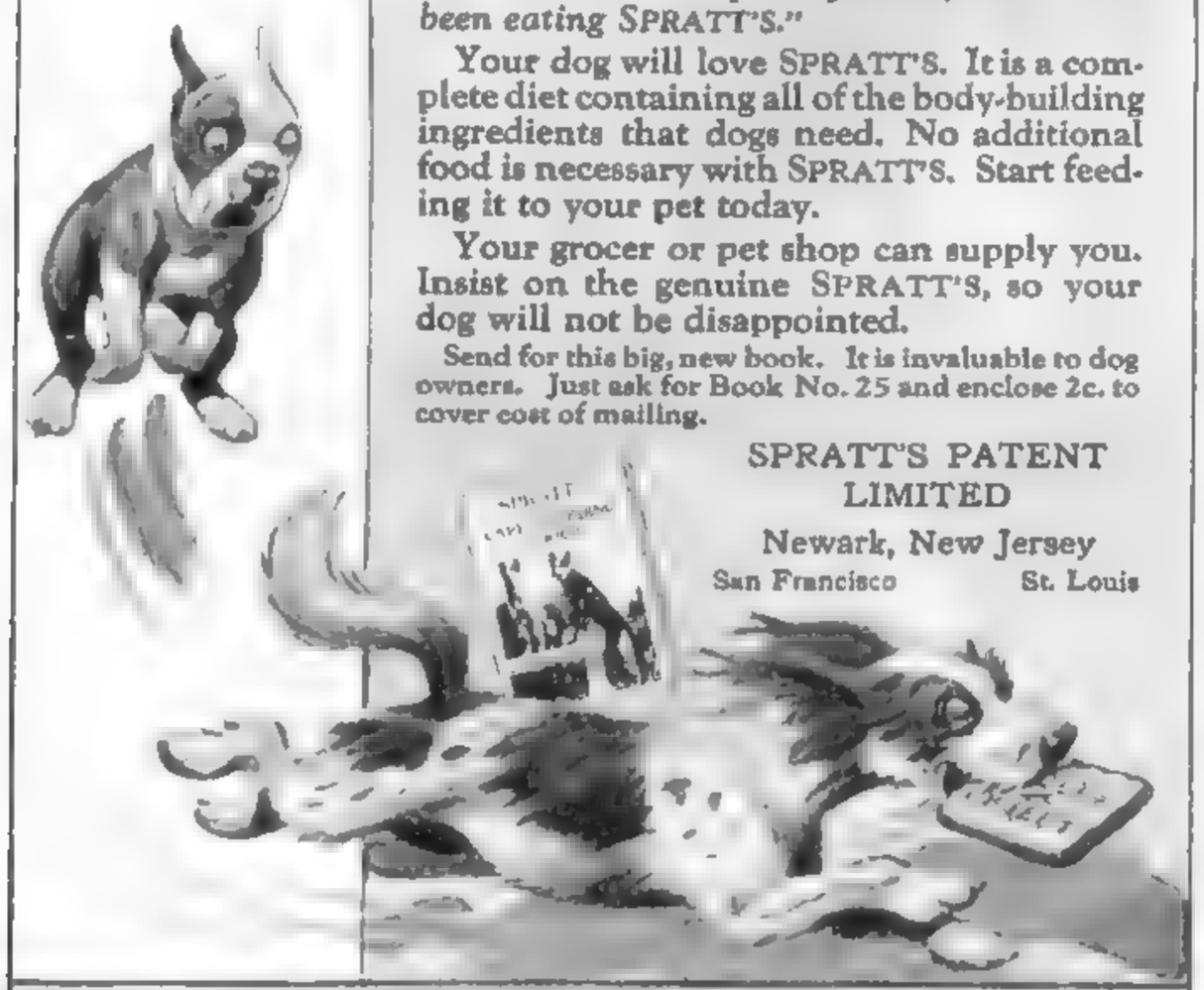

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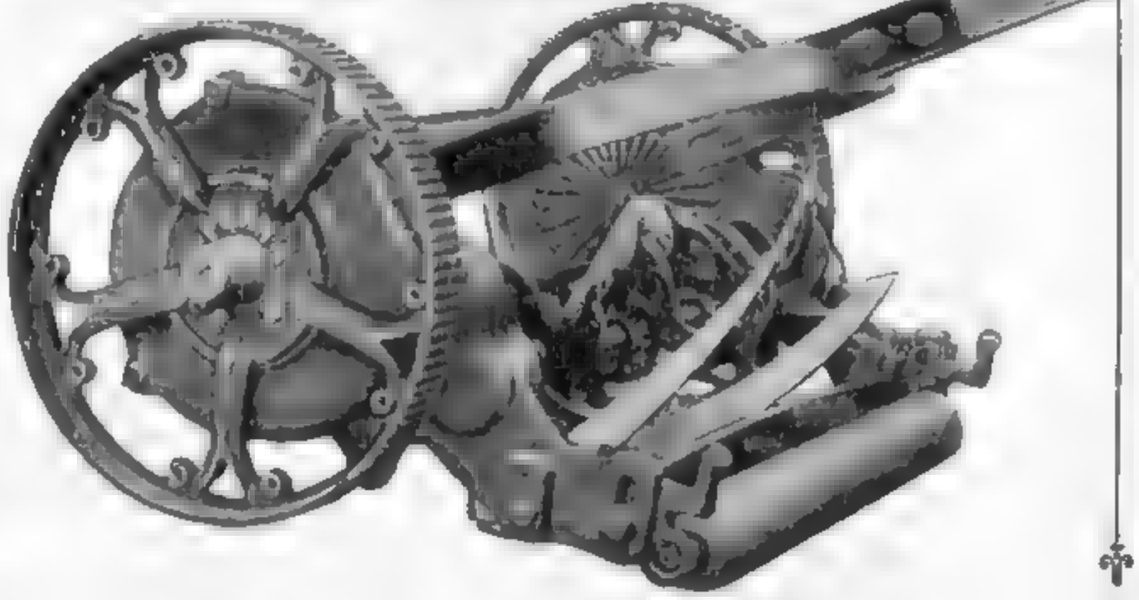


pocket. At that instant Chan, who had been exploring one of the larger bags, emitted a little grunt of satisfaction.

"What is it, Charlie?" Hallet asked.

The Chinaman set out on the table before his chief a small tin box and removed the lid. It was filled with cigarettes.

"Corsican brand," he announced cheerfully.

"Good!" said Hallet. "It begins to look as though Mr. Thomas Macan Brade would have a lot to explain."

They continued their researches, while John Quincy sat silent by the window. Presently Carlota Egan appeared outside. She walked slowly to a chair on the lanai and sat down. For a moment she stared at the breakers, then she began to weep. John Quincy turned uncomfortably away.

"If you'll excuse me ——" he said.

Hallet and Chan, searching avidly, made no reply; and climbing over the sill, he stepped onto the lanai. The girl looked up as he approached.

"Oh," she said, "I thought I was alone."

"You'd like to be, perhaps," he answered. "But it might help if you told me what has happened. Did you speak to your father about that check?" She nodded.

"Yes, I showed it to him. And what do you think he did? He snatched it out of my hand and tore it into a hundred pieces. He gave me the pieces to—to throw away, and he said I was never to mention it to a soul."

"I don't understand that," frowned John Quincy.

"Neither do I. He was simply furious not like himself at all. And when I told him you knew about it he lost his temper again."

"But you can rely on me. I shan't tell anyone."

"I know that. But, of course, father wasn't so sure of you as—as I am. Poor dad, he's having a horrible time of it. They don't give him a moment's rest—keep after him constantly, trying to make him tell. But all the policemen in the world couldn't —— Oh, poor old dad!"

She was weeping again, and John Quincy felt toward her as he had felt toward Barbara. He wanted to put his arm about her, just by way of comfort and cheer. But alas, Carlota Maria Egan was not a Winterslip. "Now, now," he said, "that won't do a bit of good." She looked at him through her tears.

"Won't it? I—I don't know. It seems to help a little. But"—she dried her eyes—"I really haven't time for it now. I must go in and see about lunch." She rose, and John Quincy walked with her along the balcony.

"I wouldn't worry if I were you," he said. "The police are on an entirely new trail this morning."

"Really?" she answered eagerly.

"Yes; there's a man named Brade stopping at your hotel. You know him, I suppose?" She shook her head.

"No, I don't."

"What? Why, he's a guest here!"

"He was. But he isn't here now."

"Wait a minute!" John Quincy laid his hand on her arm and they stopped. "This is interesting. Brade's gone, you say?"

"Yes. I understand from the clerk that Mr. and Mrs. Brade arrived here last Saturday. But early Tuesday morning, before my boat got in, Mr. Brade disappeared and he hasn't been seen since."

"Mr. Brade gets better all the time," John Quincy said. "Hallet and Chan are in his room now, and they've unearthed some rather intriguing facts. You'd better go in and tell Hallet what you've just told me."

They entered the lobby by a side door. As they did so, a slim young Hawaiian boy was coming in through the big door at the front. Something in his manner caught the attention of John Quincy and he stopped. At that instant a purple bathing suit slipped by him, and Mr. Saladine also approached the desk. Carlota Egan went on down the corridor toward Room 19, but John Quincy remained in the lobby. The Hawaiian boy moved rather diffidently toward the clerk.

"Excuse me, please," he said. "I come to see Mr. Brade—Mr. Thomas Brade."

"Mr. Brade not here," replied the Jap.

"Then I will wait till he comes." The clerk frowned.

"No good. Mr. Brade not in Honolulu now."

"Not in Honolulu!" The Hawaiian seemed startled by the news.

"Mrs. Brade outside on the beach," continued the Jap.

"Oh, then Mr. Brade returns," said the boy, with evident relief. "I call again."

He turned away, moving rapidly now. The clerk addressed Mr. Saladine, who was hovering near the cigar case. "Yes, sir, please?"

"Thigarettes," said the bereft Mr. Saladine. The Jap evidently knew the brand desired and handed over a box. "Juth put it on my bill," said Saladine.

He stood for a moment staring after the Hawaiian, who was disappearing through the front door. As he swung round his eyes encountered those of John Quincy. He looked quickly away and hurried out. The two policemen and the girl entered from the corridor.

"Well, Mr. Winterslip," said Hallet, "the bird has flown."

"So I understand," John Quincy answered.

"But we'll find him," continued Hallet. "I'll go over these islands with a dragnet. First of all, I want a talk with his wife." He turned to Carlota Egan. "Get her up here," he ordered. The girl motioned to the clerk, who went out the door at the side.

"By the way," remarked John Quincy, "someone was just here asking for Brade."

"What's that?" Hallet was interested.

"A young Hawaiian, about twenty. I should say. Tall and slim. If you go to the door you may catch a glimpse of him."

Hallet hurried over and glanced out into the garden. In a second he returned.

"Humph!" he said. "I know him. Did he say he'd come again?"

"He did." Hallet considered.

"I've changed my mind," he announced. "I won't question Mrs. Brade, after all. For the present, I don't want her to know we're looking for her husband. I'll trust you to fix that up with your clerk," he added to the girl. She nodded. "Let's we left things as we found them in 19," he went on. "Unless she misses that letter and the cigarettes, which isn't likely, we're all right. Now, Miss Egan, we three will go into your father's office there behind the desk and leave the door open. When Mrs. Brade comes in I want you to question her about her husband's absence. Get all you can out of her. I'll be listening."

"I understand," the girl said.

Hallet, Chan and John Quincy went into Jim Egan's sanctum.

"You found nothing else in the room?" the latter inquired of the Chinaman. Chan shook his head.

"Even so, fates are in smiling mood. What we have now are plentiful."

"Sh-h-h!" warned Hallet.

"Mrs. Brade, a young man was just here inquiring for your husband." It was Carlota Egan's voice.

"Really?" The accent was British.

"He wanted to know where he could find him. We couldn't say."

"No, of course not."

"Your husband has left town, Mrs. Brade?"

"Yes, I fancy he has."

"You know when he will return?"

"I really couldn't say. Is the mail in?"

"Not yet. We expect it about one."

"Thank you so much."

"Go to the door," Hallet directed John Quincy.

"She's gone to her room," announced the boy. The three of them emerged from Egan's office.

"Oh, captain," said the girl, "I'm afraid I wasn't very successful."

"That's all right," replied Hallet. "I didn't think you would be." The clerk was again at his post behind the desk. Hallet turned to him. "Look here," he said, "I understand someone was here a minute ago asking for Brade. It was Dick Kaohla, wasn't it?"

"Ye-es," answered the Jap.

"Had he been here before to see Brade?"

"Ye-es, Sunday night. Mr. Brade and him have long talk on the beach." Hallet nodded grimly.

"Come on, Charlie," he said. "We've got our work cut out for us. Wherever Brade is, we've got to find him." John Quincy stepped forward.

"Pardon me, captain," he remarked. "But if you don't mind—just who is Dick Kaohla?" Hallet hesitated.

"Kaohla's father—he's dead now—was a sort of confidential servant to Dan Winterslip. The boy's just plain no good. And oh, yes, he's the grandson of that woman who's over at your place now. Kamikui—is that her name?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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# THE HEN ON WHEELS

(Continued from Page 25)

bridge or, worst of all, the driving of a car. For that's put more poor wives into sanitariums recent years than all other causes put together, and that is pure, simple, well-known fact; all the statistics show it."

"All the more reason that this organization, this body of intelligent and cultivated women, should take this matter here up," says the president; and went on and outlined in advance the opening up of the campaign for safety first, and her frank and simple interview and warning to this Cast-Iron Husband upon the driving laws.

But when she called the Englishman upon the telephone she found an entirely different view.

"Laws! Rights!" he says in a loud firm tone. "If I have no rights to teach my own wife the driving of my own motor, what rights have I in this beastly lawless country?"

"And what of the rights of others? What of our children," she comes back, "with the threat of wild, dangerous, untrained drivers ever growing on our streets?"

And when she says this he just snorted into the telephone, scornful and sarcastic.

"Children!" he says. "American children! They're the greatest terror on our streets today. Absolutely untamed and savage and wild. And when just a few more get cars of their own or are driving the families', heaven help the human race! It'll be entirely wiped out within the year."

"I understand then that you refuse our club's polite and friendly and well-meant suggestion," she says finally.

"I do," he says, "with wild enthusiasm!"

"Very well then," she says. "Then all that remains for us to do is to go to the authorities and make complaints about your wife."

"Do," he calls back. "And I also will do my part. For I'll complain at the same hour about all the children in this town who are driving cars under legal age; and by actual count that will shut off a full half of the driving here and cut off more than 95 per cent of the accidents. And you can take these words back to your committee from a fearless free-born Englishman, who knows his rights and stands upon them."

So, when she did, the safety-first committee of the women's club was all up in the air. For what he said about the kids was all too true and exact. And many a club member would lose all her driving, and many a tired business man would be taking the long walk home after business hours, if the kid drivers were cut off according to strict law, and all knew it.

"Yet what'll we do?" says the women, getting excited. "We can't let her loose, mangling and murdering, and turning right or left or sideways upon the public streets!"

And it certainly looked dark to all, when even the laws themselves could not withhold her. And just right after that she got that trolley car and all got more excited yet.

II

SO THEN a few of them got together, it seems—aside and without this Mrs. Snibbs—and went over it again; and the leader this time was this Mrs. Nancy Redfield, that gay one you'll generally see more about in the society news than in the women's club.

"There's something must be done, and done right off," they says. "For it's getting well toward the end when she starts running down the street cars!"

So they slips over to see her quiet and friendly. And when they did they found her sitting all alone, weeping softly, as she told them she had been for off and on two days.

"For I can't—I can't sleep," she says. "I'm gone, all gone, since that last terrible accident—since I ran down that street car." And then she told them how she came to do it.

"You know how it runs," she says. "You know how the trolley track turns, out there in the country, and runs on the side of the road. And you know how you feel when driving and you look up all at once and see something looming and crashing down upon you where nothing ought to be. Well, I was driving along as usual, as far over to the right as I could, thinking continual, as I do now, of nothing but keeping to the right, when all at once, from out around the corner, this great high clanking thing came crunching down upon me, far over on my deep right side. And all at once, with my mind set and fixed—as it always is now—on this right turning; when I saw that looming over me, I was all loose again; my mind and memory left me. And the next that I remember they were lifting me out from my machine on the far side of the trolley car, where I had no doubt jumped, carrying out my husband's instructions about always bearing to the right, well up on the sidewalk."

"It was fortunate, wasn't it, that nothing more serious happened?" said one of the visiting delegates.

"It is serious enough for me," says the Hen on Wheels back. "The most serious possible. For now, this time, I'm nowhere—nowhere and nothing! My mind's become an utter empty blank when I sit down to start driving, hearing the sound of gears that I'm crashing in wrong, and in my memory the crunching of the various things I've run into from time to time these last few terrible weeks."

"You poor thing! You poor girl!" they says, pitying her.

"Yes," she says, going on, feeling their sympathy, "and do you know what I'm thinking of mostly when out around driving?"

"What are you?" they asks her.

"I keep thinking of what I'm going to hit next, and remembering what I've hit before. And you'd be surprised if I told you how my mind acts on this subject when I'm driving."

"How does it?" they asks.

"Well, you know, maybe, how it is with yourself when you seem to be getting into a corner driving, and you think you've got to hit the one of two things—how naturally and without fail you turn aside toward the softer and easier to hit. And that's the way it is with me today, only it's chronic, with my chronic fears. So what would you guess I'm thinking of most of the time whilst driving?"

"What is it?" they says.

"It's landing places!"

"Landing places!" they says, all bending forward.

"Yes; sidewalks and the side of the road generally. And whenever I fear I see a new danger approaching, I have all I can do now to stop myself from jumping out away from it, into the shelter of the sidewalk, where I know I will be safe. Or even when there are no walks, into a hedge or fence. For you'd be surprised how little hurt you get from a loose, light picket fence or a hedge. For a good strong privet hedge is almost perfect and ideal to land in, as I've found twice already. And you'll smile, but I always feel safer when there is one beside me. For you can plunge in it and know you can stop any time. It is like a brake, as it bends down under you, stopping the strongest plunge with just only a few scratches to the mud guards and the axles."

"What a strange idea!" they says. "How unusual!"

"Yes," she says, going on. "But how terrible too! For at first I was only a danger and a menace in the roadway. But now who knows at what time I may dart up, mowing down and destroying the innocent pedestrians upon the sidewalk? I don't! And it's awful, awful! You can't believe how dreadful it is to know and realize that at any moment you may become a murderess, as I know now I must become at last!" she cries; and they all sat still until she was through weeping. "For I cannot stop," she says then. "I must go right on. For Bertram still insists—insists that I shall do so. And he will drive me mad—drive me mad!"

And the two others still sat silent; but this Mrs. Redfield, the stylish one, came back.

"How would it do to drive him crazy first, my dear?" she asks her in a calm, quiet, soothing voice. "If we can work it!" she says, when the one she spoke to did not answer yet, and a soft smile of one remembering spread upward across her face.

"How? In what way?" says the Hen on Wheels now, and the rest all looked at one another, questioning.

"The old, old way," she says, "that every woman knows. The only way a poor desperate wife has ever found to get back and defend herself with in the long past ancient history of married life."

"What way is that?" asks the delegation, looking steadfastly at her.


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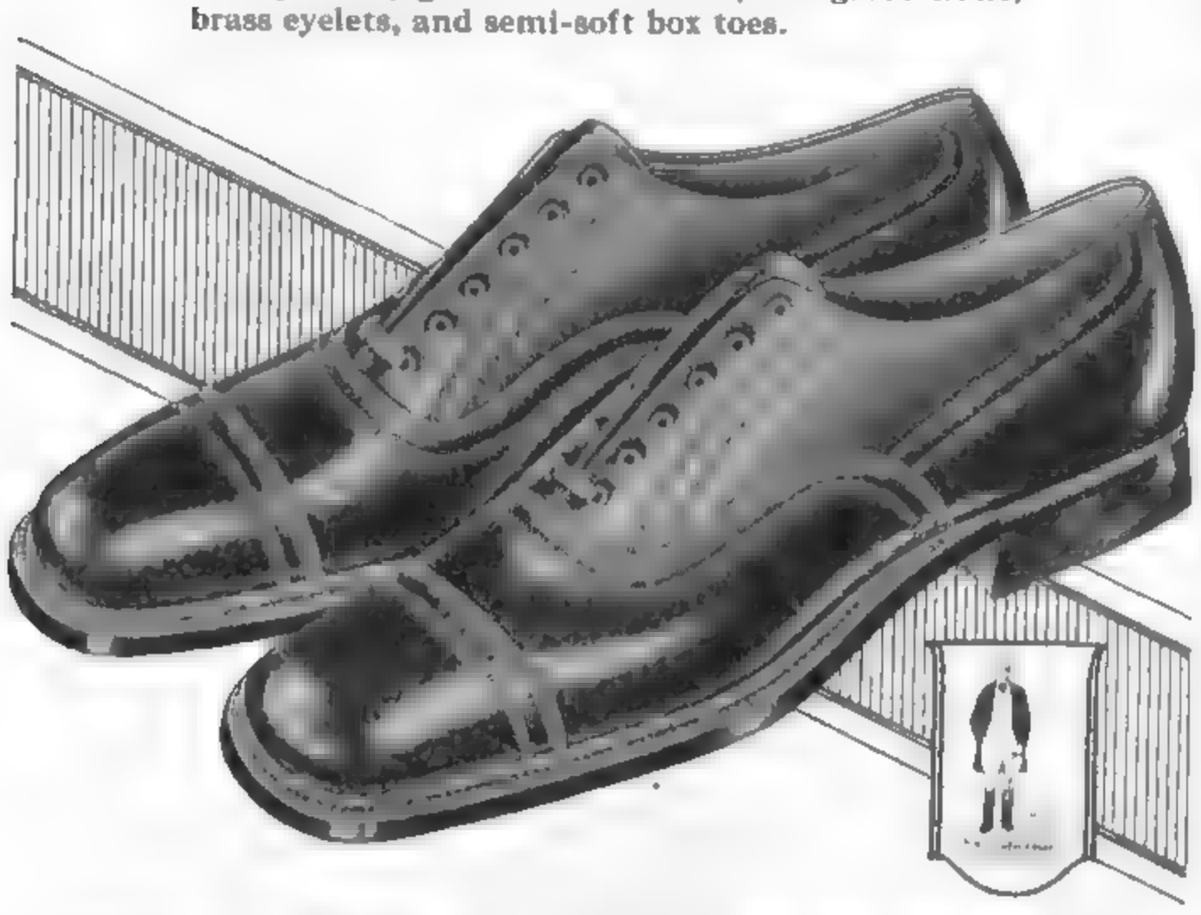

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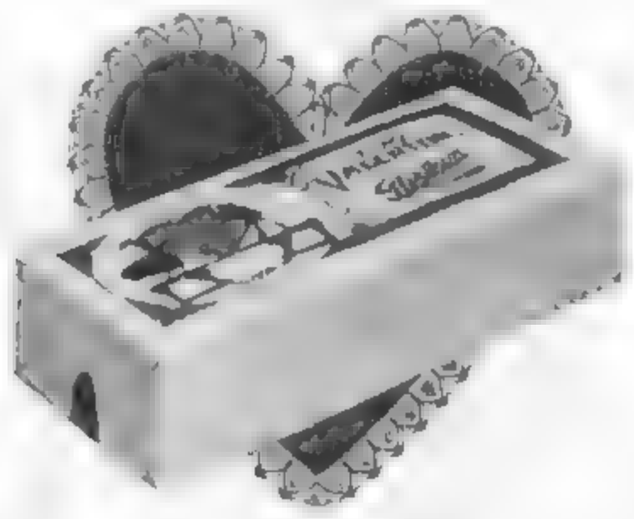

# *St. Valentine's Day*

EVERY man knows some woman to whom his acts of thoughtfulness bring the golden moments of her life.

She appreciates being remembered any time, but more especially on sweetheart days—Valentine Days. Any gift pleases, but candy pleases more, and Puritan Chocolates most.

The variety of centers includes all the kinds she favors, and the coatings surpass all her previous experience in smoothness, fineness, aroma, flavor. Truly "The Perfect Gift." Different, surprising, exclusive, sensational! Prove it!

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Some wholesale distributing territory still open. Write.

Beautiful remembrance and acknowledgment cards for giver and

Puritan CINCINNATI Chocolates

*"THE PERFECT GIFT"*

recipient to sign An original Puritan feature with every package


"The old, old wife's defense," she says, smiling and yet serious—"to get the husband in wrong, continual, in every way, as you all know full well." And they smiled at one another.

"But how shall I do it in this case?" asks the Hen on Wheels, looking up. "Tell me, for you know I ain't been married so long as some of you."

"Well, first," she says, after thinking, "I should say you'd let him teach you, willingly, to his heart's content."

"Yes?" she says, listening deeply.

"And then you'll do the exact opposite from all he says as far as you can. Without killing yourself or him, I mean."

"Yes?" she says, still holding her eyes.

"Looking as innocent and ignorant meanwhile as you can, pretending you're trying to do exactly what he says, till you get him hollering mad, insulting you."

"Yes?" she says softly.

"And then you bust into tears," says another one of the delegates, picking up the instructions where the first one had left off.

"Driving him crazier yet," says a third.

"And in wrong worse and worse," says this gay one, this Mrs. Redfield. "And always being particular to start things when there are others around listening, so's to get them with you."

"I'll do it," says the Hen on Wheels, springing up suddenly on her feet, clenching and unclenching her hands.

So they framed it up on him where she would have him stay at home and teach her right there in their own yard, where all the neighbors would hear them, while she would make him go back to the beginning once more, practicing starting and backing and turning around.

"You see what that'll do," they says; "that'll keep you off the streets, perhaps, if you work it right, forever."

And her eyes brightened and her pale cheeks grew red and her breath came quicker just from hearing this. So finally they went off leaving her all primed up for him in every detail.

"Stick tight," they says. "Do the wrong thing always, and then cry piteously when he calls you, and do this where all can hear you, if possible. And if you do that, you'll break him or any other husband in the end."

"I will," she says. "For I'll have to if I'm going to live."

And they left her with her big soft eyes grown hard and glittering, studying out her plans for her coming battles. And the next they heard she had got him started teaching her all over again, by stalling her car with him in it in the path of an oncoming fire engine on the main street, and so getting his promise to start his teaching her all over once again.

So that next evening, when all the neighbors were out upon their porches, overhearing them, she held him there on their own driveway by simply refusing to go out upon the road again before he taught her starting right.

"For of all my faults, Bertram," she says, looking up soft and confiding at him, "I think that leaping forward of the car when I let fall my clutch in times of danger and emergency is the most alarming thing to me. And if I could get it out of me once and forever I would then feel safer upon the streets, by losing this terrible fear of leaping others down."

"Well, then," says the Cast-Iron Husband, "we'll go at that first, for your statement seems reasonable to me from what I have observed of your driving," he says, starting polite and easy, the way husbands teaching their wives generally do—especially when the neighbors are all around them upon their piazzas. But she was not long in getting him going.

"Edith!" he says, after the first time, low and gentle and most polite.

"Yes, dear," she says, looking up flushed and earnest

"Did I tell you, or didn't I, that the clutch must always be eased in?"

"Yes, dear, yes."

"And not let loose with all the force and vigor of Niagara Falls upon a ranting, raving motor."

"I know, I know, dear. Yes," she says, nervous and timid. "But if you don't—if you don't give it gas it stalls."

"Nonsense! Nonsense, Edith!" he says. "There's a happy medium, ain't there? You don't have to let your engine roar and rave and split itself to pieces. There! Try that!"

Slam goes the clutch again, and bang! she stalls.

"See, dear? See?" she says, looking up, pure and innocent, in his face. "That's what I mean!"

And by this time he was getting bitterer and bitterer and more polite.

"I understand, yes. I understand without a doubt," he shouts, "both about the driver and the clutch! And now, if you will be good enough to listen only slightly to me, and pay me the small attention of an absent-minded caterpillar, we'll start all over again," he says; and the neighbors on the surrounding porches lifted up their ears, seeing she had got him started.

"I know," she says, quick and anxious. "I know! I'm wrong! I'm wrong! I'm wrong again!"

"Now then, if you will be still one moment! Now! Come on!"

And bang! she jumped it in again, and the car hopped forward off all four wheels, and him talking up always just a little harsher and more bitter.

"You are mistaken," he says, cold and frigid. "This is not a leaping contest," he says, and makes a long and most impressive pause. "Or is it your secret purpose to jerk the vitals out of her and leave her dead and empty? For remember, Edith, there's some limit to the transmission of any car, and heaven knows to what strain this one has been put."

"I know! I know!" she says, half weeping.

"Now then! Stop! Stop! Go on! Ease it in! Yes, the clutch, I mean. The way a Hottentot of average intelligence should use a clutch!" he says, his voice always louder and less restrained. "Easy, Edith! Edith! Easy, easy! Ease it in!"

And the neighbors on the porches heard her bound on and stop again, and the silence broken by soft painful weeping. And so the first night she won, stopping, moaning, "I can't! I can't! I just can't go on learning, Bertram, especially with you talking so harsh to me!" she says between her sobs. And he stopped then finally, for he heard the neighbors on the porches murmuring and talking.

And the next morning the other women came around and she told them what she had done, and they praised her.

"You done fine," says this Mrs. Redfield. "Just keep it up, right along the same lines. For learning to use the clutch is a natural place to make a stand. It's terrible, terrible hard for a nervous person. And there's many a woman driver never learns it right to her dying day, especially the way we have to reach out for the pedals now in these cars built for men."

So she kept him on, learning her to use the clutch right, night after night, she claiming she must master it before going on.

And by this time his sarcasm grew more bitter and scorching at every session.

"Would you believe it? Can I believe my senses?" he says. "Four nights and five on this simple motion of the foot! And no apparent progress! Why—why does heaven deny the gift of brains to the female sex, and to my wife especially?" And finally he'd stop he'd have to—with her weeping and the coughing and scraping of chairs upon the neighbors' porches and the voices of the women beginning now to pipe up, as they do at such times, telling more and more plain what they are about to do if it don't stop soon. And the women's delegation, coming in mornings for more secret conferences, were praising her still telling her to hold on, to keep going, and not give way and learn a thing, for she had him going right. But by this time the Hen on Wheels was showing signs of the battle herself.

"I know, I know," she says. "But I'm all worn out. You've no idea how he talks and raves on now. And anyhow, I've got to show something; I've got to exhibit partly human intelligence or he'll begin to suspect."

So she let him off starting and got on to backing. And she made another long determined stand on that, and the neighbors were growing stronger and stronger against him.

"It's terrible! You've no idea!" they says. "This is just one horrible slaughter of brute sarcasm and murderous roasting that this man gives his wife. And the poor thing breaking down under it, moaning and weeping, with no real active self-defense."

And finally she broke down one morning and confessed to them she was caving in and learning in spite of all, and they went off, after saying all they could, shaking their heads sadly.

(Continued on Page 193)

# Morning till Night—
## hair that stays just as the hairbrush left it

*Can a man be well groomed with straggly, unkempt hair?*

*Or a woman conspicuously lovely, whose hair does not lie softly smooth and lustrous?*

*Never today!*

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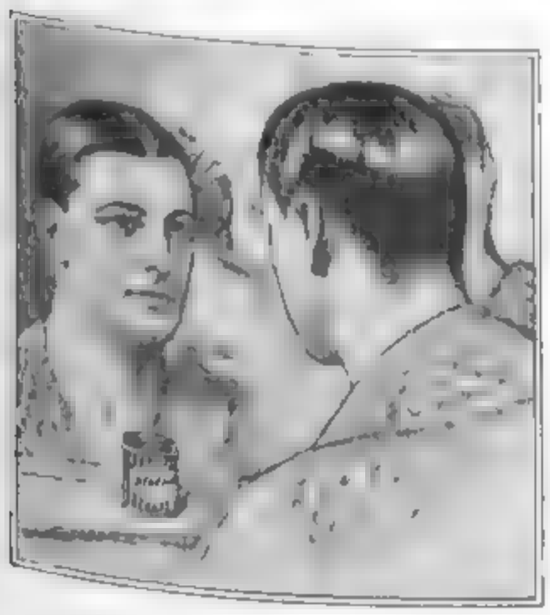
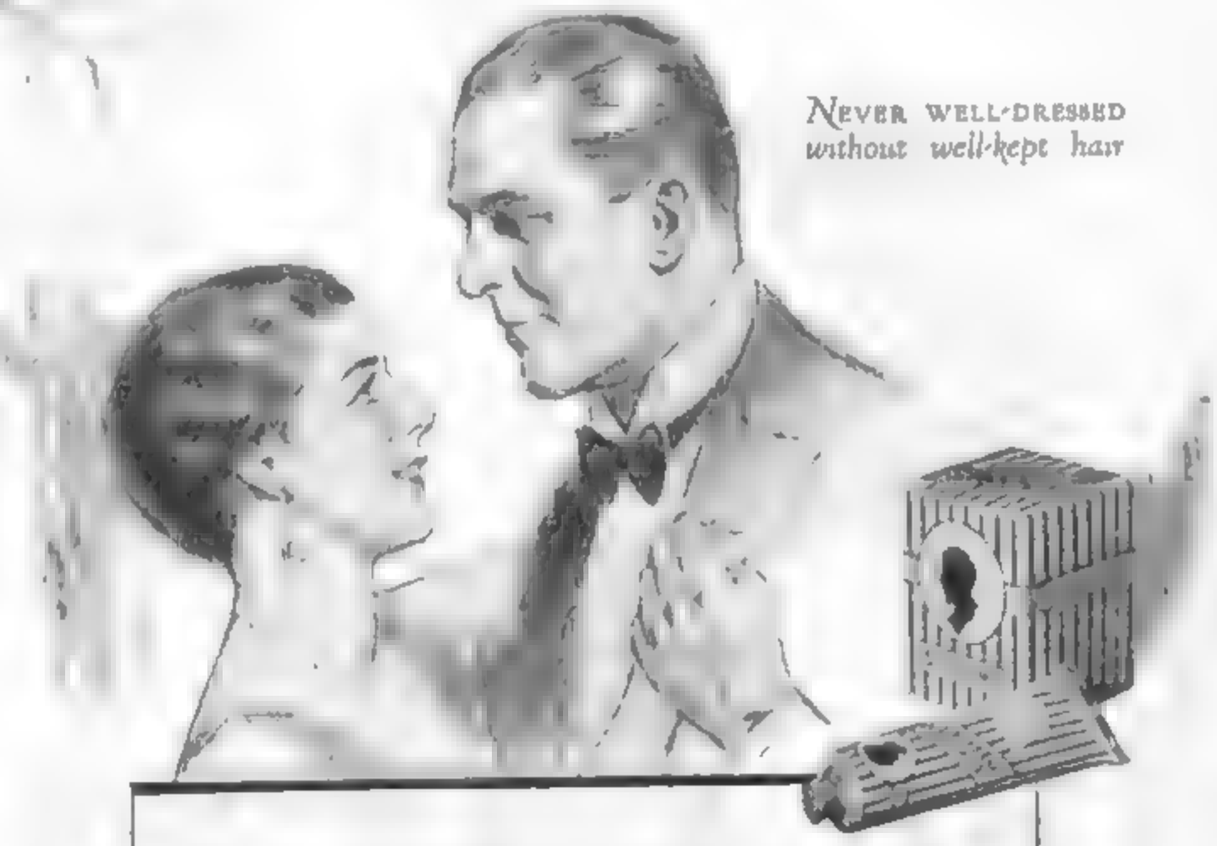


30 SECONDS *to apply a touch of Stacomb—then a few quick brush strokes—and your hair is fixed in place smoothly, naturally*



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# The Farm Journal

## first in the farm field

PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON SEATTLE SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES

(Continued from Page 190)

"A worm will turn," they says, "under the heel. But never, never an English wife upon her husband!"

And just after that came that thing on that Deadfall Lane, and her unexpected turning.

III

THAT it came about through any plan of hers you could not really say; yet without a doubt all things up to that time had been leading on to it. For the two of them had gone up there again in the twilight, over in back of this Deadfall Lane, on the flat and deserted top of the hill up over their home, where they were finishing up their lessons on turning around. And he was saying that the time had come when — thanks to him — she could go back on the road, with the bad influences of all her accidents all out of her, and drive as true and sure and good as any woman. And she was playing for time, naturally; and so this thought came naturally to her up there about her fear and distress on going down sharp hills.

"You've got to teach me that next, Bertram, please," she says, "before I'll feel safe and strong-hearted enough to go out upon the public roads and drive again."

"Nonsense! Nonsense! What is there to learn about going down hills?" he says, short and sarcastic, for he had thought he had got her taught and conquered and all ready to go on again.

"It's the steep ones, I mean," she says. "They make me so dizzy. And you know yourself they're all over in this place."

"Well, come on then!" he says, harsh and ugly and disappointed. "If we have to, we'll start at it right off now."

"How? Where?" she asks, a little afraid.

"We'll take the short cut home, down Deadfall Lane."

"Oh, no, no, Bertram! Not Deadfall Lane!" she says, trembling and shaking all over, and with no pretending either. "Not that!"

"Yes that!" he says. "Right off now, with no more nonsense."

"But but," she says, shivering, holding back. "I can't. I can't start out with that one!"

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" says the Cast-Iron Husband. "It's all safe and simple, if you do it right. It's just merely shifting over your gears into first." And he started her and made her drive over there, and she stopped there on the edge, jerking to a standstill.

"I can't! I can't!" she says, looking over the brink, down the narrow curving length and sharp precipitous slopes and washed and craggy roadway of this old real estate development, which those real-estate promoters had laid out years ago, where no roads should be, and gone off and left it to the mercy of the elements and the taxpayers. And he grabbed her by her arm, harsh and firm.

"Nonsense!" he says strong. "Edith, you're going! Now!" And he explained to her plain and slow, what she must do—and she knew already that she must—shift her gears into first to aid her brakes.

"I will not. Bertram! I can't!" she says, trembling back, and covering up her eyes, from looking down upon that crooked rocky slope, still more dangerous looking in the gathering twilight.

And finally, his tightened nerves gave way.

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" he says, bawling it. "You'll do it, and you'll do it now! You beastly, blasted everlasting silly fool!" And then suddenly he looked down at her, surprised.

"Fool!" she was shouting. "Fool! Always fool! I'll show you who's the fool!"

"Edith! Edith!" cries the Cast-Iron Husband, shouting also, for he was afraid, first from just her voice and then from what he saw she was about to do. But all too late. Her foot was on the gas full force as she shot out over this precipice.

"Edith! Edith!" he yells. "The brakes!"

"Nonsense! Nonsense!" she cries. "No brakes nothing! You've gone too far! We'll end it all! We'll end it all!"

And looking down he gave a start again, for she had slipped the gears out of first, the only thing that now would save them. For the brakes alone would not.

"The clutch!" he cries. "Edith! Edith!"

And now she cowered back, and he was still more frightened, for he saw that the flash of fire which he had struck in her was already gone and she was limp and scared of what she'd done.

"Oh, Bertram," she calls out to him, "I'm sorry, sorry! I didn't mean to!"

"Quick!" he says. "The clutch!" For he saw too well there was no chance of the brakes holding.

But she seemed now to have lost all her senses. The best that she could do was to press down with all her useless strength upon the foot brake as they went bounding forward. And then himself pulling on the emergency, he saw it was no use, as most emergencies usually are. And they went bounding downward, faster and faster.

"The clutch! Press down the clutch!" he cries again, and when she does not throw it out he yanks back the lever into first himself. If he could only hope to stop her in time to save them before that hideous slope and that first murderous turn that yawned below!

And "Clang! Bang! Rattly bang!" he heard that dreadful ominous sound below and back, and guessed at once what it was had happened. For strained, no doubt, by all those times of jumping in her clutch, the drive shaft of the transmission had fallen down and gone and left them rolling loose and free and unrestrained.

"Edith! Edith!" he shouts, loud and terror-struck, feeling the car leap forward always faster. "We're lost! We're gone! You've had your wish! You've killed your husband!"

And when he said these words, he saw the change come on her and observed her stiffen.

"Not yet!" she cries. "Not yet!" And looking down through the twilight, where her lace hat had been knocked over back behind her head, he saw the set look in her eyes and the strong determined lines upon her mouth. "Hang on!" cries out the Hen on Wheels. "Hang on! Trust to me!"

And he done so. And they bounced down that terrible steep, washed-out, crazy road, rocking and jumping and jouncing on, like forked lightning, yet the seconds seeming hours in their progress.

"We're gone! We're gone! You've killed me! You've murdered your poor husband!" he cries again, hanging on and watching that sharp and craggy turn below slide quickly up toward them.

But she just sat stiff and still, her foot upon the brake, staring straight before her.

"No, no! Hold tight!" she cries. "I'll save you, Bertram!"

And he done so, and they hurtled onward to the fatal turn.

"Shut your eyes! Shut your eyes!" he hears her calling now. And he done that, too, struck by the tone in her voice, just naturally obeying her. For the corner that they could never turn was now upon them. And "Whung! Bung! Whoosh!" he heard, and then this sound of scratching.

And finally he opened up his eyes, just a fraction, and sat there speechless and dumfounded. For they had stopped—and not even the glass in the windshield broken.

"What is it? Where am I?" cries the Cast-Iron Husband. For looking all around him in the twilight, he could see nothing, just merely this dark stuff on either side of him.

"It's the hedge—the privet hedge that I was aiming at," he hears his wife's voice saying, and he sees and recognizes now, of course, what she had done. "The privet hedge," she says, "that I had to hit—the one only landing place I could get just before we must strike that corner."

"Edith," he says, sitting up after a time and trying to take her hand—"Edith, you're wonderful—marvelous! Such presence of mind I never seen before."

"Presence of mind," she says, "maybe. But I think not—no. All I know, I saw this hedge as we shot down upon the corner and I knew it would be our only landing place, and naturally I shot for it."

"Landing place!" he says, struck by that strange odd expression.

"Yes," she says, "landing place. And if you'd had my experience driving around, never knowing where you'd land next for days and days, you'd have had your eyes out continual for them, no doubt, the same as me." And now she started in crying.

"Nonsense" says the Cast-Iron Husband, starting comforting her. "You done a great and wonderful deed here—you saved your husband. And if I spend my whole life now in doing so, I never can repay you."

"Then may I stop driving from now on?" says the Hen on Wheels, looking up quick, stopping weeping.

"Nonsense! Non——" he started to say, and suddenly felt her stiffening up

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against him at the sound of those hated words.

"Or do you?" she breaks in, sharp and clear.

"Do I what?" says the Cast-Iron Husband, once more surprised at her strange unlogical words.

"Want to take the risk?" she says, setting her hard glittering eyes upon him, that same keen desperate look she gave him before she leaned upon the gas and they dived headlong down the steeps of Deadfall Lane.

"What risk?" he asks.

"Of what I just done in my last new madness -about you."

And as he looked back, studying her and remembering what she had just done, the goose flesh came springing up all over him.

"Madness?" he whispered back.

"Yes," she comes back firm and hard; "that seeing red when you drive me on to drive, calling me a fool; all those red pin wheels and rockets that start up when you teach me driving now, and that voice which comes to me shouting, 'Just end it all! Just end it all and be done with it!'"

And studying her and her wild, mad, determined eyes, the Cast-Iron Husband shrank back from her some more.

"Do you wish me to do that? Do you wish me to keep on driving? Do you wish to run the risk of that—of what I'll probably do, now that I am started—to both you and me? And next time, no doubt, with no landing place at hand?" she says, and stops, with her calm deep eyes upon him. "When my nerves go snap again?"

And now she heard him clear his throat.

"Nonsense!" he says. "Don't talk nonsense, Edith, for they never will!"

"Why not, won't they?" she says, still sharp.

"Because," he says, "you'll never drive again, my darling. Never! Not unless you choose to. For now this is done—all done."

"Done! What's done?" she asks him, wondering.

"My plan, my carrying out my purpose to make you into a good and proper driver and bring out and show the public the stuff that was in you always, to show my pride in my dear wife. And now it's done and you've shown what you can do, tomorrow you will have your chauffeur, as I had all the time intended."

"My chauffeur?" says the Hen on Wheels, drawing back from him, stiff and stupefied.

"As you might have known, darling," said the Cast-Iron Husband, looking down now firm at her, "if you had only thought. For the true-blue Englishman has no desire to see his wife upon the street, gadding and going. The place for the true wife of the Englishman is in his house, as you will be from now on, except when your chauffeur drives you to your calls and shopping and what not, and for meeting your dear fond husband at the station evenings. For say what you will, an Englishman always gets what he sets out for. I set out to teach you driving, and I done so, the best that can be done. And having done it, we can both sit back. For having carried out what he set out to, an Englishman can sit back and smile and smoke his pipe with the best of them."

"Oh, Bertram! Bertram!" says the Hen on Wheels. "Aren't you wonderful - wonderful to me!" And then she fainted, for she saw that she had won at last.

And just then all the folks, running up the slope from underneath, found them sitting there, him bringing her to, buried deep in the foliage. And not a scratch on either one, nor a glass cracked nor a spoke broken in the car, lying there, set firm and fast in that hedge, where the Hen on Wheels had socked her in, straight and steady, making her last final automobile landing, saving Bertram, her Cast-Iron Husband, from a sure and certain death.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)*


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# Riddle

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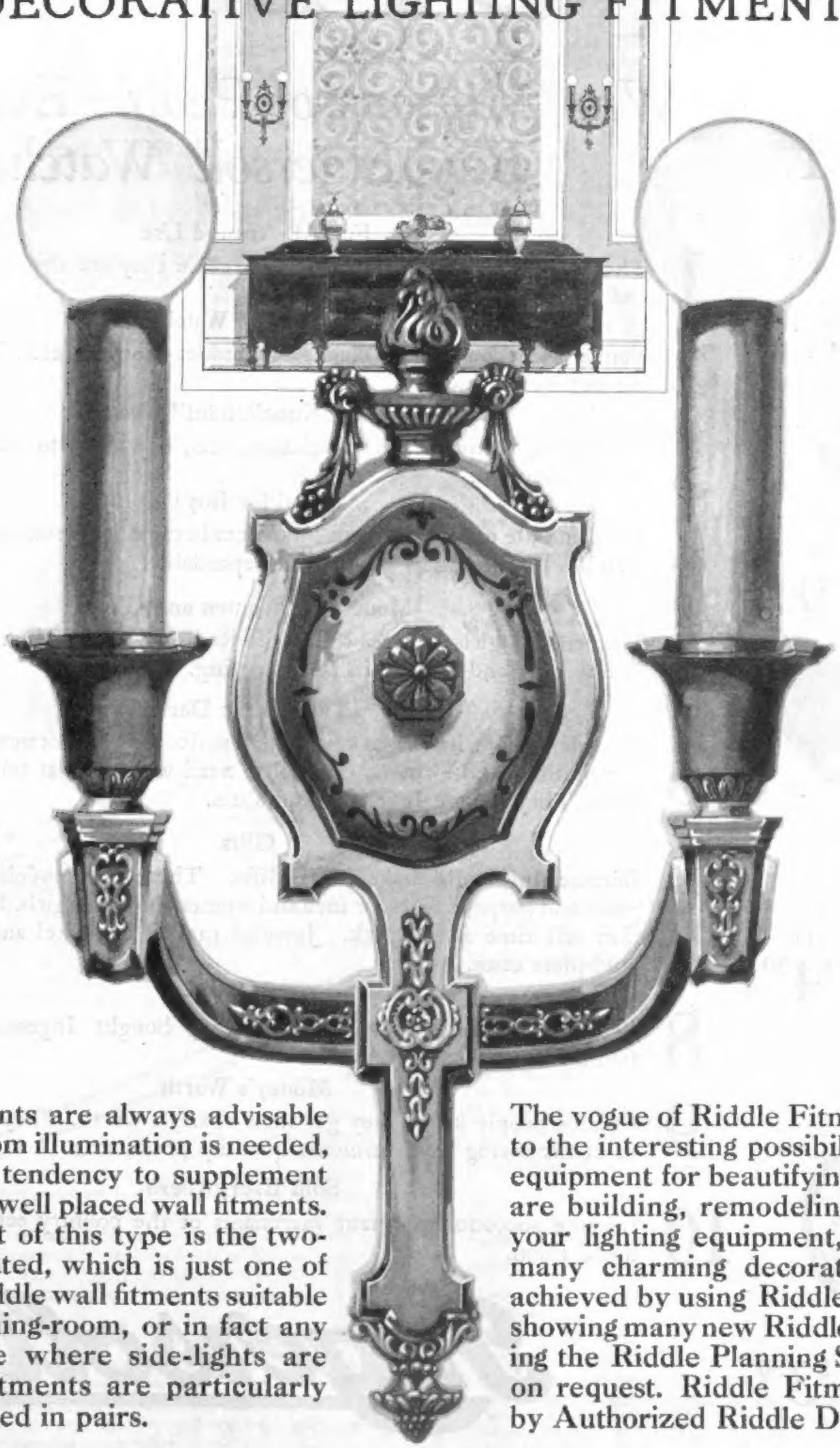

*Fitment illustrated, No. 2409, $17.50. One-candle style, No. 2408, $15.00. Five-candle fitment, $47.50. (Prices do not include Mazda lamps.)*

While ceiling fitments are always advisable where a general room illumination is needed, there is a growing tendency to supplement the central light by well placed wall fitments. An effective fitment of this type is the two-candle style illustrated, which is just one of many attractive Riddle wall fitments suitable for living-room, dining-room, or in fact any room in the home where side-lights are desirable. Such fitments are particularly decorative when used in pairs.

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